

VOL. XXX.

OCTOBER, 1903.

No. 1.



THE MUNSEY



Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

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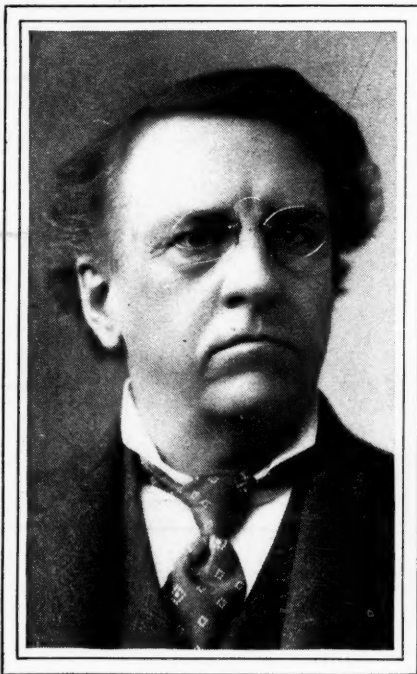
No. 1.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

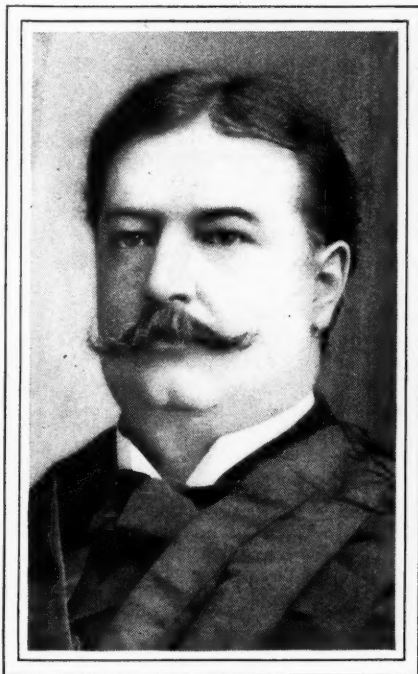
THE IMPENDING CONTEST FOR THE GREATEST ELECTIVE OFFICE IN THE WORLD—A RACE THEORETICALLY OPEN TO SOME EIGHT MILLION MEN, BUT PRACTICALLY CLOSED TO ALL BUT TWO OR THREE.

THERE be some eight millions of men in these United States who are eligible for election to the Presidency, according to the Constitution and the instruction imparted to youthful minds; but of all these political *Barkises*, not more than two or three have any real prospect of occupying the



JOHN C. SPOONER, OF WISCONSIN.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.



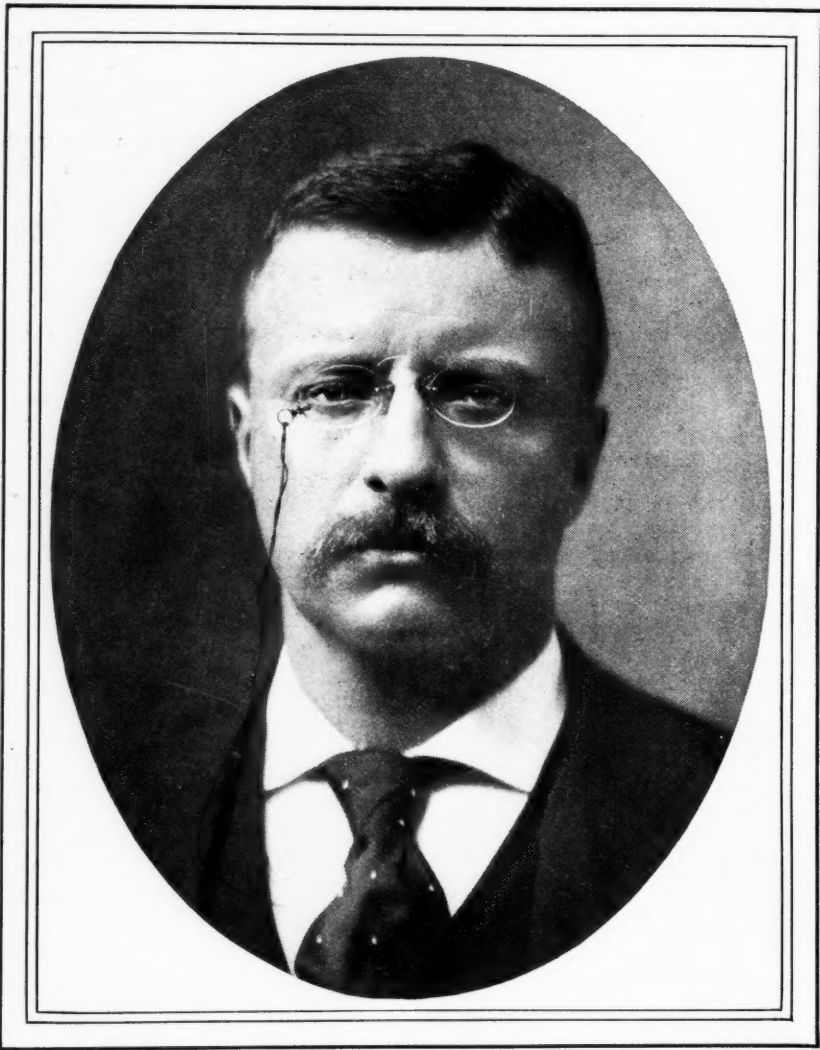
WILLIAM H. TAFT, OF OHIO.

From his latest photograph by Somers.

TWO MEN WHO WOULD BE POSSIBLE REPUBLICAN NOMINEES SHOULD PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BE UNEXPECTEDLY ELIMINATED.

White House during the next five years. It should be borne in mind that a qualifying clause like "at this writing," or "from present indications," dawdles

Olympian heights on the wings of his own eloquence, or when death shall destroy a party structure that has been years in the making.



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OF NEW YORK, THE TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO SEEMS CERTAIN, BARRING ACCIDENTS, TO BE NOMINATED BY HIS PARTY FOR A SECOND TERM.

From a copyrighted photograph by Pach, New York.

lamely after every political forecast. Even the wisest and shrewdest men, whose hair has grown white in the study of such problems, cannot know when a Bryan shall mount from oblivion to

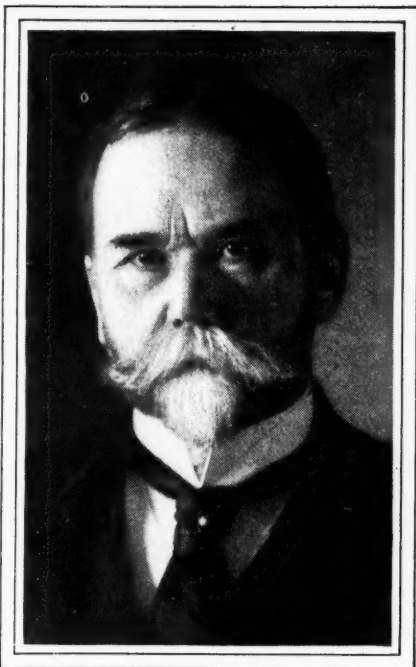
Therefore take not too seriously the assertion that the approaching Presidential campaign will probably be fought out between Theodore Roosevelt and Alton B. Parker, both of New

York; albeit he who goes abroad to search, unbiased, can scarce come to another conclusion with the nominating conventions some eight months distant. Surprisingly short is the list of possibilities, while the "probables" are still fewer. There are but four Republicans talked of for President: Mr. Roosevelt, John Hay and William H. Taft, of Ohio, and John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin. On the Democratic side there is one apparent probability—Judge Parker—with perhaps nine possibilities: William J. Bryan, of Nebraska; Grover Cleveland, of New Jersey; David R. Francis, of Missouri; Richard Olney, of Massachusetts; Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland; David B. Hill and William R. Hearst, of New York; Tom L. Johnson, of Ohio; and Carter Harrison, of Illinois.

THE RENOMINATION OF ROOSEVELT.

Your casual Republican, and he represents a great majority of his party, looking calmly about, can see only Theodore Roosevelt as the next President. And graybeards, wiser even than they look, say that the President is as good as nominated to succeed himself; more, they even declare that he is as good as elected, being disposed to hold the Democratic party cheaply in the coming national fight.

President Roosevelt has the people with him; there can be no doubt about that. Never has there been so daring, so strenuous, so picturesque a President. The dashing youth of him, his disregard of convention, his downright earnestness, his sincere patriotism, his courage and strength, have kept alive the hero-worship that began with the Spanish war, in which he gained his national fame. There is no doubt that his "swing around the circle" of last spring increased his following enormously. Even his enemies admitted that had the national convention followed on the heels of that memorable pilgrimage, he would have been nominated by acclamation. Furthermore, it should be remembered that some thirty-five Republican State conventions have formally declared their confidence in Mr. Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for 1904.



JOHN HAY, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF STATE, AND ONE OF THE FOREMOST MEN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

From his latest photograph by Pach, New York.

Delightfully simple it looks to the casual Republican; and yet there are certain perplexities in the situation. The politicians and the great business interests of the nation are against President Roosevelt. They do not regard his present administration with favor. They would fight against his nomination next year, if they saw any chance of defeating him. There may be powerful forces arrayed against him at the polls.

The attitude of Senator Thomas C. Platt, of New York, is well known, and he will control the most powerful of all the State delegations. Despite public assurances to the contrary, intimate friends of Senator Hanna have assured me that nothing could exceed the bitterness felt by the chairman of the Republican national committee toward the President. Those who planned to shelve Mr. Roosevelt when the great wave of his personal popularity threatened to destroy all the plans of the party lead-

ers, have never forgiven him for the accident that made him President. And his administration has pleased the politicians no better than they expected.

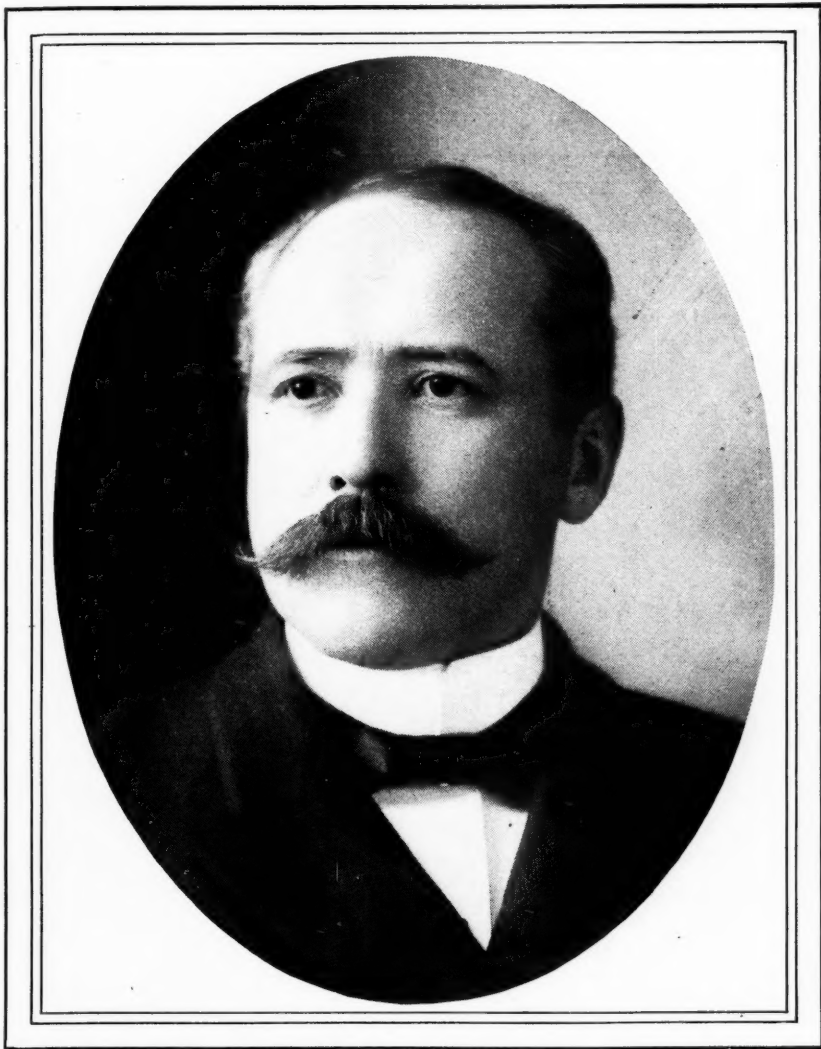
Wall Street, feeling itself growing lean with the steady shrinkage in the prices of stocks which began a year ago and which went on with dizzying rapidity in July and August—Wall Street, finding it difficult to secure ready money necessary for the regular course of business and for the assimilation of undi-

gested securities, lays blame upon the President. It declares that his uncontrollable desire to meddle has unsettled the business affairs of the country, and has developed the distrust and suspicion that always result from a fear of change. It goes so far as to say that he has threatened the national prosperity. Mind you, these statements are not set down as truths. I am merely seeking to explain the attitude of Wall Street toward President Roosevelt, whose aggres-



ARTHUR P. GORMAN, OF MARYLAND, THE MOST INFLUENTIAL DEMOCRAT IN EITHER BRANCH OF CONGRESS, AND A POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst, Washington.



ALTON B. PARKER, OF NEW YORK, WHOM MANY EXPERIENCED POLITICAL OBSERVERS REGARD AS THE MOST AVAILABLE AND MOST PROBABLE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

From his latest photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

siveness it regards as a menace to vested interests.

In urging that Mr. Roosevelt is not a "safe man," Wall Street makes what is, from its point of view, the gravest charge that can be brought against a chief executive. Men prate of the power and strength of capital. It is the most timid thing in the wide world. It is bold, daring, powerful, only when it

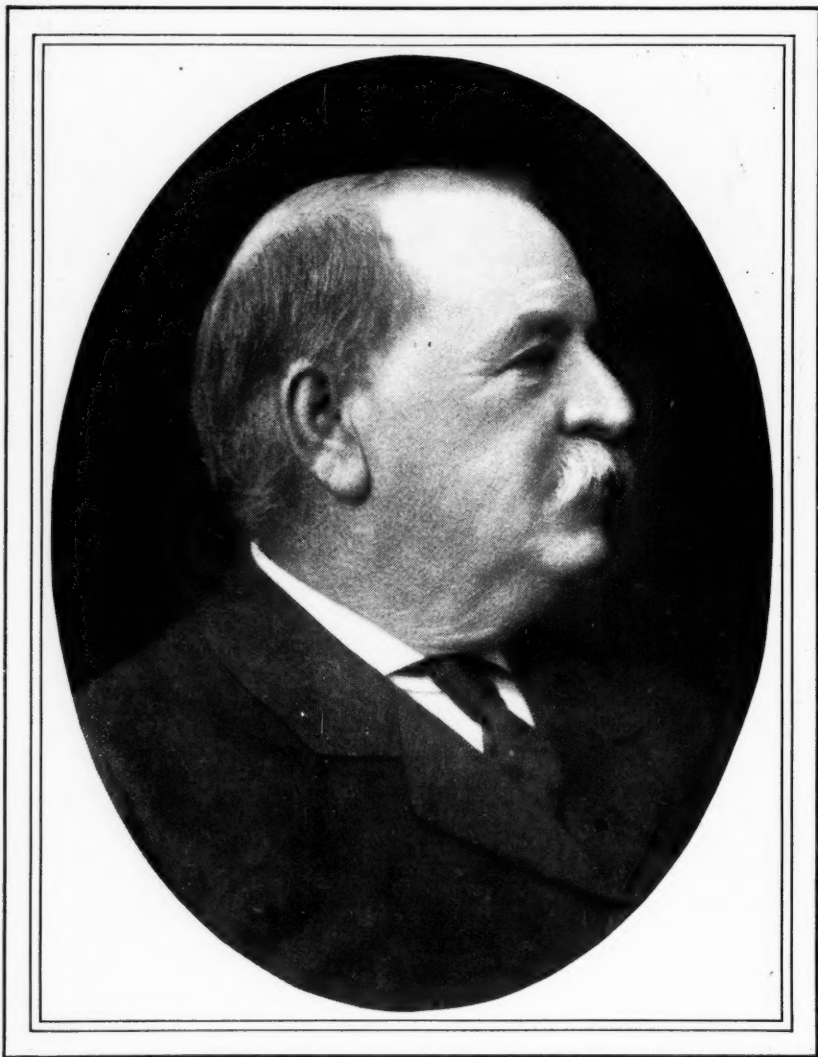
feels itself secure. When it fears danger, it jumps at shadows, is frightened into convulsions by the firing of a blank cartridge. Wall Street, which is the traditional synonym for capital, says that it cannot know what President Roosevelt may do next. Uncertainty means peril. Wall Street holds that all the virtues under heaven are of no avail in a man who is not "safe."

It realizes that the very qualities of which it complains most bitterly have increased Mr. Roosevelt's following among the people. The great mass of men and women in this country believe

than Wall Street and the politicians can make him.

OTHER REPUBLICAN POSSIBILITIES.

Enemies of Mr. Roosevelt in the Re-

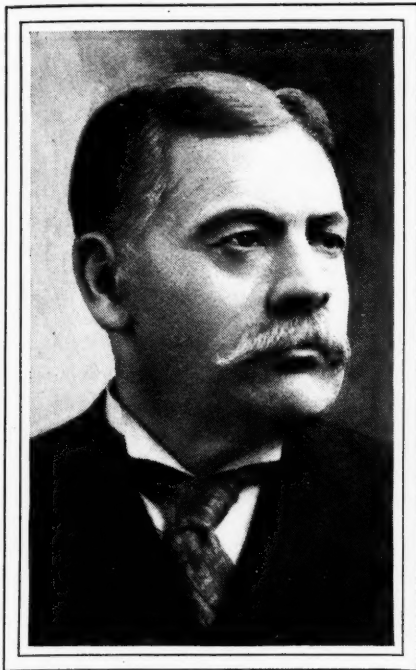


GROVER CLEVELAND, OF NEW JERSEY, ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1884, DEFEATED IN 1888, AND REELECTED IN 1892—HIS NOMINATION FOR A FOURTH TIME IN 1904 HAS BEEN PROMINENTLY SUGGESTED, BUT DOES NOT SEEM PROBABLE.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted, 1903, by Rockwood, New York.

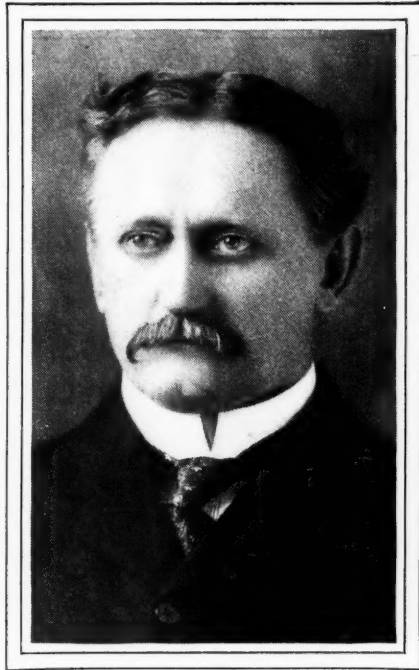
the President to be absolutely honest, and that is the mightiest force in the world for a man in public life to conjure with. It makes a candidate stronger

publican party would rather see John Hay nominated. Mr. Hay has come to the front wonderfully in the past few years. A man with conspicuous native



RICHARD OLNEY, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

From his latest photograph by Parkinson, Boston.



DAVID R. FRANCIS, OF MISSOURI.

From his latest photograph by Byrnes, St. Louis.

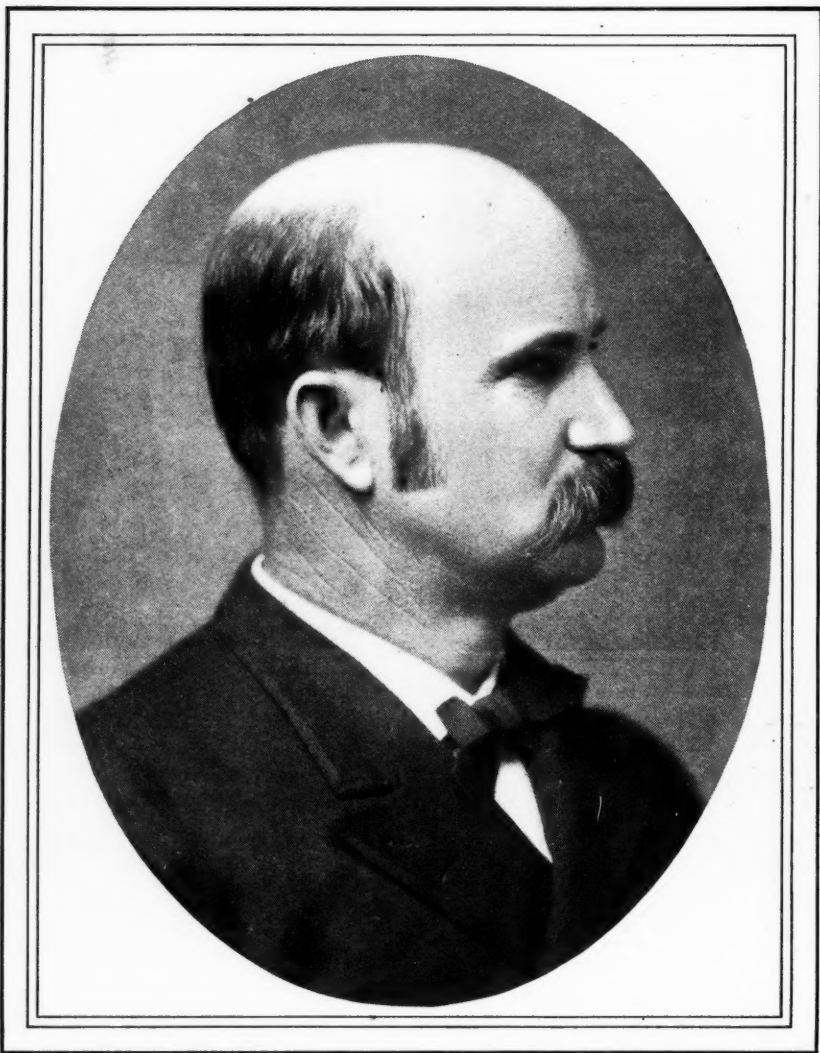
TWO MEN WHO MAY FIGURE IN THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AS "FAVORITE SONS."

ability, gifted with a vast amount of common sense; perhaps the best trained statesman in America, inasmuch as he has been connected with the State Department, of which he is now the head, since he entered upon man's estate; a profound student of affairs, at once brilliant and solid, conservatives who oppose the President put him forth as an ideal candidate. They maintain that he is neither erratic nor impulsive, that there is no streak of socialism in him, but that he is a strong, able, "safe" young man of sixty-five. Also, it is pointed out, he comes from Ohio, the mother of Republican Presidents, just as Virginia is the mother of Democratic ones. Secretary Hay would stand an excellent chance of being nominated for the highest office in the land were Theodore Roosevelt out of the field.

Also from Ohio comes William H. Taft, the first civil governor of the Philippines. Governor Taft's home is in the city of Cincinnati, where he was

born forty-six years ago, and he has been a man of mark ever since he distinguished himself at Yale—in politics, in the law, and on the bench. He is a big man. He has shown that he has great executive ability. He is a Hanna man, and Mr. Hanna is not a Roosevelt man. If there should come an open rupture between the junior Senator from Ohio and the President—which is not likely to happen—then Governor Taft would probably be Mr. Hanna's candidate. If Mr. Hanna ever had dreams of being President, he long ago put them aside.

Were it an open fight in the convention, Governor Taft would be a powerful factor. One of the most significant acts of his career was his refusal to accept a place on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, which President Roosevelt offered him. Men do not lightly refuse the most exalted honor a lawyer can attain unless they have lofty political ambitions.



DAVID B. HILL, OF NEW YORK—WITH MESSRS. CLEVELAND AND BRYAN, MR. HILL RANKS AS ONE OF THE THREE MOST OUTSTANDING FIGURES IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY, BUT NONE OF THE THREE IS LIKELY TO BE NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY NEXT YEAR.

From his latest photograph by the Albany Art Union.

A slender, swarthy little man, with a smooth-shaven, statesman's face is Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, who would also be in the Republican running were it an open fight. He is a big man intellectually, conservative, careful, and safe. His capacities measure up to those of the late Benjamin Harrison, and he is a warmer-blooded, friendlier man, though he lacks Mr.

Harrison's oratorical talent. He is sixty years old, and to a Civil War record he adds a public career which began shortly after he was admitted to the bar in Wisconsin.

The geographical claims of Senator Spooner, important under ordinary conditions, are nullified by President Roosevelt's enormous Western following. Always one harks back to the

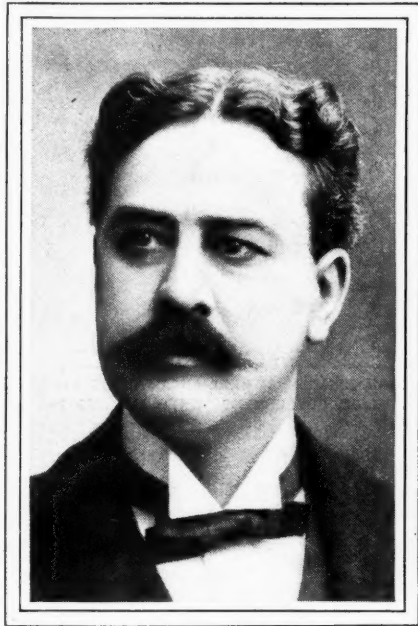
young man who is now the nation's chief executive. He is the "logical candidate" of the Republicans. Nothing seems clearer than that if he does not succeed himself it will be because he is defeated by a Democrat. On the face of it, especially to a devoted admirer of the President, nothing could sound more absurd than to say that his nomi-

natorial campaign that resulted in the victory of Mr. Hill over Ira Davenport. Judge Parker was then only thirty-three years old, and the executive ability he displayed excited Mr. Hill's alarm. That past master in the game of politics promptly shelved the young man by appointing him a justice of the supreme court of the State. He has been on the



WILLIAM R. HEARST, OF NEW YORK, OWNER OF THREE NEWSPAPERS, AND A CANDIDATE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION.

From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York.



CARTER HARRISON, OF ILLINOIS, MAYOR OF CHICAGO, AND A POSSIBLE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

From his latest photograph by Root, Chicago.

nation is much surer than his election. There is where Wall Street may show its power.

JUDGE PARKER'S PROSPECTS.

Broadly speaking, Judge Parker is little known—in itself rather an advantage to a Presidential candidate. The big men of both parties years ago recognized his worth and his ability. He has played no active part in national affairs, and it has been only within the past year that his name has become at all prominent throughout the country.

As far back as 1885 Judge Parker was the chairman of the Democratic State committee, and he managed the guber-

nal campaign that resulted in the victory of Mr. Hill over Ira Davenport. Judge Parker was then only thirty-three years old, and the executive ability he displayed excited Mr. Hill's alarm. That past master in the game of politics promptly shelved the young man by appointing him a justice of the supreme court of the State. He has been on the

bench ever since, and has made a reputation as a learned, able, and thoroughly upright judge. His way to the nomination for the Presidency would have been clearer had not Mr. Hill sidetracked him last year, when he was obviously the strongest candidate for Governor that his party could have put forward. Very few people doubt that he would have been elected if he had run in place of Bird S. Coler, who was defeated only by a few thousand votes.

While it is true that Mr. Bryan does not like Judge Parker, because of his conservatism, the Nebraskan cannot oppose him on the ground of regularity,



TOM L. JOHNSON, OF OHIO, AN ADVOCATE OF FREE TRADE, GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP, AND THE SINGLE TAX.

From his latest photograph by Marceau, New York.

and the conservative members of the party are urging his nomination.

CLEVELAND, BRYAN, AND HILL.

While Grover Cleveland, William J. Bryan, and David B. Hill are possibilities, and while they are the three most influential members of their party, not one of the trio has a fighting chance to be nominated. Each occupies one corner of a triangle, and it is not conceivable that any mundane power can draw them together.

Mr. Cleveland, most bitterly attacked of Presidents since the Civil War, is sentimentally one of the biggest men in America. He has the glory of having inspired a national belief in his down-right, rugged honesty and conscientiousness. It has been the lot of few ex-Presidents to occupy so important a position in the country. Forces there are, and powerful ones, seeking to bring about his nomination for a third term. Followers of Mr. Bryan, at work in the middle West, have encountered them; and Bryan could and would defeat Mr. Cleveland in convention.

As for Mr. Bryan, his two failures have practically eliminated him as a candidate. The issue upon which he rose to national prominence is dead. But he will strive to secure the nomination for some man in sympathy with his ideas, and his power will be great. So, too, will be that of David B. Hill, who will go into the convention with the New York delegation in his waistcoat pocket. One of the shrewdest manipulators, perhaps the most highly developed machine politician of his day, he is a victim of his own skill. He has neither wife nor child; he has no small vices. Politics has been his sole passion, has filled the whole of his cold and lonely life. Lacking absolutely in the quality called magnetism, he has failed also in inspiring public confidence.

OTHER DEMOCRATIC POSSIBILITIES.

Arthur Pue Gorman, Senator from Maryland, whose long experience of public life, coupled with his native ability and ripe judgment, has made him a national force, is another typical politician. He is regarded as a safe man, but the mass of voters look sidewise upon him.

A man of parts, with a good record as Governor of Missouri; a keen, discriminating, able man, who has steered a safe course over the shoals of the past eight years, David R. Francis has many qualifications for a successful candidate. It was his success as president of the great exposition which St. Louis is organizing that brought him forward prominently as a possibility for the Presidency.

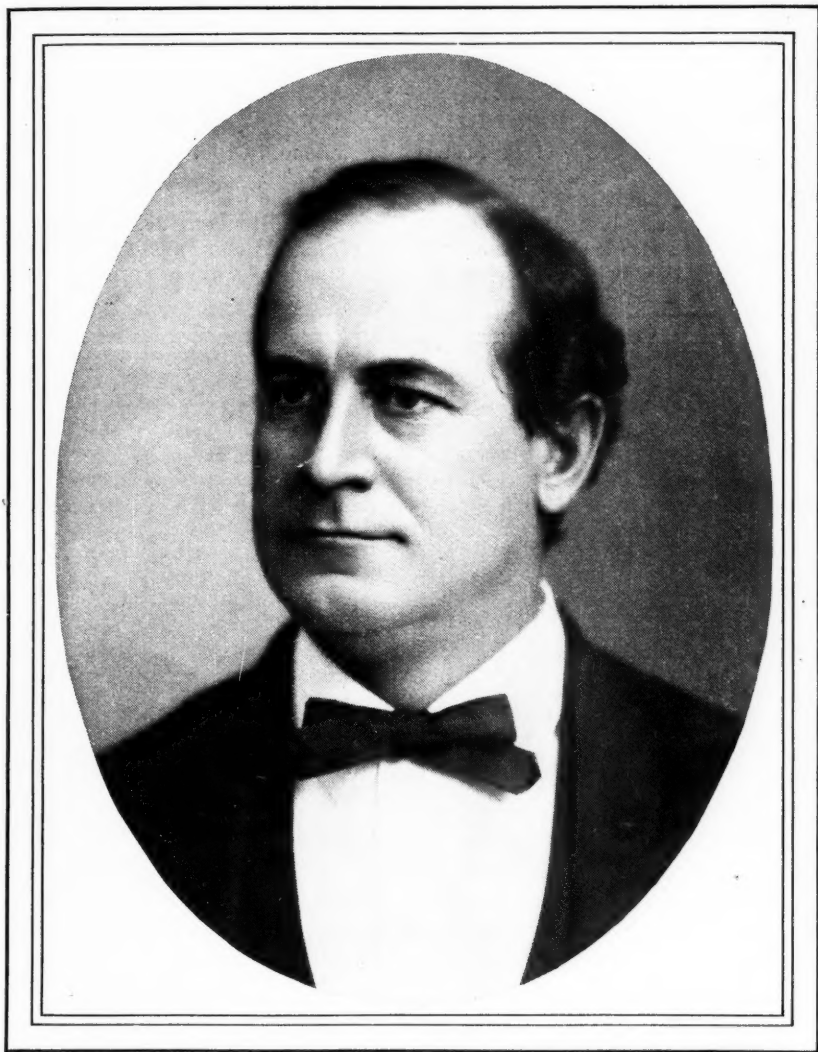
Richard Olney, of Massachusetts, who was Mr. Cleveland's Attorney General and Secretary of State, and who, measured by ability, is one of the strongest men in his party, destroyed his chances by his attitude toward Bryan, supporting him in one campaign and ignoring him in another, thereby incurring the enmity of both the silver and the sound-money Democrats.

William R. Hearst, Carter Harrison, and Tom L. Johnson are the picturesque personalities in the national campaign. Mr. Hearst inherited a love for politics, together with much money, from his father, the late Senator Hearst

of California. He is the youngest of all the possibilities, being a little more than forty. He has three newspapers of large circulation, and he is making a serious and expensive fight for the nomination

upon the fact that he seems to have a life tenure as mayor of Chicago, and that he is an earnest Bryan man. He also advocates government ownership.

As for Tom Johnson, mayor of Cleve-



WILLIAM J. BRYAN, OF NEBRASKA, THE DEFEATED DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE OF 1896 AND 1900.

From his latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

on his own platform, the principal planks of which are government ownership, trades-unionism, and the welfare of the "downtrod," to borrow the expression of Mr. Devery.

Carter Harrison's claims rest chiefly

land, a single-taxer who has grown rich from franchises, a free trader who has made millions with the aid of the tariff, the path to the White House looks no easier than to the other members of the trio with a socialistic bent.

The Centennial of Chicago.

BY EDWIN ERLE SPARKS,

PROFESSOR OF AMERICAN HISTORY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

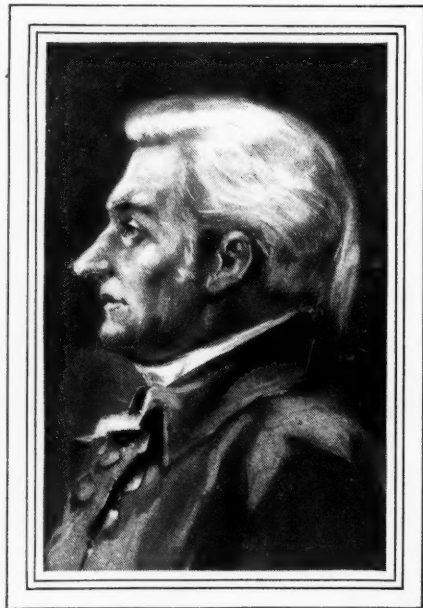
THE MOST MARVELOUS CITY IN THE WORLD CELEBRATES ITS HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY—IN 1803 THERE WAS MADE THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT OF WHITE MEN IN A SWAMPY WILDERNESS THAT IS NOW THE SITE OF A METROPOLIS.

THE present, too often, is commonplace and uninteresting; the distant in time or space becomes romantic and inspiring. Otherwise the history of

enclosing the whole, as was built where Pittsburg, Steubenville, Toledo, Fort Wayne, St. Louis, and Council Bluffs now stand. All these posts were mile-



ROBERT CAVELIER, SIEUR DE LA SALLE, THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, WHO WENT FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE MISSISSIPPI BY THE CHICAGO PORTAGE IN 1681.

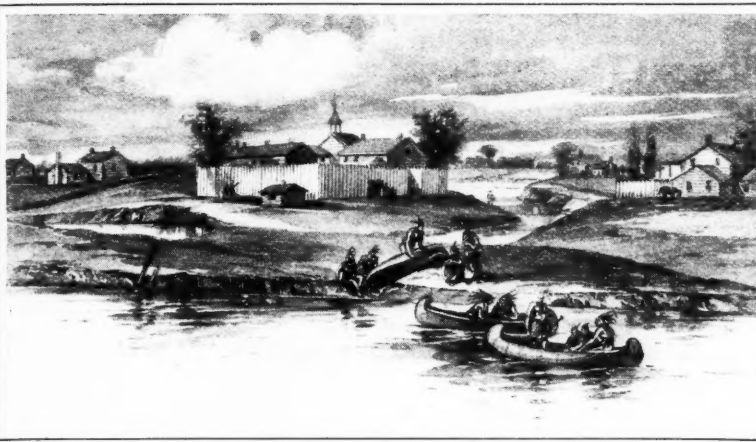


HENRY DEARBORN, SECRETARY OF WAR UNDER PRESIDENT JEFFERSON, WHO ESTABLISHED A FORT AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER IN 1803.

any American city would be in itself an epic. The founding of Troy, of Athens, of Rome, is wrapped in obscurity and hallowed by tradition. The origin of Chicago is to be found in a prosaic, every-day fort. It was just such a group of buildings for officers and men, with loopholed blockhouses at the corners of the stockade of upright logs

stones in the onward march of civilization across the continent; but they have long since been annihilated.

So short is the history of the inland cities of the United States that at first one can scarcely credit the announcement of a Chicago centennial celebration this year. Yet official records prove that precisely one hundred years have



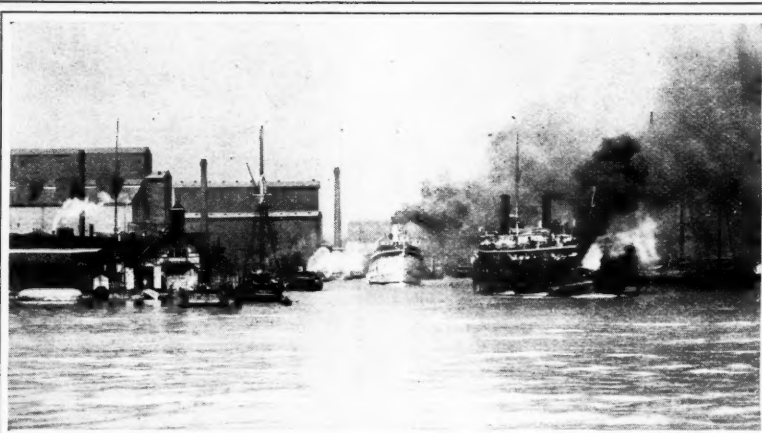
THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER IN 1821, SHOWING FORT DEARBORN AND ITS STOCKADE, AND A CHANNEL NAVIGABLE FOR CANOES.

elapsed since General Dearborn, Secretary of War under President Jefferson, ordered a company of regulars to proceed from the outpost at Detroit to the mouth of the Chicago River, and there to construct a fort for the protection of the traders who frequented that important point. Permission to erect the fort had been gained from the Indians by the treaty of Green-

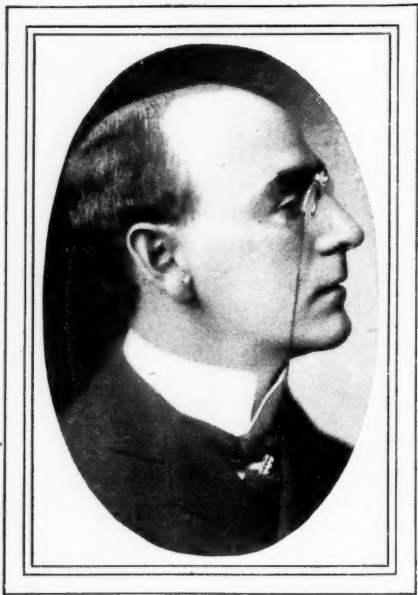
ville eight years before. The only surviving reminder of Dearborn's reservation is the site of the Public Library, which stands on the former Dearborn Park. The county and city buildings are on the old "court-house square."

IN THE DAYS OF THE PIONEERS.

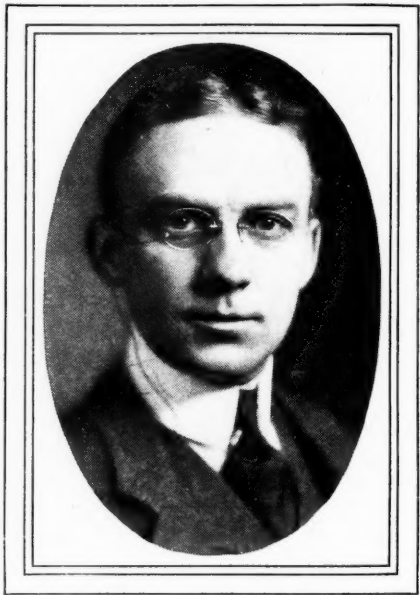
The erection of this United States fort validates the centennial claim and



THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER IN 1903, SHOWING A CHANNEL LINED WITH DOCKS AND ELEVATORS, AND NAVIGABLE FOR LARGE STEAMERS.



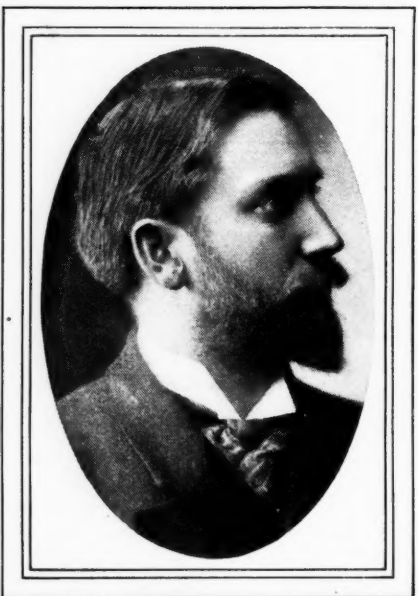
CHARLES R. MACLOON, SECRETARY OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.



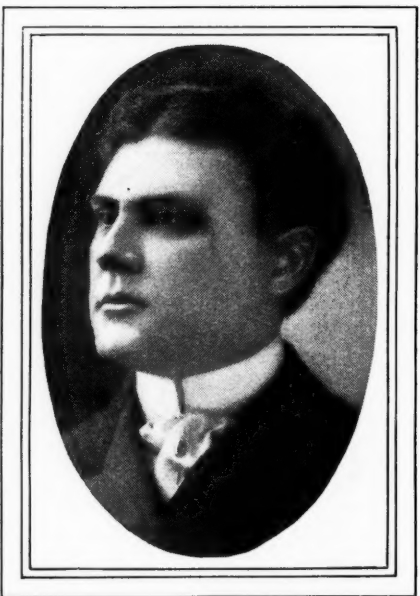
GEORGE H. JENNEY, CHAIRMAN OF THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

justifies the celebration. Chicago is one hundred years old. Indeed, if antiquity were the criterion, she might go back

beyond the English-speaking era to the French Jesuits and traders who used the Chicago portage on one of their



W. W. TRACY, CHAIRMAN OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.



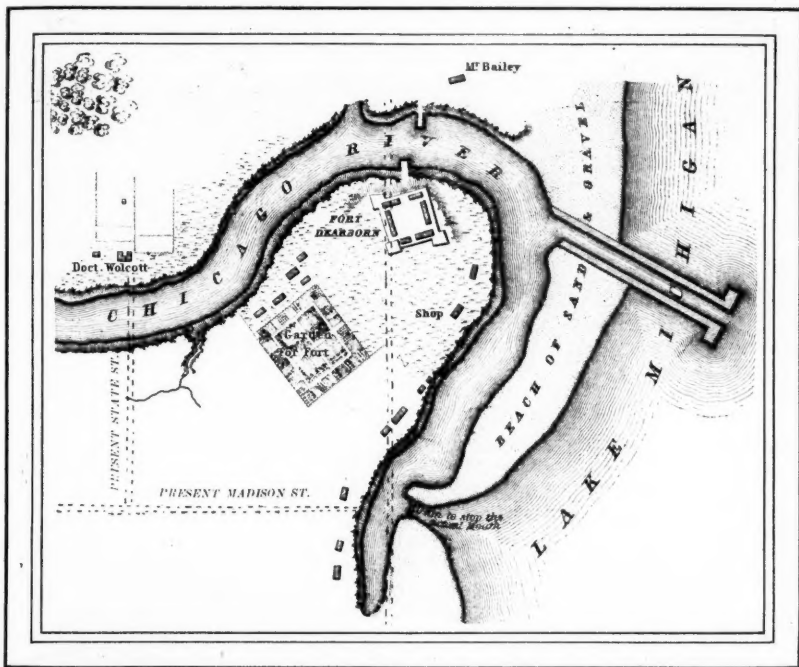
CHARLES A. PLAMONDON, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CHICAGOANS OF TO-DAY—THE MEN IN CHARGE OF THE CHICAGO CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

great routes between Quebec and New Orleans. La Salle headed a letter, "Du Portage de Checagou, 4 Juin, 1683." He wrote it in a log house erected at the portage, probably the first habitation on the site of the present metropolis of the West. He first explored this, the easiest route from the

of celebrating the completion of a century, Chicago, were she less notoriously modest, might claim two hundred and thirty years.

What a historic procession the imagination may picture as passing in the early days over the Chicago portage! There is the black-robed Jesuit



A PLAN OF CHICAGO HARBOR AS IT WAS WHEN THE GOVERNMENT FIRST UNDERTOOK ITS IMPROVEMENT—THE RIVER HAS SINCE BEEN STRAIGHTENED TO AN EAST AND WEST DIRECTION AND GREATLY WIDENED.

Great Lakes to the Mississippi, two years earlier—a year before Friend William Penn founded his City of Brotherly Love on the Delaware.

Father Marquette spent a winter on the Chicago portage only ten years after Peter Stuyvesant surrendered New York to the English. A walled fort was built by the French in Illinois ten years before the child was born on Bridges Creek, Virginia, who, as Colonel Washington, of the Virginia militia, helped to banish the lilies of France from the Mississippi valley. The history of the interior of the continent thus becomes almost contemporaneous with that of the Atlantic coast. Instead

preaching his gospel, forced to combat the superstition of the medicine man, removing his shovel-shaped hat in the Indian canoe lest it interfere with his savage fellow-oarsmen, setting up his altar in some rude hut of bark, content if he occasionally baptized an Indian child as fruit of his labors. Here comes the *coureur du bois*, bearing his pack of trinkets to distant tribes, or returning laden with costly skins. Next is the official explorer, nailing his king's coat of arms on a tree, and solemnly taking possession of land and water in the name of France; then the Indian slave, toiling stolidly after his Gallic owner, satisfied to escape falling into



WOLF POINT, AT THE MEETING OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH BRANCHES OF THE CHICAGO RIVER, IN 1832, THE YEAR IN WHICH MEAT WAS FIRST SHIPPED FROM CHICAGO TO DETROIT.

the hands of his savage foeman; and the *donnés*, or serving men, binding their bright-colored sashes tightly about their homespun coats, and setting their pudding-bag caps afresh upon their heads, in readiness to carry their canoes and burdens across the portage.

Foredriving the French came the English-speaking Americans, planting a fort at the river's mouth leading to the portage for the protection of the highways of trade. A lonely life the soldiers at Fort Dearborn must have led on the sand and among the scrub



WOLF POINT AT THE PRESENT DAY.

oaks, or loitering on the sedgy banks of the sluggish stream. Schoolcraft's artist pictured the shore, in 1821, as a sandy waste, where now arise the roar, the smoke, and the grime of a great city. Mingling with the soldier came the Indian, the half-breed, the government agent, the fur trader, the land speculator—the débris which always floats on the front wave of civilization.

FORT DEARBORN'S EARLY HISTORY.

Fort Dearborn was destined to some stirring and some tragic times. It was burned in the Indian uprising of 1812, its troops and settlers massacred or distributed as slaves among the tribes, and its history interrupted for four years. It was rebuilt on a smaller scale, and occupied at various times for twenty years. It was the link connecting the trading outpost at the mouth of the river with the later days when the demands of commerce converted the stream into the most valuable harbor on Lake Michigan.

When Congress voted the first appropriation for the improvement of the Chicago River, there were probably not twenty houses scattered from Wolf's Point, where the two branches of the river met, to the mouth, half a mile below. A poll-book showed thirty voters. Engineers connected with the troops at the fort had made surveys, and had assured the government that nowhere else in all this portion of the lake could an adequate harbor be located; but the bar across the mouth of the river must be cut through, and the channel deepened and widened. Numerous later appropriations, aggregating not less than four millions of dollars, have made possible the enormous harbor traffic of the present Chicago.

Jefferson's administration chose the place for a fort because it was a strategic point for securing command of the Indian country. It was left for Calhoun, Benton, and Clay to discover that it commanded the entire eastern slope of the upper Mississippi; that the products of the fertile prairie lands to the westward must inevitably be collected here for water transportation; that in return the manufactures of the East must be brought here for distribution

throughout the West. Benton called the Chicago River the altar from which were pronounced the bans for the union of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi.

THE GREAT MART OF THE WEST.

It was a strange coincidence that the years 1832, which brought the first government aid to the harbor, should have witnessed the inauguration of a new method of shipping meat. Instead of sending the cattle on foot, or shipping them by water, as had long been the practise, an enterprising dealer slaughtered a hundred and fifty head out on the prairie, "corned" the beef, and sent it to Detroit. From that inauguration the Chicago stockyards have grown to a value of three hundred million dollars and a capacity of seven million hogs and two million cattle yearly.

About the same time, clumsy looking elevators began to appear along the river bank. The farmers drove their grain wagons to the building and hoisted the grain in buckets, by hand, or by horse power, to the top of the building, where it was thrown into hoppers. Eventually long chutes conveyed it to the holds of sailing vessels moored upon the river side of the elevator. So late as 1885, only three-quarters of a million bushels of grain could be accommodated in Chicago. At present, thirty million bushels can be stored, and five times that quantity handled each year.

In 1848, the Galena Union & Chicago Railroad brought in the first load of wheat over its ten miles of strap-iron rails laid on stringers resting on piling driven in the low-lying prairie west of the river. Nineteen railways now radiate from Chicago, embracing a total mileage of fifty-seven thousand miles.

Only comparison by photographs and drawings can show how the entire city was lifted, house by house and block by block, from its ancient sandy beach only a few feet above the lake level to a grade better adapted to proper drainage. Maps and plans demonstrate the encroachment of the city on the lake front by filling in the shallows. Avenues, railway terminals, and parks have been created where formerly pleasure boats glided between piling driven by far-

sighted railway companies to preempt ground yet to be made.

No sane man would have chosen such topography for a town site. Chicago was not the creation of choice, but of commercial necessity, which knows no choice. Not only did the citizens remedy the defects of nature by elevating the site and inaugurating a sewer system, but they willingly spent thirty-two million dollars on a drainage canal to complete the work.

One searches in vain for a remnant of the old fort which marked the first stage of Chicago. Long red-topped freight-houses and lofty buildings devoted to trade occupy the ground where once the soldiers mounted guard on the

sand within the stockade. Drawbridges swing open for great passenger steamers where the ferry was poled across the river in front of the fort. The log trading-house at Wolf's Point and the tavern near by, where the north and south branches of the river met, have long since been replaced by stone and coal yards. Whatever evidences of early Chicago remained in 1871 perished in the fire which swept over the business district in that year.

That blessing in disguise inaugurated the third era of Chicago. From the old fort to the modern city through the harbor-making middle period is a far cry; but it has been accomplished in a century.

OUT OF THE PAST.

Off in the night, when the wet wind howls,
Comes a wild, weird thought to me—
That my soul is the soul of a corsair king,
Whose bones lie under the sea;

Under the sea where the weed-slime drifts,
In the cave where the jewels lie,
Where a chantey booms through the rotting ships,
And the ghosts of the dead go by.

Off by the sea, when the gray spume flies,
In my heart there's a thrill of pride;
For beneath my feet is the swaying deck,
And over the waves I ride;

Over the waves to a moon-kissed isle,
Full-guarded by palm and reef,
Where the lookout hails from the highest hill
The return of the corsair chief.

Off in the day, when the city rings
With the clamor of angry life,
My soul awakes to another scene,
And harks to the roar of strife;

The smoke dimmed ships and the naked men
Bespattered with powder and blood—
The ring of the cutlass, the roar of the gun,
And the homing bullet's thud.

Aye, oft at dusk, when a night-bird calls,
Or a storm cloud sails the sky,
An alien soul thrills through my veins,
And phantoms strange drift by.

Aye, oft at night, when the wet wind howls,
Comes a wild, weird thought to me—
That my soul is the soul of a corsair king,
Whose bones lie under the sea!

Stephen Chalmers.

An Epistolary Anachronism.

HOW AMY LINCOLN AIDED DESTINY IN THE MATTER OF HER MARRIAGE.

BY MIRIAM CRUIKSHANK.

I.

"**M**ARRIAGE," said Mrs. Alison, "should be a matter of sense, not sentiment."

She was tying the last of a series of veils over her obviously Paris-built hat, in front of her dressing-table, and the reflection in the mirror smiled across the room at the girl lounging in the easy chair.

"If experience counts for anything, you surely ought to know," murmured Amy Lincoln.

Miss Lincoln seemed absorbed in the contemplation of her own slender, well-kept fingers, and did not meet the other's smiling eyes. Mrs. Alison laughed delightedly, a gay, tinkling laugh, which was somewhat at variance with her rather distinguished appearance.

"I do know," she replied promptly. "That is why I am competent to give advice. I married my first husband for money. He had it. I married my second for position, and incidentally dear Peter's millions did a trifle toward maintaining that position. Then, having obtained the necessities of life, I concluded I need no longer deny myself the luxuries, and so I married Mr. Alison for love. What more would you have?"

Having adjusted the veils to her satisfaction, she came across the room and sat down in front of the girl, a more serious expression coming into her clever, yet kindly eyes.

"You don't need money—not in the way I did, I mean," she said, as Amy made a movement of protest. "Your kind of poverty doesn't mean one new dress a winter, cotton petticoats, and total abstinence from the manicurer. You don't need position, for you have never had to order your family portraits painted, nor invent ancestors.

Don't look shocked; we have all done worse things. Now what is to prevent your marrying agreeably and suitably?"

"'Nobody asked me, sir,' she said," quoted the girl lightly, but there was a hidden note in her voice that did not escape her companion's keen ears.

"Now, Amy, don't be absurd. No woman—that is, no woman of your stamp—ever got a desirable husband without making some effort. Plums only fall into the laps of the stupid little dowds that haven't sense enough to look out for themselves. I suppose the Lord feels so sorry for them that He thinks some compensation is due them; but that is apart from the question. You weren't cut out for an old maid, and you won't be a success as one. You are clever, you have taken up fads innumerable, and you are not contented. You are not precisely a beauty, but you are good to look at. I love your hair, and your figure is delightful. Yet the fact remains that you are twenty-six years old and unmarried. You are not even engaged, and as far as I can make out have never had a serious affair. It's time you were turning over a new leaf."

Miss Lincoln made a swift deprecatory movement with her hands.

"Even so," she said, "the fact remains that no man wants me."

"Make some man, then."

"Why, really, Mrs. Alison," the girl began haughtily, "I am afraid——"

"Don't get on your high horse, child; I am not insulting you. I am only trying to show you that your brains were given you for use. Had you been a fool, the Lord would have taken care of you, just as He did of your cousin Anne, who got young Weston and his money in her first season, and who doesn't appreciate her mercies. I am not suggesting that you shall throw yourself vulgarly at some man's head. Put yourself in his

way delicately, keep yourself in his mind, play your cards carefully, handle your trumps with discretion, and you will win without realizing it. I know, for I have had experience, as you rather ill-naturedly hinted. Now, my dear, I must go. I am not an idle woman, and I have overstayed my time. Think over what I have said, review your list of acquaintances, and see if there isn't some man on it you would like to know better. There is no harm in making the experiment, and it may be worth your while. Good-by!" and she swept off, a faint rustle of silk and the scent of carnations surrounding her exit.

Miss Lincoln rose rather languidly from her chair and walked over to the mirror, sitting down on the low stool lately occupied by her visitor.

"You are really a good-looking girl," she said, frowning at the face in the glass, "and yet you are a hopeless failure from a social standpoint. You have been out seven years, and in that time you have not had a single affair worth the mentioning. Is Mrs. Alison right? Is it really a question of effort? Would it be worth while?"

She paused and turned away from the glass with flushed cheeks. Her wandering eye had rested involuntarily on a picture that hung near her desk, and a flood of recollection had come to her. It was a simple sketch done in water-colors, representing a girl sitting on a rock overhanging the sea. The girl's fair hair blew loosely about her face, and her dark eyes were fixed on the water below. There was no inscription, only the initials "R. S. L." and the date.

For more than seven years the picture had hung there, and she had not thought of it for almost as long. "R. S. L." was Dick Lowry. What friends they had been that summer on Conanicut! She was just out of school, and he was a college senior. She had worn his fraternity pin for a time, she remembered. The day he had made that sketch they had been quite sentimental. Then she had come away suddenly, there had been no chance for a good-by, and he did not know her New York address.

She did not remember being at all

miserable that winter about it; in fact, she had not given the matter many thoughts. Still, it might have been worth while, as Mrs. Alison said. He had been a very nice boy, he was probably a very nice man. Perhaps he was married. He must be twenty-eight by now. She began to feel a pang of jealousy when she thought of the possible Mrs. Dick Lowry. Of course she had nothing to do with his present, but the past had been hers. She might have written. Letters were often lost. Old letters sometimes came to light after many years. Amy's eyes were dancing, and the dimples were running riot about her mouth. Mrs. Alison would hardly have recognized in her the same languid woman to whom she had talked less than an hour before.

She sat down at her desk, and after much deliberation selected a sheet of paper and an envelope that seemed suitable. A letter that had been lost for seven years would of necessity be shabby, she thought, and the materials chosen had been laid away for some time. The note was quickly written:

DEAR MR. LOWRY:

We are leaving very unexpectedly this evening, and I am so sorry not to be able to say good-by. Should you come to New York this winter, I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you in my own home, at No. 99 West Fifty-Seventh St. With many regrets that the delightful summer is at an end I am

Very sincerely yours,

AMY LINCOLN.

She calmly dated the letter seven years back, and slipped it into an envelope, which she sealed and addressed to "Mr. R. S. Lowry, Pi Delta Fraternity House, Cambridge, Massachusetts."

Two hours later she was dropping this bit of epistolary anachronism into a post-box in the West End neighborhood when her attention was attracted toward a carriage that was apparently bearing down upon her. Mrs. Alison was driving with her third husband in a victoria, adorned with her second husband's crest, and purchased with her first husband's money. The vehicle turned sharply in at the curb and stopped, and Mrs. Alison leaned eagerly forward.

"Amy, you here, of all people! I'm so glad to see you! Alfred and I are boring each other to death, and I know

he will be charmed to give you his place. He is due at some musty meeting in a little while—aren't you, dear?—so you must come with me."

Mr. Alison, a quiet, scholarly-looking man in a gray tweed, smiled tolerantly at his wife through his glasses. Having clambered down obediently, he assisted Amy, in spite of her protests, into his place in the victoria.

"You look," said Mrs. Alison, settling back in her seat, "as if you had been doing something unusual. If it were any one but you I should expect to see a blush on your damask cheek."

"I could blush if there were any occasion," began Miss Lincoln stiffly.

"My dear girl, I am not asking for a confession. I disapprove of them on principle. A woman who begins by making confessions to her female friends usually ends by making them to her husband, and there is nothing more disastrous to marital bliss."

"I'll remember," breathed Miss Lincoln, "should I ever enter the holy estate of matrimony."

"Marriage," said Mrs. Alison, her eyes fixed on the slowly disappearing form of her liege lord, "is with a woman a matter of much planning and careful deliberation. With a man it is largely a matter of digestion, moonlight, and propinquity. He regards it in the light of an amusement. Somebody, a much wiser and more distinguished person than myself, has put the same thing more cleverly, but the idea is not different. Now let's go for a turn on the drive before we go in for dinner."

II.

FOR the next week or so Amy watched the mails with an inward eagerness and trepidation. But as the days went by and nothing came, she gradually settled down into her old groove, and almost forgot the episode of the letter.

One afternoon toward Christmas, as she was returning from a tiring round of slumming, she noticed a strange man just coming away from her own door. As he raised his hat and drew back in order to let her pass him, she was conscious that his keen gray eyes were scru-

tinizing her closely. Involuntarily she turned a little toward him. He was a man of about forty, a little above medium height, broad-shouldered, heavily-bearded, with something of that keen, quiet alertness which Amy immediately associated with a physician. Some one connected with the college settlement dispensary or the fresh air fund, she thought at first.

"I beg your pardon," the man said gravely, as if reading her thoughts, "but are you Miss Lincoln?"

"Yes," said Amy, rather indifferently. "You wanted to see me? Will you not come in?"

The stranger bowed his assent. Following her through the hall into the library, he took the chair she indicated, and sat opposite her, his hat in his hands, for an instant before he broke the silence.

"I suppose I ought to apologize for intruding upon you, Miss Lincoln; and I am afraid the explanation I have to offer will not be much hastened when I tell you my name is Lowry."

Amy started. A rush of color came into her face, and she looked at the man with wide, puzzled eyes. Dick had been taller, his eyes were blue, not gray, and his hair and embryonic mustache, she remembered, had been fair, not brown.

"But surely," she began, "you are not——"

The visitor interrupted.

"No, I am not any one whom you know," he said, "and I am afraid I have done an unwarrantable thing. My name is Roger S. Lowry; I am a graduate of Harvard, and a physician. About a week ago there came into my hands a letter, bearing your signature, which had been sent to my old fraternity house at Cambridge and forwarded to me in New Haven. The fact that the letter was dated some years back might have explained the address as 'Mr.' instead of 'Dr.' At any rate, I opened it in good faith. The whole thing was a puzzle. How a letter clearly addressed, as this one was, could have remained in hiding for so long was a mystery, unless the writer had given it to some one who had forgotten it, and it had lain away for years, perhaps hidden in a pocket, to be discovered eventually by some one

else—for I believe I neglected to state that the stamp was of this year's issue."

Amy moved a little out of the range of the firelight before she spoke.

"Have you the letter with you?" she said.

Dr. Roger S. Lowry opened a large seal pocketbook, took out the letter, and handed it to Miss Lincoln. The girl calmly opened it, and glanced over the few written lines with burning eyes; then she tossed it into the fire.

"The letter was written to Mr. Richard Lowry. We—I knew him the year—that is, seven years ago—he was at Harvard then. We met on Conanicut; then I came away suddenly." She hesitated, and then finished: "I have never seen him since."

"Then this letter?" Dr. Lowry began and stopped awkwardly. "I thought——"

"It doesn't make any difference," said Amy quietly. "It all happened so long ago."

There was a note in her voice which seemed to signify that the interview was at an end, and the man understood her. He got up to go. Amy rose, too.

"It was very good of you to return the letter," she said formally.

Would he never leave her? There was something quizzical in his gray eyes. If only she had never written the odious letter! That was what came of listening to other people.

In the midst of her meditations she was conscious that Dr. Lowry had bowed himself out. She rushed up to her room to let her mortification have full sway. A note lay on the dressing-table, and she opened it mechanically. It ran:

AMY DEAR,

I am in such a hobble! Alf has just telephoned that some old classmates of his are in town, and he is going to bring them home to dinner—two strange men, and Kitty Lancaster here! Picture Kitty talking *débutante* platitudes to a pair of musty scientists. Won't you help me out? Come in to dinner—I'll send the carriage for you, and you might as well stay all night.

Do be an angel, and come to the rescue of

Your distracted

MARGARET ALISON.

The little clock on Amy's desk chimed six. It was too late for Mrs. Alison to ask any one else if she refused; and after all, why not go? It

would be better than staying at home moping over spilt milk. There might be some amusement in watching Kitty Lancaster flirt with a man who considered her less entertaining than a species of mollusk. She dressed rapidly, and was ready when the maid came to say that the carriage was waiting for her.

"It was perfectly dear in you, Amy! Alf was so pleased when he heard that I had sent for you. He thinks Kitty a fool, and a man never admires a fool after he is married—which accounts, I suppose, for the number of clever women who marry widowers."

Mrs. Alison was radiant. She twined one arm about Amy's waist and led her down the stairs into the drawing-room, where Kitty Lancaster was asking a tall, thin, aquiline individual, whose dress coat had the appearance of having been borrowed, if he didn't adore Ethel Barrymore.

Mr. Alison was standing on the hearth-rug, engaged in earnest conversation with another man, whose back was turned toward the door. There was something startlingly familiar to Amy in the set of this other man's broad shoulders. She felt her breath coming quickly, and then—he wheeled suddenly, facing her, and she saw a little above her own level the brown beard and quizzical gray eyes of Dr. Roger S. Lowry.

"Miss Lincoln, may I present Professor Catheart—Dr. Lowry—Miss Lincoln," began Mrs. Alison.

Alfred was beaming near-sightedly at Amy. The aquiline gentleman bowed awkwardly in the direction of the window, preparing, possibly, for another Kitty. Dr. Lowry smiled.

"I believe I have had the pleasure," he said, taking Amy's rather reluctant hand in a warm, cordial grasp.

"You two have met?" Mrs. Alison's good humor was increasing every minute. "Then you can take her in to dinner, Dr. Lowry. Alf will look after you, Kitty, and Professor Catheart"—she laid a slender hand on that individual's bony arm and smiled up at him entrancingly—"you will have to put up with me."

"Nothing could please me better,

madam," said the professor gallantly, scenting an early release from present miseries.

Miss Lincoln laid a row of frigid finger-tips on Dr. Lowry's black coat-sleeve, and preserved a dignified silence on the way to the dining-room. Then she raised her eyes to his gray ones and saw that they were very grave.

"Have you quite made up your mind not to forgive me?" he said.

"I—I—" began Miss Lincoln, and then suddenly turned full upon him. "Why did you do it? You knew the letter was not yours."

"Fate, my dear madam," Professor Cathcart was saying, "is something we cannot avoid. In all eastern countries—"

Dr. Lowry glanced across the table, and then swiftly back into Amy's questioning eyes.

"It was that," he said; "the fate we cannot avoid."

"I am afraid I don't understand you," the girl said. "Please explain."

"I tried to this afternoon, and failed. I thought you would consider me a fool, and the thought was not a pleasant one, but—Miss Lincoln, do you think I look at all like a romantic person? No, don't try not to hurt my feelings"—as Amy hesitated—"I know I am a very ordinary sort of individual, and the people who have watched my career during the past thirty-five years would tell you that it has been most prosaic. Nevertheless, I have always been a devout believer in fate. For years I have been possessed of a consciousness that somewhere in this wide universe there was to be found my feminine *alter ego*. For this reason I have been content to drift along for more than half of my allotted span of years a lonely man. When chance, fate, or whatever you please to call it, brought your letter into my possession, I felt that there was some hidden reason for its coming. After I had read it, I knew, of course, that it had not been intended for me. I had never met a Miss Amy Lincoln, but I felt that I wanted to know her. Of course, the proper thing for me to do was to return the letter, with a word of explanation, but I could not. Circumstances brought me to New York shortly after,

and again I felt the guiding hand of fate. The letter was seven years old—the possibilities—nay, probabilities—were that you were married, perhaps to this blessed unknown namesake of mine; nevertheless, I felt compelled to try to find you—and you know the rest."

"I am something of a fatalist myself," Mrs. Alison was saying, "though, at the risk of betraying my sex, I must confess, Professor Cathcart, that I am inclined to think the average man's fate is arranged in a measure by the women who think he might be useful."

"And if," said Miss Lincoln softly, "you had not been able to find me; or if I had been married—what then?"

"I should, perhaps, have lived the second half of my life as I did the first—just waiting; but you see you were not. Instead, you were angry at my presumption, and I left you cursing myself for a blind fool, and wondering at the same time how I could see you again."

Mrs. Alison was giving the signal for rising, and Amy's face was turned away.

"And then?" she said very softly.

"And then," said Dr. Roger Lowry, and he spoke very low—"and then I became more of a believer in fate than ever."

Miss Lincoln blushed, and passed through the curtains that he held aside.

III.

"MARRIAGE," said Mrs. Alison one day a few months later, "should be a matter of sense, not sentiment—unless, as in your case, Amy, you contrive a combination."

"Marriage," said Mrs. Roger Lowry, "is a matter of fate."

"Fate assisted by a clever woman can do many things," rejoined Mrs. Alison. "You have never explained to me, Amy, just what measures you took in order to aid fate."

"Confessions," said Mrs. Lowry, "are a mistake. I disapprove of them on principle. The woman who begins by making them to her woman friends usually ends by making them to her husband, and there is nothing more disastrous to marital happiness. Shall I put cream or lemon in your tea?"

The Case of Minna Lang.

AN INTERESTING EPISODE IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.

DESPITE the dirty, discolored card giving notice that the bench was "For Witnesses Only," the policeman who had arrested Minna Lang allowed her to sit there because he thought she was about to faint. She covered her face with her handkerchief, leaned back against the railing, and cried silently until the linen was wet with her tears.

It was Monday morning in the Jefferson Market police court, and the magistrate was rapidly disposing of the usual batch of cases that follow Sunday and its liberty. The place was thronged to the doors with friends of the prisoners, witnesses, speculative bondsmen, and the idle, curious spectators you always find in such scenes. Outside it was raining dully and persistently, and the grimy, dark, dismal room seemed gloomier than ever in the mean, yellow light, the foggy, malodorous atmosphere. Everything suggested discomfort and bad health, physical as well as moral.

The magistrate, a stout, tired-looking man, sniffed vigorously at a bottle of smelling-salts in the intervals between signing summonses and questioning and sentencing prisoners. The long line of the latter—men and women, drunkards, thieves, street-walkers, negro "crap" players, Chinese gamblers—extended along the rail before the bench far into the corridor to the magistrate's right hand. They were hustled into place by the burly policemen who had gathered up all this débris of the city's humanity as the street-cleaners sweep its material rubbish.

One by one, sometimes by twos and threes, the prisoners passed in dolorous processional across the bridge before the magistrate, and were fined, or held for Special Sessions, or discharged; while the lawyers who had found a pris-

oner with enough money to engage them argued the cases, and prisoners so disposed argued their own, telling wonderful lies that were no novelties here, and policemen and witnesses gave testimony that revealed scenes of crime and shame and sorrow. Two or three young newspaper men, who looked at once fatigued and alert, stood on the bridge waiting for a "story" to turn up. At any moment something humorous or pathetic might float to the surface of this stream of sordid incident.

Beside Minna there sat a young man, who looked curiously around, licking his lips in a nervous, cat-like fashion; and a young woman who gazed about with indifferent, accustomed eyes. One of the reporters stepped down from the bridge and elbowed his way through the press of court-officers, lawyers, and policemen within the rail. With a look toward Minna's bowed figure, he said to the young woman:

"A good story to-day, Miss Robley?"

The department store detective gave the reporter a brusque nod in which there was a hint of fellowship, and answered:

"Why, no, I think not. She was caught stealing; that's all."

The reporter nodded, and returned to the bridge, where a longshoreman with hospital bandages on his spiky-haired head was volubly relating the story of the assault made upon him in a West Street saloon.

"An', s'elp me, judge, your honor, it was only five or six drinks I'd been after having all the night!"

Through the mist of tears that veiled Minna's eyes, and the stupefaction of shame and terror that was upon her, her surroundings were as the sights and sounds of an evil dream. Everything had happened so swiftly, bewilderingly, crushingly, that she seemed to have lived a year of pain since yesterday. She tried agonizingly to recall what had

gone before her arrest, as if, were she to get in touch with her former life, she would awake from the nightmare.

And every moment the policeman who had her case in hand was getting nearer and nearer to the magistrate as the line moved along.

II.

THAT morning Minna had walked across the Brooklyn Bridge on her way to work, slowly, because she did not like the work she was going to, and sadly, because she had not seen the Blond Stranger since Saturday.

Minna had worked in stores for years, ever since her father died and she had to help her mother to care for the smaller children. She was a pretty girl, pale and slim with much exclusion from air and sunshine, but of a robust constitution, withal, bequeathed from sturdy Scandinavian ancestry. When she came home at night she cooked dinner, washed dishes, and afterward sat down with her mother to help on the sewing the widow took in. She knew other girls, shop-mates, who were not burdened with such duties, who had more time and more inclination for amusement, and spent nearly all their salaries of six or seven dollars a week for it. She did not care to join them. Her outward life was spent in the noise and glare of a city work day, but inwardly she lived a life of subtle reserves, and knew the twilights of romance.

This she owed to her novel reading. She drew her books from the public library, and they were always with her. She read in the car when she did not walk across the bridge; she read in her noon hour; she read going home at night; she read in bed until her tired eyes closed, and the vague dreams her books inspired gave her escape in blessed moments from her drab, work-a-day world.

The Blond Stranger was to her like a figure stepped from the shadowy region wherein moved the characters of her favorite stories. She knew now that his name was Gene McCarthy, and that he was a sign-painter, but she preferred to think of him as the Blond Stranger.

One evening, a few months before, when she was walking homeward across the bridge in the evening, her book had slipped from under her arm. A young man close behind her picked it up and returned it, lifting his hat from a head of curly yellow hair. She thanked him, and he smiled in such pleasant good nature that they moved on together for a few steps, talking little commonplaces:

"Thank you very much!"

"Don't mention it. It's a lovely evening, ain't it?"

"Yes, ain't it fine? Spring is here!"

Then Minna recollected propriety. She fell back with a little blush, and the young man moved regretfully on, alone.

And spring had indeed come for Minna Lang.

Nearly every evening, when it was fine, after that, she met him on the bridge. When she did not, the day was spoiled for her. Once or twice she thought he was about to speak to her, and her heart would flutter; but a spirit of shy reserve would restrain her from making any sign that she would welcome an advance, and McCarthy would forge on ahead. Feeling at once satisfied and regretful, Minna would watch his slight, strong form with soft eyes.

And one memorable evening, he being bolder, or she more evidently willing, he had spoken to her and walked homeward with her, and she found out that he lived just around the corner, and that she knew his sister by sight.

That night had been only a few weeks ago, just after she lost her position and passed five heart-breaking days in looking for a new one, which finally she had secured in the kitchenware department of a store on Sixth Avenue.

III.

You have seen caged animals in a menagerie. You have seen them there padding softly up and down, up and down, discontented, sullen, unhappy. You would have thought of them if you had seen Jackson, the floor-walker in Minna's department. With hands clasped behind his back, with head bent over his narrow chest, with bright, sharp eyes peering as his head swung from side to side, he, too, padded softly

up and down; up and down. But he, unlike the animals, was very well satisfied with himself, almost happy. He took pleasure in his work, he knew he would be rewarded. Some day he would be a superintendent or a manager. But Minna Lang watched him with frightened, fascinated eyes, for she knew that he stalked her for his prey.

There were none but girls in his department, and they told curious stories about him. From the first day Minna was put in his charge she had interested him mightily. There were many ways in which he could be attentive; he practised them all. And he failed. Not for nothing did she remember her Blond Stranger and contrast him with this man, whose smile sickened her and whose look filled her with vague dread.

He tried bolder methods; and one day she raised her voice, rebuking his word or leer. Other girls heard and turned their heads, and the manager came into the room just about that time. He grew nervous; perhaps, he thought, his conduct had already been noticed upstairs. His fancy for the slim, strong, fair girl turned into acrid dislike that in some queer manner fanned the flame of his passion. He said to himself that she was dangerous; he would teach her a lesson. He would have her discharged in disgrace, so that it would be difficult for her to find employment again. Then he would go to her; he knew where she lived and would keep track of her; and he would get her another place—for a price. He had influence in other stores; it would not be hard. How should he effect the discharge?

The floor-walker lifted his head and smiled. He had thought of a way. It would be as easy as winking—and a good thing for him, too, just when he had been rebuked for not having found out the thief in his department! What luck—two birds with one stone!

IV.

THE store detective touched Minna's arm, and urged her to get upon her feet and move forward to the bridge. Jackson, the floor-walker, who had been sitting by her, followed closely, his eyes shifting nervously from side to side. He

inwardly cursed his employers. Why had they insisted upon this?

The magistrate read the affidavit handed him by the policeman, and said to Minna:

"Well, did you take this money?"

She lifted her wet face, and sobbed:

"No, no, no, no, sir!"

The magistrate turned his weary eyes to the policeman.

"I was sent from the station to arrest the girl," said the policeman. "She was in the office then, in a faint. This man here is the complainant, appearing for the firm. They want her held for trial."

The magistrate nodded to Jackson to speak.

"Your honor," said the floor-walker, clearing his throat to be able to talk, "I didn't want to have the girl arrested, but the firm wished to make an example of her; there's been so much petty thieving among the hands, and——"

"Never mind all that. State your case."

"Your honor, the firm's lawyer is expected here at any moment, and I'd like to wait till he gets here."

"The case is called," said the magistrate; "you are here yourself, and if the defendant wishes to proceed I don't see why we can't go on."

Minna looked up at him.

"Yes, sir, let us get it over," she said; "it's some terrible mistake, I know, and this man, sir——"

"Go on," said the magistrate to Jackson, and then, dropping his eyes to Minna: "You can say what you like afterwards."

Jackson licked his dry lips, and said:

"We have known for some time, your honor, that some of the girls were cheating us. They would, we suspected, make out slips for sales in smaller amounts than they came to, hand the correct change to the customer with goods sold, and keep the difference. In our store, which is but newly opened, the girls bundle up the goods themselves, which are not checked, and when a customer leaves the store there is no way of knowing exactly what they have brought, when the salesladies are not honest. We are going to improve the system, make it more up-to-date——"

"Go on, sir," snapped the magistrate; "you are not here to advertise your store."

"Well, sir," said Jackson, "we tracked these thefts to Miss Lang's counter. I have been watching her for some time, and I became convinced that she was the thief. She has not been with us long, and I instructed Miss Robley, the detective, to go to Miss Lang's counter this morning, in the Monday bargain sale, when the crowds were thickest about the counter. I told her to buy a dollar and ten cents' worth of goods, tendering a five-dollar bill in payment. I was to go into the cashier's booth—we have an electric cash system, your honor—and handle the wires and carriers from that side of the room. It was in such a position that Miss Lang could not see me. Miss Robley made her purchase, and I opened a carrier in which there was the five-dollar bill, marked by Miss Robley as we had agreed, and a check made out in Miss Lang's handwriting, and signed with her number. It was for ten cents, not for one dollar and ten. I sent the change back, putting in a two-dollar bill, a one-dollar bill, which I had marked, and one dollar and ninety cents in silver, and sent it all back to Miss Lang. I went there immediately myself. Miss Robley was there. She had bought, as I had told her, one dollar and ten cents' worth of goods, and she had received the correct change from the five-dollar bill—three dollars and ninety cents.

"I at once called Miss Lang from her counter and took her to the office, accusing her of the theft of the missing dollar. She cried and said she hadn't taken it. But the proof was clear——"

"Will you attend to the matter in hand, sir?" said the magistrate. "It is not for you to decide upon this person's guilt."

"Well," said Jackson sullenly, "I only wanted to say that Miss Robley found the marked one-dollar bill in Miss Lang's pocket——"

"Where you put it yourself, you miserable liar!"

Jackson jumped a foot in the air, and his face turned to chalk. The magistrate lifted astonished eyes. Loud mur-

murs swept through the spectators in the court-room, who had been paying little attention to the proceedings. The court officers looked properly indignant, and bawled out for silence. Minna Lang, with a cry of joy and wonder, turned around from where, half senseless, she had been clinging to the railing of the bridge, and saw—the Blond Stranger!

Dressed in his white overalls, all stained with paint, McCarthy had pushed up the gate and was struggling in the arms of a court officer there. His eyes were furious, and he shook the fist of his free arm at the floor-walker. Policeman Sullivan, who had been watching Jackson, quietly moved his stalwart bulk between the floor-walker and the gate.

"Bring that man here!" the magistrate commanded, and McCarthy was led forward.

"Now, sir, what do you know about this?"

"Sit down, sit down in your seats, everybody!" cried the court officers. "Order in the court!"

The reporters, interested at last, pushed along the bridge nearer the magistrate. Stubs of pencil and scraps of paper were produced from waistcoat pockets, and one, who had neither, leaned over the bench and borrowed pen and paper from a clerk, without the asking of leave.

"That man is a liar, your honor, he's a dirty, low——"

McCarthy could scarcely speak in his rage and excitement. He was trembling with passion, and trying to move nearer to Jackson. Minna watched him with all her heart and all her soul.

"Never mind about that now," said the magistrate, leaning over his desk—a circumstance of which more than one reporter made a note. "Do you know anything about this case?"

"Yes, your honor, I do." Still panting for breath, the sign painter faced the magistrate.

"What do you know?"

"I know that this man"—an accusing finger pointed—"changed the figures on the check he talks about that Minna sent up with the goods she sold; that he rubbed out the dollar, your hon-

or, and left it ten cents. It was easy enough, for it was all in pencil——"

"Your honor," cried Jackson in a voice that shook, "your honor, it is a lie; my lawyer ought to be here soon; it's a lie——"

"That will do for now; your time will come," said the magistrate, and he turned to McCarthy. "You will please answer my questions, and say nothing else. Do you understand?"

McCarthy nodded.

"How do you know what you say is true?" the magistrate asked.

"Because I saw him change the check."

"How was that possible?"

"I am a sign-painter, your honor, and this morning I was working on a job on the blank wall of No. 201 Sixth Avenue, in an angle of the wall right by one of the windows of the place where Minna works. I knew she worked there, and this morning I was looking in the window to see if I could see her——"

"What is your interest in this girl?"

A dull flush came into McCarthy's face, but he stood up like a man, and answered sturdily:

"We been going together for a time, and I want to marry her, if she's willing. I guess that's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes, that is all right," said the magistrate gravely. "Go on. You looked in this window——"

"Yes, your honor, I looked in this window, and I could just see a little bit of Minna 'way down the room through the crowd; but the most of what I could see was this man here, working away in a cage with the cash that was coming into the place. I knew him, for Minna had let out something about how he'd been bothering her, and I'd got a sight of him before on purpose to—to—your honor, I said I'd smash his face for him the first chance I got. I won't lie about it. I was looking at him, and I saw him change that check, for he was as near to me as you are, your honor, and the light was good where I stood on the swinging platform outside. It had just been lowered down. I was wondering what he was up to, and said to myself that he was knocking down, grafting on his boss, and that I had him where I wanted him if he ever bothered Minna

again, when he jumped up and disappeared. A moment later I saw him speaking to Minna. Minna began to cry, and the crowd got around and hid her. I wasn't on to the game then, and all I could do was to wonder what the matter was. I decided to make a little trip into the store and find out; and I called out to the men on the roof to pull up the platform, which was at the second story. They didn't hear me for some time, and while I waited I saw the policeman here, and—that *dog*—and Minna and another woman get on board a street car down below. Then it struck me that Minna had been arrested, and was off to Jefferson Market, and I bawled out to the men on the roof again, and after a while I was hoisted up; and then, your honor, I hurried here. But it wasn't until I heard *him*"—again McCarthy's fist pointed to Jackson—"that I understood his dodge!"

Here, for the first time since he had entered the court-room, McCarthy met Minna's look, and the love, the joy, the utter, complete adoration, that it lavished upon him made him falter. His last words were like a dry sob.

"Just think of the—the dirty trick, your honor!" he said, and broke down completely.

Slowly the magistrate turned to Jackson.

"Well, sir?" he asked slowly, with blazing eyes of wrath.

"If you—you would wait for the firm's lawyer, your honor——" Jackson began.

"The complaint is dismissed," said the magistrate. He turned to Minna. "Prefer your charge of conspiracy against this man, my dear young lady—ah, yes, you must! Officer, hold him!"

The pompous court officers let themselves go, and did not check the applause that rang through that dingy room, which joy so seldom enters. Policeman Sullivan gripped Jackson with his huge hands.

"Yes, Minna, you must," said McCarthy, with authority.

Minna humbly obeyed. Jackson is now in Sing Sing. And only a little while ago Minna welcomed the coming of another Blond Stranger, who she declares is the very image of the first.

Can Men Visit the Moon?

BY ERNEST GREEN DODGE, A.M.

A QUESTION WHICH, SENSATIONAL AS IT MAY SEEM, YET DOES NOT GO BEYOND THE LIMITS OF SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY—HOW WE MIGHT CONCEIVABLY REACH THE MOON, AND HOW WE MIGHT MAKE THE EARTH'S SATELLITE OF GREAT VALUE TO MANKIND.

IN any age but the present this question, if seriously asked, would have been answered by a chorus of jeers. So far beyond the pale of possibilities has the visiting of other worlds always appeared that writers of fiction have felt free to treat the idea sportively, describing thrilling journeys through space in impossible vehicles, while their readers have no more been misled than by a tale of Aladdin's lamp.

Nevertheless, the thought of exploring distant planets, pausing *en route* to view the further side of the moon, so tantalizingly turned from us, is one that fires the human imagination most profoundly. It is a dream to awake the enthusiasm of children and the keen interest of sober maturity. Moreover it is not, like perpetual motion or squaring the circle, a logical impossibility. The worst that can be said is that it now looks as difficult to us as the crossing of the great Atlantic must once have appeared to the naked savage upon its shore, with no craft but a fallen tree and no paddle but his empty hands. The impossibility of the savage became the triumph of Columbus, and the day-dream of the nineteenth century may become the achievement even of the twentieth.

One of the most inspiring facts of history is the acceleration in the rate of human progress. For many millions of years the earth was given up to the brute creation. For perhaps a hundred thousand, less or more, it was the home of the savage. For about seven thousand years man has been climbing the steepes of recorded civilization; but the nineteenth century, just closed, has seen more progress in science and mechanical

invention than all the millenniums before it.

Having thus observed that skepticism rather than faith is the illogical attitude with regard to the future, let us see what is really involved in the problem of navigating empty space. The limits of this article will require that some statements be made *ex cathedra*, without explaining fully the data on which they are based.

The first thing to remember is that space is indeed empty, in a sense which no man-made vacuum can approach. A Crookes tube may be so perfectly exhausted as to contain less than a millionth part of the original air, yet a space the size of the earth, if empty in that limited sense only, would contain a thousand million tons of matter. But in reality a portion of outer space the size of the earth contains absolutely nothing, so far as we know, but a few flying grains of meteoric stone, weighing perhaps ten or fifteen pounds in all.

In the invasion of this empty realm man would encounter five difficulties, the first four of which are easily disposed of.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SKY-TRAVEL.

The first is the absence of anything to breathe. But in an air-tight chamber he could readily carry a bit of the earth's atmosphere, while a cargo allowance for each passenger of ten pounds per day would be sufficient to cover not only food and drink, but oxygen—liquid, of course—to revivify the air, and quicklime to cleanse it of impurities.

Next is the terrible cold, for it is probable that a thermometer alone in

space would register two hundred degrees below zero in the sunlight, and four hundred and fifty degrees below in the cone of the earth's shadow. This could be mitigated by having the walls of the sky-ship heavily padded for the retention of heat, while large parabolic mirrors outside would throw concentrated beams of sunlight through the windows till the room within was warmed.

Then we must consider the possible absence throughout the voyage of all apparent weight, which will make ordinary walking impracticable, and will cause the dishes to rest as securely, or rather as insecurely, on the ceiling as on the table. Inside a flying shell there can be no pressure analogous to gravity between the vessel and its cargo, except when the projectile is being started or stopped through some force other than gravitation. But dishes could be fastened to the table, and people could leap and float, even if they could not walk.

Fourthly, when one rises above the protecting air-blanket, there will be the danger of collision with meteoric stones, whose average speed is a hundred times that of a cannon-ball. But estimating the number to strike the earth's atmosphere at twenty millions per day, a sky-ship fifty yards in diameter would be hit only once in ten years, while such a pin puncture clear through the ship as would be made by one of these little grains would only occasionally be a fatal accident.

THE QUESTION OF MOTIVE POWER.

We now come face to face with the one capital difficulty in the way of locomotion through space—that of motive power, or means of travel. Balloons and flying machines, of course, are out of the question, for they can work only in the earth's atmosphere. Yet there are five conceivable methods by which inventive man might rise higher than the air—the Tower Plan, the Projectile Plan, the Recoil Plan, the "Levitation" Plan, and the Repulsion Plan. Not one of the five is theoretically impossible, though none is at present practically available.

The earliest known attempt to reach the sky was the Tower of Babel, but that

enterprise would have ended in failure quite apart from any confusion of tongues. Man has built an Eiffel Tower nine hundred and eighty feet high. The combined wealth of all nations might construct an edifice of solid steel eight or ten miles in height, but not much more, for the simple reason that the lower parts could not be made strong enough to bear the weight that must rest upon them. Not to mention the financial question, nor the disastrous effect of the earth's rotation, we cannot raise a tower as high as the moon till we have a building material about five hundred times tougher than armor-plate, and such may never be discovered.

THE PROJECTILE PLAN.

A second plan, more than once employed in current fiction, is that of a projectile. This comes far nearer to feasibility than the tower of steel, yet the difficulties are of a higher order than might at first be supposed. The requisite muzzle velocity, if the moon is to be reached, is seven miles a second, which must, however, be largely increased to allow for the resistance of our air. Such a speed is beyond the power of present-day explosives. With improvements in ammunition it may possibly be that a shell will yet be thrown to the moon from a cannon less than a thousand feet in length, even as Jules Verne imagined; but that human beings should travel in such a shell and survive the shock of starting is absolutely impossible.

No conceivable arrangement of cushions and springs could alter the case in the least. We all know how unpleasantly a train's sudden start can jerk us against the back of the seat; and inside the above shell, changing within the eighteenth part of a second from a state of rest to a speed of seven miles per second, all loose bodies would be crushed against the floor with twenty thousand times their normal weight. If the cannon were made longer and the start more gradual, the shock would be diminished; but even if the gun barrel had the impossible length of forty miles, the poor passenger would be subjected for eleven seconds to a pressure equivalent to a hundred men lying upon him.

It is doubtful whether even the expedient of lying face downward in a trough of steel, carved to preserve each feature by fitting it like a glove, could preserve life through such an ordeal.

Even if it could, we must not forget that no projectile falling from outer space upon the moon can strike its surface at a lower rate than a mile and a half per second. So unless our bullet-ship can carry on its nose a pile of cushions two miles high on which to light, the landing will be worse than the starting!

THE RECOIL PLAN.

A third plan, quite tempting at first sight, is based upon the recoil of a gun. A rifle with properly constructed cartridges would both shoot and kick in a vacuum; and if only it recoiled hard enough, frequently enough, and in the right direction, the gun might kick its way up through the heavens to any desired goal.

Mathematical analysis, however, shows that the bullet in this case serves merely, through its inertia, as a feeble and transient physical support from which the gun may leap or shoot itself, and to be effective its weight should equal or exceed that of the gun itself. The next to the last bullet should then equal the weight of the gun and last bullet combined, and so on up the geometrical progression to impracticable dimensions. An original outfit as big as a mountain chain would be necessary in order to land even a small cage safe upon the lunar surface. The Recoil Plan, in fact, is only a disadvantageous modification of the Projectile Plan.

THE LEVITATION PLAN.

We must now consider a theory based not upon ascertained forces, but upon the possibility of our discovering a screen that will protect bodies from the pull of gravitation, thus leaving them free to fly without limit, by virtue of their inertia, in whatever direction they were previously moving. Such a lightening process, the converse of gravitation, has been nicknamed "levitation." Now we must bear strictly in mind that while we know too little of the ultimate nature of gravitation to affirm that no such discovery will ever be possible,

science at present has not the slightest clue that could lead to its realization. Only one inventor, I believe, and that a man of sanguine temper, has ever hinted that he was on the track of such a clue.

Supposing for a moment, however, that the grand discovery will some day be made, several of its consequences are very interesting, and quite different from the statements made by inexact story-writers. A body on the earth's equator is traveling with the earth's rotation at a speed of more than a thousand miles an hour. If relieved of gravity, it would not fly suddenly off, like a cannon-ball, and disappear into space. For several seconds its rise from the surface of the earth would be so slow as to be practically imperceptible, owing to the small difference between a straight tangent line and the earth's slow curvature. Gradually, however, its apparent upward velocity would increase, so as to lift it some sixty-five yards the first minute, and more than a hundred miles the first hour. The exact distance would vary with the time of day, because of the curvilinear motion of the earth in its orbit.

It would travel two hundred and thirty-nine thousand miles, the distance between the earth and the moon, in ten days; and if suitably exposed to the earth's attraction, acting as a brake, while screened from that of the moon, its landing could be made gentle and safe. Strangely enough, the unturning attitude of the lunar surface in relation to the earth makes the return voyage absolutely impossible save by a tedious roundabout journey of many months, involving the circumnavigation of Mars.

THE REPULSION PLAN.

There remains, in the fifth place, a method more rationally hopeful than any of the foregoing, based on some form of repulsion which may overbalance the attraction of gravity. That repulsive forces do exist is well known. Two bodies bearing similar electrical charges repel each other, and when light enough they fly apart. The like poles of two magnets repel each other, but at long distances the force is scarcely perceptible. Two parallel and opposite electric currents repel each other.

Light exerts a repulsive pressure on all bodies upon which it falls, though the force is so extremely small as only recently to have been discovered. Theoretically the electric waves which Marconi employs must exert a similar pressure on any body which arrests their progress. Sun-heat, for a different reason, appreciably repels dark bodies in a vacuum that is not too nearly perfect. Lastly, the sun drives from itself the tails of comets, and perhaps its own corona; but whether the force involved is identical with one of the foregoing is still uncertain.

Now it is perfectly true that man is unable, at present, to create and control any form of repulsive stress on a sufficiently large scale to drive a ship away from earth and up through the heavens; yet it is along this line that fruitful discoveries may not unreasonably be expected. And there is no doubt in the mind of the present writer that, before many generations pass, scientists will begin to treat the question of sky travel as a problem worthy of careful and systematic investigation.

WHAT WE MAY FIND IN THE MOON.

The query may now arise: "What is the moon good for, even if man succeeds in reaching it?" We know it to be a barren, rocky world, without air or moisture, unspeakably cold at night, and below the freezing point even at noon. However, men could abide there for a time in thick-walled, air-tight houses, and could walk out of doors in air-tight divers' suits. Scientists would find in the lunar wastes a fresh field for exploration. Astronomers could plant their telescopes there, free from their most serious hindrance, the earth's atmosphere. Tourists of the wealthy and adventurous class would not fail to visit the satellite, and costly hotels must be maintained for their accommodation. Then it is quite probable that veins of precious metals, beds of diamonds, and an abundance of sulphur might be discovered on a world of so highly volcanic a character.

These, perhaps, will be for a time the only uses for our satellite; but if we let the prophetic fancy play about the remote future of civilization, we come to

possibilities which appall us. The world's population is capable of great increase, even if synthetic chemistry does not make support by agriculture unnecessary. And the world's need for motive power is increasing much more rapidly than the population. Our supply of coal and timber is limited, and will all too soon be exhausted. What shall civilization do to save itself from retrogression?

Waterfalls can do much. Windmills can do not a little. Solar engines, with concave mirrors to gather the sun's rays, have lately been put to practical use, and these in the future will accomplish wonders, yet even their resources, in our heavy, cloudy atmosphere, are not boundless. But solar engines could work to much better advantage on the moon than on the earth, owing partly to the absence of cloud and haze, but chiefly to the low temperature at which the condensed vapors could be discharged from the cylinders.

The total energy of the sun's rays falling on the satellite is twenty-five millions of millions of horse power, working continuously. It is said that Niagara would turn all the machinery in the world to-day, but even one per cent of this lunar energy would equal fourteen thousand Niagaras. The suggestion is a daring one and may, of course, never be realized, yet already the possibility of transmitting power from a distance without wires is being discussed in the public prints.

The foregoing pages may seem filled with "the stuff that dreams are made of," yet most of their assertions are based on the hard facts of mathematics and physics. History is not always particular to follow the precise path laid out for it by prophets, yet in the long run it never fails to achieve larger things than the seer dared to predict.

Is it too much to suppose that after visiting the Queen of Night, our only near neighbor, pioneers will try the long voyage to Venus, Mars, and other planets of our system, finding some of them even more interesting, more inviting, and more useful to man than the pale moon which first tempted him to try his wings in outer space?

Rocket's Great Victory.

THE STRATAGEM BY WHICH WILLIE FETHERSTON WON A RACE AND A BRIDE.

BY ALFRED STODDART.

I.

BEATRICE HALLIDAY'S brown horse Rocket had a reputation of his own in the Meadowthorpe country—enviable or unenviable, according to the point of view. Few cared to attempt mounting him, although he carried his fair mistress both safely and well through many a run with the famous Meadowthorpe Hounds.

It was about the time when Rocket's reputation was at its height that Willie Fetherston came to Meadowthorpe on a visit. He was staying with his rich old uncle and aunt, who did not belong to the hunting set, but through them he was introduced to some of the members of that distinguished coterie. He immediately became possessed of the fever which Meadowthorpe seems to inspire in every one—the desire to shine forth as a horseman.

Moreover, he was immensely taken with Kitty Halliday, Beatrice's younger sister. Beatrice, who did not desire the affair to make further headway, determined to break it off.

She was far too wise in the ways of the world, as well as in the tactics employed by the little blind god, to remonstrate with her sister. Love, indeed, thrives best upon opposition, as Beatrice knew full well. For this very reason she did not take her parents into her confidence, knowing that they would oppose Willie too forcibly. She decided to manage the affair in her own way.

Kitty Halliday was a pretty, blue-eyed slip of a girl, barely nineteen years of age. She had plenty of rich golden hair, splendid white teeth, and a most engaging smile. She rode superbly, as do all the Hallidays. Until Willie Fetherston came to Meadowthorpe, she had been as heart-whole and fancy-free as any other healthy girl of nineteen; but

Willie was a good-looking boy, and although barely past his majority, he pretended to much experience, and was in many ways just the sort of fellow to please a girl of nineteen. He possessed nearly all the polite accomplishments, save one, and his lack of that was a secret—Willie Fetherston couldn't ride.

It must have been Beatrice Halliday's feminine instinct that told her this, for Willie had guarded his secret well. He had realized early that it would not do to confess to such a shortcoming at Meadowthorpe, where every one rode and rode well, men and women alike; nor was he willing to betray his inexperience by attempting to learn. There was nothing to do but to brazen it out during his visit at his uncle's place, in the hope of learning to ride before his next coming to Meadowthorpe.

The hunting season, fortunately for Willie, had come to an end, and there was a period of dulness during which preparations were being made for the spring race-meeting of the Meadowthorpe Hunt Club. Willie had taken possession of his aunt's fat pony and phaeton, and thus equipped he was enabled to make almost daily excursions to Halliday Hall. Kitty Halliday walked with him, drove him in her dog-cart, and played golf with him; but when she suggested riding there was always something to prevent—his aunt had no decent saddle-horse, he wouldn't ride a hired one, and so on.

One night Willie dined at Halliday Hall, and at table the subject of the approaching races came up.

"Are you fond of racing, Mr. Fetherston?" asked Beatrice across the table.

The eyes of Meadowthorpe were upon him, and Willie spoke up bravely.

"Nothing I like better, I assure you, Miss Halliday. Wish I had one of my own horses down here!"

"You must be sorry that you haven't a mount for the races."

Willie saw Kitty look toward him in an interested way, and felt that he could not disappoint her.

"Yes," he said easily, "it's too bad; but there's so much talent down here that an outsider has no chance of a mount."

"Oh, I don't know." Then suddenly an idea seemed to flash upon Beatrice. "I have it—the very thing! You shall ride Rocket for me."

"Ride Rocket!"

Willie's heart sank within him, and his knees smote each other underneath the table. He stammered out a request that such a responsibility should be entrusted to some one else, but Beatrice didn't seem to understand what he said. Her subsequent remarks showed that she considered the matter settled, and even Kitty—although she reproached him gently, when they were alone after dinner, for undertaking to ride such a dangerous horse—did not for an instant suggest his withdrawing from the project. On the contrary, although her words breathed reproaches, her eyes bade him go in and show Meadowthorpe and the world what he could do. And Willie, as became a bold gallant of one-and-twenty, laughed to scorn her prettily expressed fears for his safety, and assured her that he most certainly would ride the horse.

It was not until he was wending his homeward way through the chilly night air in his aunt's little basket phaeton that he fully realized the situation. Then it came to him in its full force, and Willie did not rest very well that night. He had known nothing of Rocket's reputation until Kitty warned him; but on the following day he made a few discreet inquiries, which fully satisfied him on that point.

At first he decided that there was only one thing to do—to bolt; but this was a very desperate expedient. It involved losing sight of Kitty for some time, perhaps forever, especially if she were to find out the real cause of his flight.

Willie Fetherston was not unresourceful. On the following afternoon he

announced that he would be compelled to run up to New York to replenish his racing wardrobe—not having brought all his "things" with him, as he explained. He was gone two days. When he came back his face had resumed its wonted expression of confidence, and he seemed to look forward with pleasure to the race-meeting, now but a week off.

"You see," he explained at Halliday Hall, "I came down here without my valet, but I find I miss him very much, so I brought him back from New York with me."

Kitty was constantly begging Willie to ride Rocket a few times before the day of the race, so as to become acquainted with his mount, but this Willie persistently refused to do. At length, however, he seemed convinced of the wisdom of such a step, and said he would send for the horse.

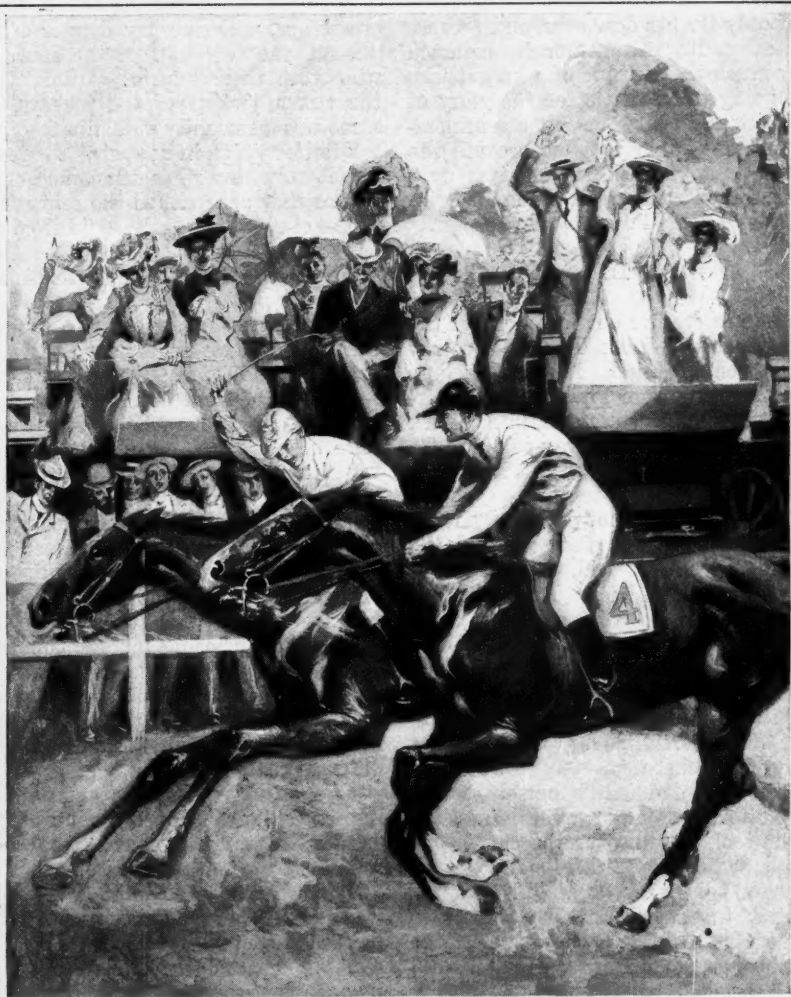
"Why not try him here?" asked Beatrice suspiciously.

"Oh, I will send my man Meadows for him. He is a capital horseman, Meadows—very useful to me, I assure you. Then I can have a gallop with him all by myself, and find out what he's good for."

Meadows proved to be a quiet-looking man of much the same build and general appearance as Willie Fetherston—a coincidence not so strange, after all, in a valet, who usually wears his master's cast-off clothing. In due course he appeared at the Halliday stables, and rode off, not without some difficulty, on Rocket. For Rocket had a will of his own, and evidenced his unwillingness to leave the stable-yard by rearing full length and "bucking" viciously. Meadows, however, showed neither surprise nor fear. He simply sat still and let Rocket have his fun for a little while; then, at the psychological moment, he touched him lightly with the spur. The result was that Rocket, finding his first tactics unavailing, suddenly took the bit in his teeth, and bolted out of the yard and down the avenue.

"E'll kill that ere chap," said one of the Halliday grooms, as he watched the galloping horse down the avenue.

"Never fear o' that," retorted another promptly. "It's my opinion as the cove



HOW KITTY HALLIDAY'S HEART WAS THUMPING AS THE TWO HORSES FLASHED PAST.

knows what's what, and if the master rides as well as the man, Hi'm thinkin' we'd best put some money on our 'oss for the cup."

On the day of the races, Willie was driven over to the course by his lady-love as became a champion of the lists, attired in the full glory of the Halliday racing colors and bright new breeches. He was immensely proud of all this, and could scarcely refrain from

flinging off his long racing-coat to reveal his full splendor.

Kitty was delighted, for she had felt some doubt as to Willie's horsemanship, and a haunting fear that her hero might back out at the last minute. Now, however, there seemed to be no probability of such a thing. Willie was so confident and at his ease that she felt sure he must have ridden many steeplechases. Of course she implored him

very sweetly to be careful of himself, and Willie chivalrously promised to do so if only for her dear sake, and because she asked it. Altogether he assumed very much the attitude of a knight who was going to do battle for the glory of his mistress; while she felt a sentimental interest in his exploit because she guessed that her sister's motives were not all upon the surface when Beatrice Halliday asked Willie to ride Rocket.

II.

THERE were five entries in all for the Master's Cup—Dick Middleton's bay mare Jennie Lind, Major Barclay's brown gelding Tom Thumb, Ralph Goring's chestnut gelding Kismet, Dick Bradbury's flea-bitten gray gelding The Ghost, and last, but not least, Miss Halliday's bay gelding Rocket.

Willie climbed down from Kitty's dog-cart as soon as they reached the course, which was laid, as usual, over the grounds of the Meadowthorpe Country Club, to go in search of Meadows. The invaluable servant had got along so well with the horse that Willie had insisted upon his taking care of Rocket at the course, much to the disgust of the Halliday grooms. Now, however, Rocket was safely stowed away in his box, and Kitty herself volunteered to stand guard over him while Willie took a walk over the course, accompanied by the faithful Meadows.

"Well, Corky," said Willie to his valet, as they wended their way back to the stables, "now you've seen the course, and no doubt you've gathered some sort of an idea about the horses. Can you do the trick?"

"Sure. It's a cinch!"

"Remember, I'm depending on you. There's five hundred in it for you now, if we win, and a hundred a month more for the next five months if the thing is managed right."

Meadows—or "Corky," as Willie had called him—answered briefly, "We'll win," but his eyes twinkled at the mention of the money.

The course was now crowded with people. Drags were drawn up along the inner rail, and carriages of every description were lined up on the drive-

way before the club-house. The porches of the building itself were crowded, and altogether, with the gay dresses of the women, the red coats of the stewards, who wore their hunting "pink," and the silken jackets of the jockeys, the scene was a sprightly and animated one.

"Better weigh in now, sir," suggested Meadows, with a respectful touch of his hat, as they approached the tent sacred to the clerk of the scales. "I'll go and fetch the saddle."

Willie tipped the beam, with his saddle and weights, at precisely one hundred and forty-one pounds—one pound more than the weight assigned to Rocket by the handicapper. This ceremony over, master and man returned to Rocket's stall, where Kitty still waited faithfully.

"Now, Miss Kitty," said Willie indulgently, "I am going to take you back to the drag. Our race comes next, you know, and Meadows will look after me."

"Good luck to you!" whispered Kitty, as he helped her on the Halliday drag. "Here, wear this"—and she snatched a fluttering blue ribbon from her neck and thrust it into his hand.

Beatrice Halliday viewed this proceeding with a cold eye; but she was more puzzled than chagrined. She did not know what to make of Willie.

"I shall try to win for you, Miss Halliday," Willie said to her politely. "Of course I have the benefit of your good wishes?"

There was a twinkle in his eyes as they met those of Beatrice which might have meant a great deal. Beatrice never doubted but that it meant that he saw through her game and defied her. She wished him success with the best grace possible, and presently Willie was striding away toward the stables.

The first race was being run, and the Master's Cup came second. How impatiently Kitty waited, and how her heart beat when she saw Rocket, surmounted by the famous Halliday colors—gray, with scarlet and green sleeves—swing into the course and canter down to the starting-point!

Rocket's rider certainly seemed to sit his horse like a workman. His peaked cap of scarlet and green was pulled down low over his eyes, and he did not

pass near the waiting crowd on his way to the post, so that Kitty was unable to cheer her hero with one last smile as she might have done. She hoped that Rocket would behave well for once. Alas, even as she breathed the wish, the bay gelding arrived at the post, where the other horses were assembled. The exciting nature of the event then became clear to him, and he betrayed his feelings by rearing and lashing out behind viciously.

Kitty held her breath, expecting to see Willie unhorsed the next moment; but Rocket's rider stuck to the saddle as if he had grown there. He lifted his rawhide, and administered a stinging cut upon the gelding's shoulder, so that the animal decided to stand on all fours for a moment and think the matter over.

While he was thus engaged, the starter dropped his little flag. Rocket, who knew perfectly well what was expected of him, had just about decided to stand just where he was for the rest of the afternoon, when another cut from the whip caused him to change his mind.

They were off! Though Rocket didn't half like it, by the time they had gone about a mile he had nearly recovered from his sulking fit. If he reasoned the thing out in his mind, he must have decided that as he had been bullied into starting in a steeplechase, he might as well get as much fun out of it as he could, and, if possible, win. When the real racing began, he got down to work like the good horse that he was, and did his level best.

"By Jove, that fellow can ride!" was the cry which went up from somebody on one of the coaches, and which was echoed on every side.

Beatrice Halliday, sitting on the Halliday drag, saw and marveled greatly. Tears of joy shone in Kitty's pretty eyes, and her heart swelled with pride.

Bradbury, the M. F. H., was soon out of it, his horse bolting the course at the fourth fence. Dick Middleton, on Jennie Lind, had "come a cropper" which practically ended his chances. There only remained old Major Barclay, who was sailing along in the lead on Tom Thumb; Ralph Goring, who was now

falling back with Kismet; and Rocket, who was fast overtaking the leader. He flew the liverpool like a bird about ten lengths behind the major's big brown, and crept up until they took the last jump on almost equal terms.

How the crowd cheered and yelled, and how pretty Kitty Halliday's heart was thumping as the two horses flashed past and she heard the verdict:

"Rocket by a head!"

There at the judge's stand stood the faithful Meadows, with Rocket's blanket and Willie's ulster in his hand. Rocket's rider, having received permission to dismount, hurriedly went through the ceremony of weighing out. This accomplished, he donned his big long racing-coat, turning the collar up and pulling the cap down as if to hide his mud-begrimed visage. Then he disappeared with Meadows and Rocket in the direction of the latter's stall.

A few minutes later, Willie Fetherston, as cool as a cucumber, having removed all traces of the conflict and donned a becoming spring suit, was receiving congratulations on the Halliday drag as easily as if he was accustomed to winning steeplechases every day. Beatrice Halliday thanked him very prettily for his success with Rocket; and as for Kitty, her delight knew no bounds. There was a dinner party at Halliday Hall that night, and afterwards, in a shady corner of the porch, Willie persuaded her without great difficulty to say "yes" to a certain momentous question.

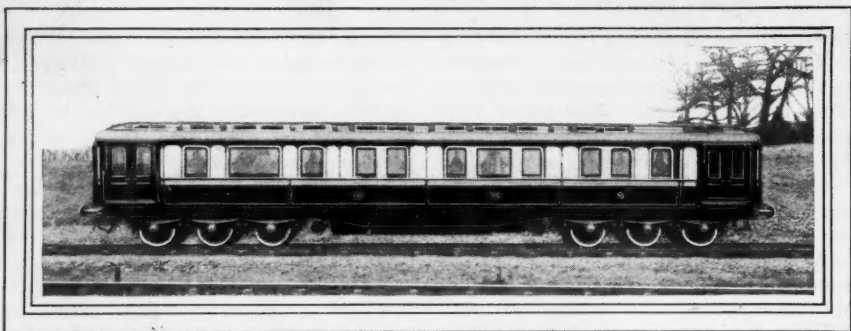
Willie had one bad moment at the dinner-table after the ladies had retired. Dick Middleton was the innocent cause of it.

"I say, Fetherston," he cried. "Where did you get that man of yours? He's a ringer for Corky Donohue, the steeplechase jockey."

Willie looked up quickly, and his hand shook slightly as he raised his wine-glass.

"That so? Odd how those fellows do look alike, isn't it?"

And so the subject was dismissed. Even Kitty never knew, until after she was Mrs. Willie Fetherston, who it was that rode Rocket the day he won the Master's Cup. And she never told.



THE KING'S SPECIAL CAR ON ONE OF THE ENGLISH RAILWAYS—THE CAR, OR "COACH," AS IT IS CALLED IN ENGLAND, IS DIVIDED INTO SITTING-ROOM, BEDROOM, DRESSING-ROOM, AND SMOKING-ROOM.

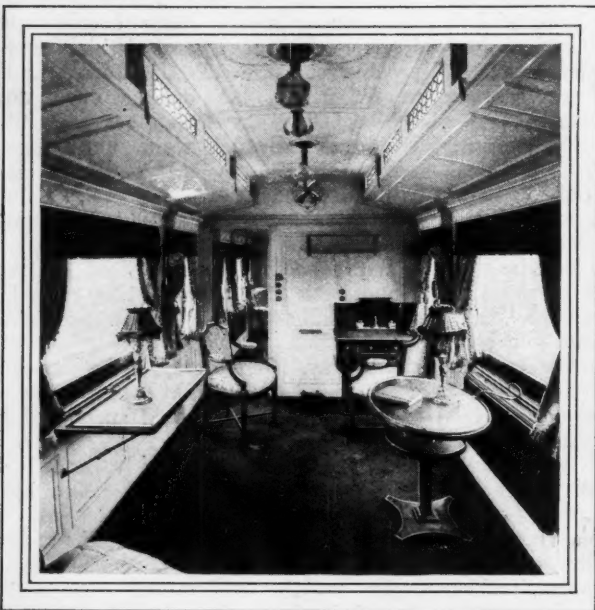
How King Edward Travels.

BY JOHN VANDERCOOK.

THE NEWEST THING IN ROYAL TRAINS—THE FINE PRIVATE CARS RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE SPECIAL USE OF THE BRITISH MONARCH AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

WHEN the present British sovereign ascended Queen Victoria's vacant throne, he made many changes in

his personal habits, but none of them were more marked than the increase of state and dignity in his manner of traveling. As Prince of Wales he was democratic in the extreme, going from place to place in ordinary trains, in which he would, as a rule, have a compartment reserved. At times he would go so far as to order a special car attached, but this was the utmost luxury he ever allowed himself. As king and emperor, however, he has thought it due to the traditional divinity that hedges such personages to seek greater privacy, and all his railway journeys have been made on special trains, which carry no travelers except the royal party. Perhaps, too, he has had the matter of safety in view,



THE KING'S DAY COMPARTMENT, DECORATED IN THE COLONIAL STYLE IN WHITE ENAMEL, WITH HANGINGS AND UPHOLSTERY IN LIGHT GREEN.

From a photograph by Bedford, Lemere & Co., London.

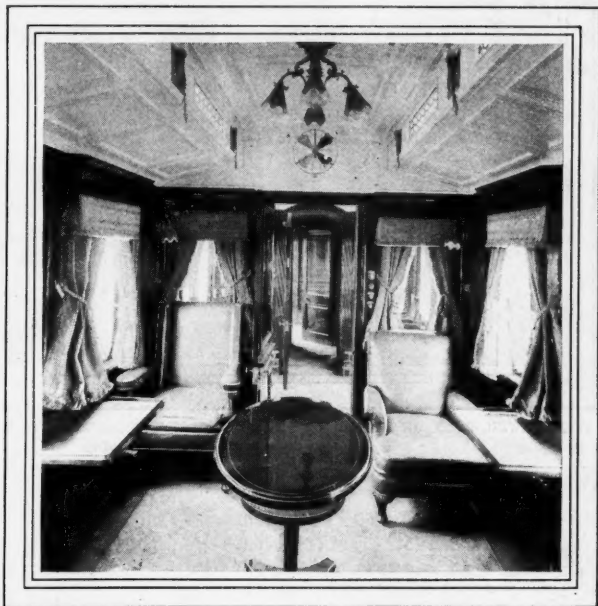
For, of course, the person of a monarch is of no small value to the state; and though the British railroads are always careful of their passengers, extra precautions are naturally taken to move the royal trains with an absolute minimum of risk.

There is no doubt that King Edward enjoys the magnificent position he holds, but there is also no doubt that he often finds it a burdensome one. Many small details of his private life which escaped notice while he was a prince have found their way into print since he has stood in the fierce light that beats about a throne. Hence it is a welcome respite to be free, for a time, from the relentless pencil of the reporter and the merciless camera of the photographer. When he travels, the attentions of newspaper men are not invited. Whenever possible, the announcement of his departure is not made until he has actually started. If public notice must be given in advance, the time schedule is likely to be left more or less indefinite.

The British monarch does not travel on passes, as the sovereign citizens who make laws for the great American republic are wont to do. He pays his way like ordinary mortals, though on a slightly different plan. The treasurer of the royal household settles with the railway companies, the bill including a regular first-class fare for each member of the king's party, and an additional charge of one shilling for every mile traveled by the train. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether the companies gain or lose by the transaction. In most lines of business, royal patronage is eagerly sought as an advertisement, but this the railways scarcely

need. On the other hand, the king's special trains interfere seriously with regular traffic, besides throwing a heavy responsibility upon every official and employee who is concerned in taking them to their destination.

Each of the leading British railroads has a train which it reserves for the

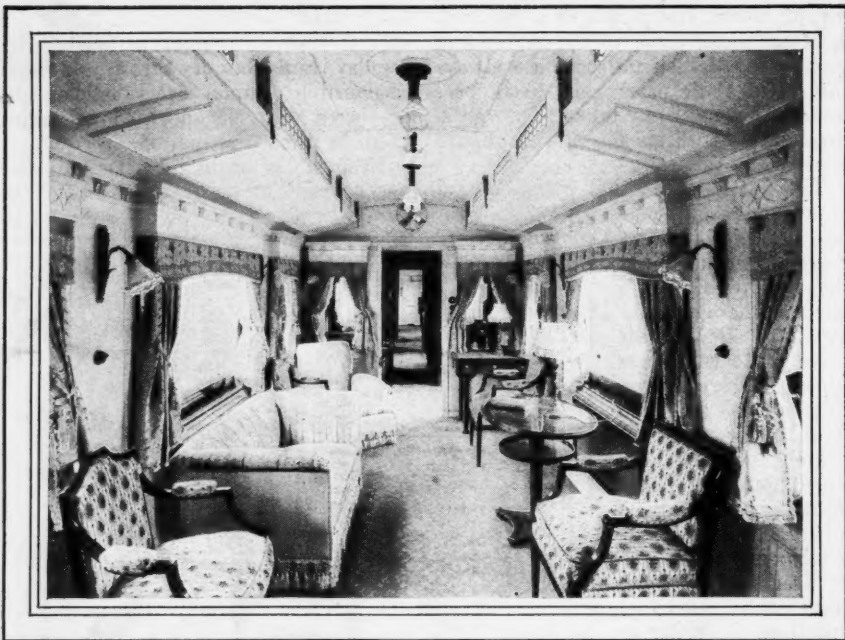


THE KING'S SMOKING-ROOM, TRIMMED IN MAHOGANY, UPHOLSTERED IN GREEN LEATHER, WITH GREEN CARPET AND CURTAINS.

From a photograph by Bedford, Lemere & Co., London.

king's use. Of the newest and finest of them several illustrations are given on these pages. It was built by the London & Northwestern, the foremost of the English lines, in the company's own workshops, and was decorated by the same London firm that fitted up the interior of the royal yacht. It has two royal "coaches," as cars are called by our transatlantic cousins, which are certainly models of comfort and elegance. To these one or more saloon and baggage cars are added for the attendants and the impedimenta of the distinguished travelers.

The two royal coaches—one of which is King Edward's and the other Queen Alexandra's—are painted dark green up to the window ledges, and white



THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE QUEEN'S SPECIAL CAR, DECORATED IN WHITE ENAMEL, AND UPHOLSTERED IN A LIGHT BROCADE.

From a photograph by Bedford, Lemere & Co., London.

above that point. They are distinguished from other special cars by the armorial bearings of British royalty, which appear upon the two central panels. They are unusually large, for English railways, and their wide windows make their interiors pleasantly light and cheerful.

The king's coach is divided into four rooms—a day apartment, a smoking-room, a dressing-room, and a bedroom. The smoking-room and the dressing-room are small, but the other two are of good size. The day apartment is in Colonial style in white enamel, with the upholstery and hangings in light empire green. The smoking-room is a much cosier apartment, with its warm tints of mahogany inlaid with rosewood and satinwood. The upholstery is in dark leather, and is the last word in masculine comfort.

Like the day apartments, the bedroom and the dressing-room are in white enamel, but the furnishings are in a darker shade of green. The king's couch is a simple brass bedstead, with

no decoration but the royal arms, and these very small. There are no unsanitary hangings, like those that drape some of the gorgeous beds to be seen in palace chambers.

The arrangement of the queen's coach is similar to that of the king's except that instead of a smoking-room it contains a small bedroom for the Princess Victoria, the king's unmarried daughter, who frequently travels with her parents.

The vestibules of the coaches are very substantial affairs, with much window space, serving as observation balconies. There are electrical heating appliances of the latest design, and automatic appliances which keep the heat at a given temperature. Lighting is also by electricity, movable table-lamps being provided in all the rooms.

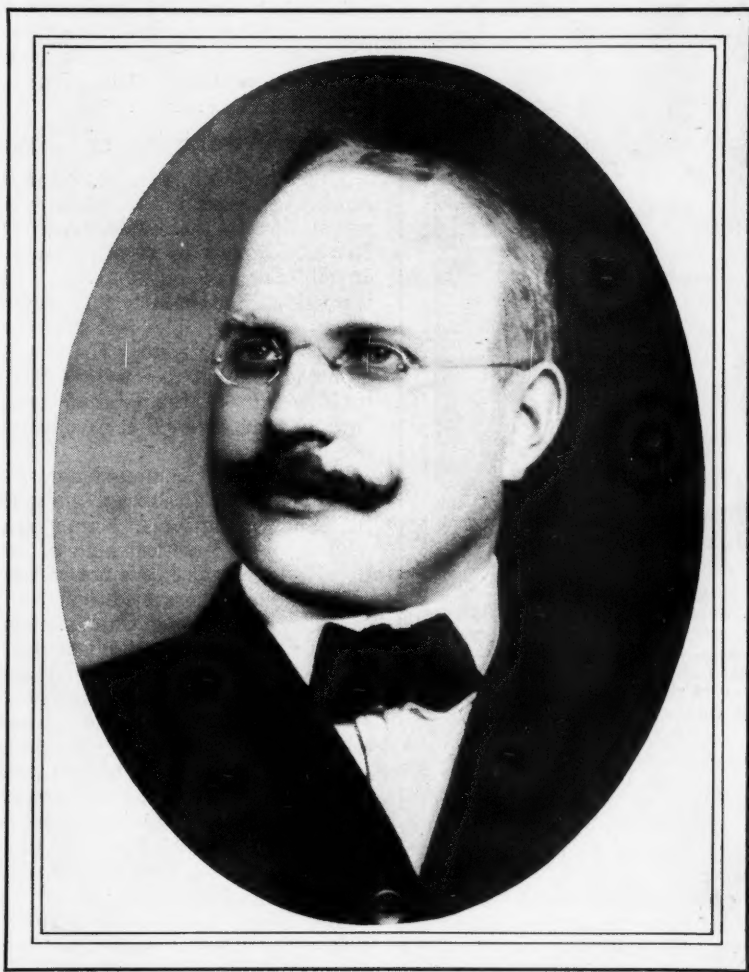
The Great Western and other English railways also have royal coaches, but most of these were built in Queen Victoria's time. The one described was constructed especially for the present sovereign, according to his own ideas.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The New Head of the Steel Trust.

As head of the giant corporation commonly known as the Steel Trust, William E. Corey occupies what is probably

the most conspicuous and important executive position in the industrial world. The position may, in a sense, be less conspicuous during Mr. Corey's tenure than it was before his election—that is, it may



WILLIAM E. COREY, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION—
A MAN OF THIRTY-SEVEN, MR. COREY HOLDS ONE OF THE HIGHEST POSITIONS IN
THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD, AND DRAWS A SALARY SAID TO BE SEVENTY-
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.



WONG KAI KAH, VICE-IMPERIAL COMMISSIONER OF
CHINA TO THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR,
A CHINAMAN OF HIGH RANK AND
A YALE GRADUATE.

From a photograph by Stanford, San Francisco.

command less of newspaper notoriety; but the stockholders of the great manufacturing company are not likely to regret such a development.

The career of the new president of the United States Steel Corporation has not been of the romantic sort. Since he was sixteen years old he has been a steel man first, last, and all the time. He began in Mr. Carnegie's laboratory, studied the chemistry of the business in his

spare time, made his way forward in the office, and at twenty-one was superintendent of a department. His next steps were to the general management of the works at Homestead, thence to the presidency of the Carnegie company, and, at the beginning of last August, to his present post. Curiously enough, he succeeded Charles M. Schwab in all three of these positions.

Mr. Corey is a young man for such high promotion, being in his thirty-eighth year. His predecessor's annual salary was a hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Corey may not receive quite so much, but he will get more than the President of the United States, and he is likely to earn all that he gets.

The Awakening of China.

Wong Kai Kah, who has come to St. Louis to prepare for his country's representation in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, may be regarded as a type of the new era upon which China, through all her conflicts and troubles, is surely entering. The fact that for the first time in her history she is sending an official exhibit to a world's fair is in itself a sign of the gradual breaking down of the barriers that have hampered her progress.

The Chinese commissioner at St. Louis is at once a thorough-going Celestial and a cultured cosmopolite, a scholar and a practical man of affairs. Born to high rank in his native land, he received the elaborate education that is customary for young Chinamen of his station; and this was supplemented by a course at Yale, where he graduated in the class of 1883. He has since held several important official positions at home. His present mission is to erect and equip a building in which the best products of oriental art will be set in comparison with the workmanship of other countries. He brought with him a shipload of fine embroideries, porcelains, carvings, and jewels to form the exhibit.

Mrs. Wong Kai Kah, who also came across the Pacific with the commissioner, will keep house for him in St. Louis. For a daughter of the land of immemorial tradition, she is something of a "new woman." Her own feet were

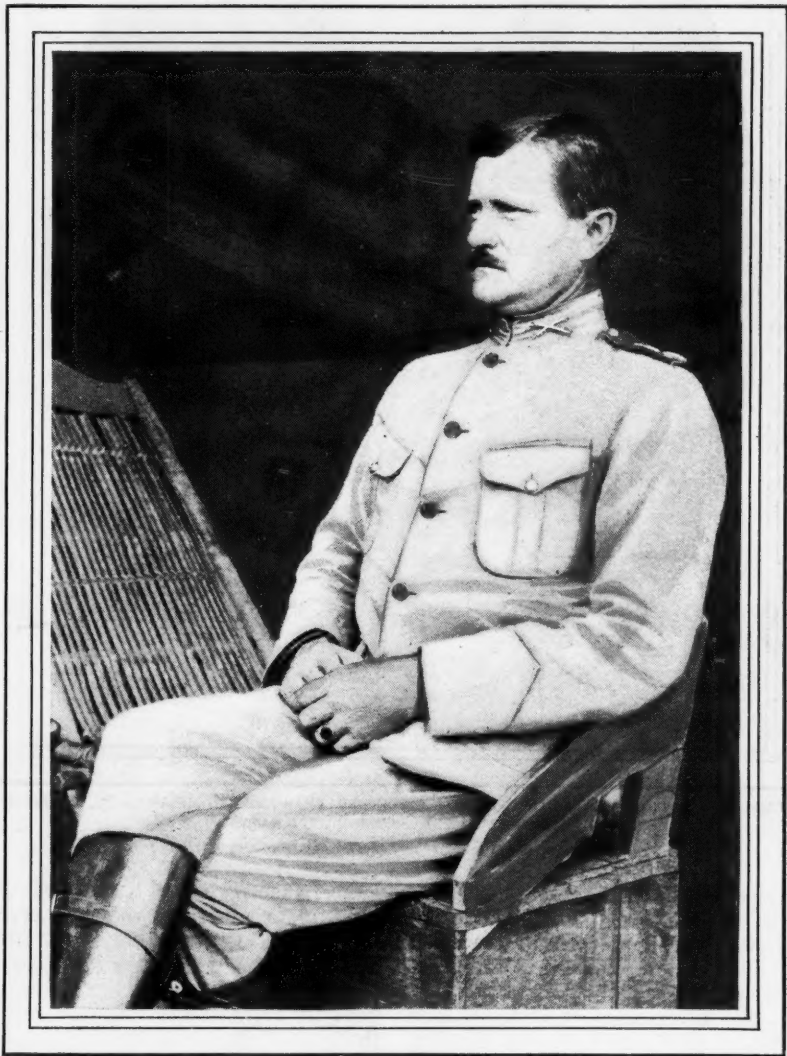
bound in infancy, like those of all her countrywomen of rank; but her little girls have had to suffer no such infliction, and they can walk and run like American children.

Some time during the winter, Wong Kai Kah will visit China, to return with Prince Pun Lu, a Celestial magnate who is to be the chief Chinese representative

in the official functions connected with the St. Louis Fair.

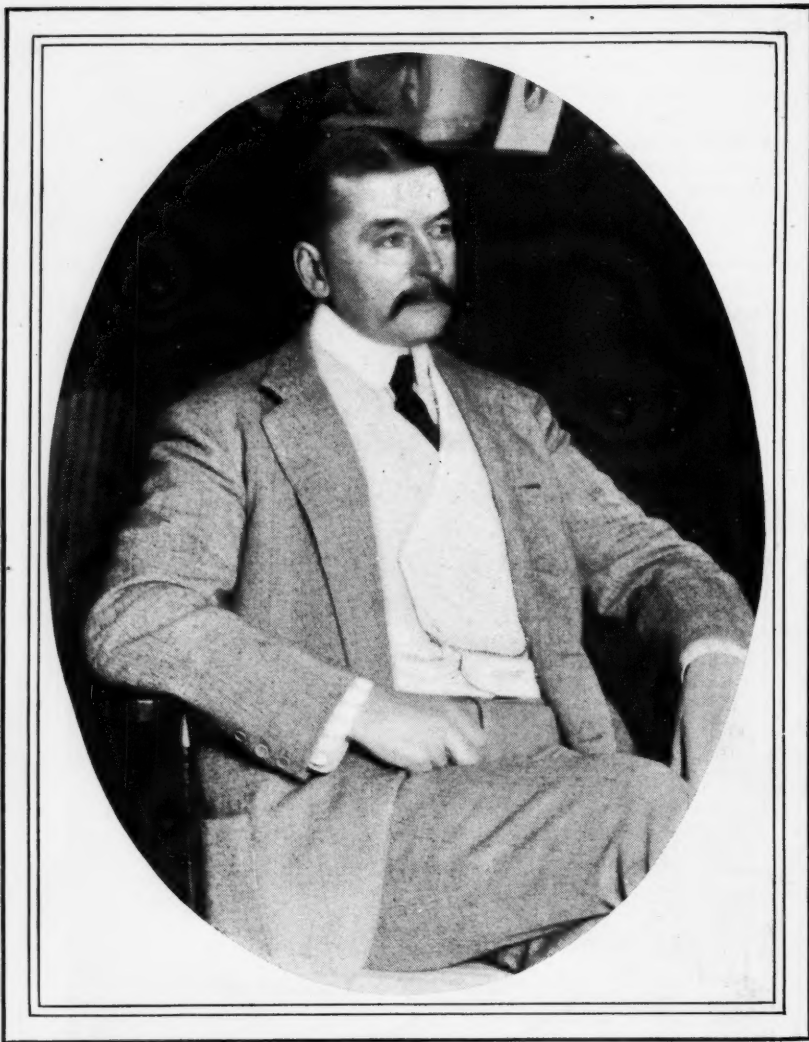
Captain Pershing.

Occasionally the American military or naval service produces a spectacular hero—who doubtless deserves all the applause he receives. Much more often it



CAPTAIN JOHN J. PERSHING, FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, THE "HERO OF MORO LAND," RECENTLY INVALIDED HOME FROM THE PHILIPPINES AFTER DOING BRILLIANT WORK IN COMMAND OF A FLYING COLUMN IN MINDANAO.

From a copyrighted photograph taken in Mindanao by Chauncey M. McGovern.



REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES W. RAE, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED REAR-ADMIRAL MELVILLE AS ENGINEER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Walden Fawcett, Washington.

develops men who do equally brilliant and valuable service, involving no less of peril and hardship, with the sense of duty done as the sole reward they ever receive or ever seek.

To the latter category Captain John J. Pershing, of the Fifteenth Cavalry, would appear to belong. To him, at the beginning of last summer, was given an important and very trying task—that of subduing certain Moro tribes in the

Lake Lanao region of Mindanao, whose hostility to American rule had become formidable. Captain Pershing's treatment of the recalcitrant sultans—in Moro-land, each mud village seems to have its sultan—was soldierly and effective. Those who defied peaceable overtures were brought to terms by a sharp and entirely successful attack, their forts being stormed and their rifles confiscated. When they submitted, they



GENERAL JOSE MANUEL HERNANDEZ, THE NEW VENEZUELAN MINISTER AT WASHINGTON—GENERAL HERNANDEZ IS A VETERAN OF MANY FACTION FIGHTS IN VENEZUELA, AND IS NICK-NAMED "EL MOCHO" (THE MAIMED) FROM HAVING LOST TWO FINGERS OF HIS RIGHT HAND IN BATTLE.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Walden Fawcett, Washington.

were received as friends and allies, and the force of an American soldier's character deepened and made permanent the impression created by force of arms. A by no means easy campaign was so skillfully conducted that the losses of the victors were trifling, while the results secured promise to be both lasting and substantial.

Unfortunately, the only immediate reward that fell to Captain Pershing was an illness that necessitated his returning to the United States as an invalid. It is gratifying to note that when he returns to duty, it will be as a member of the general staff—a position much coveted by army men. The assignment, however, was not bestowed upon him as a mark

of favor, but was earned in competition with many other applicants.

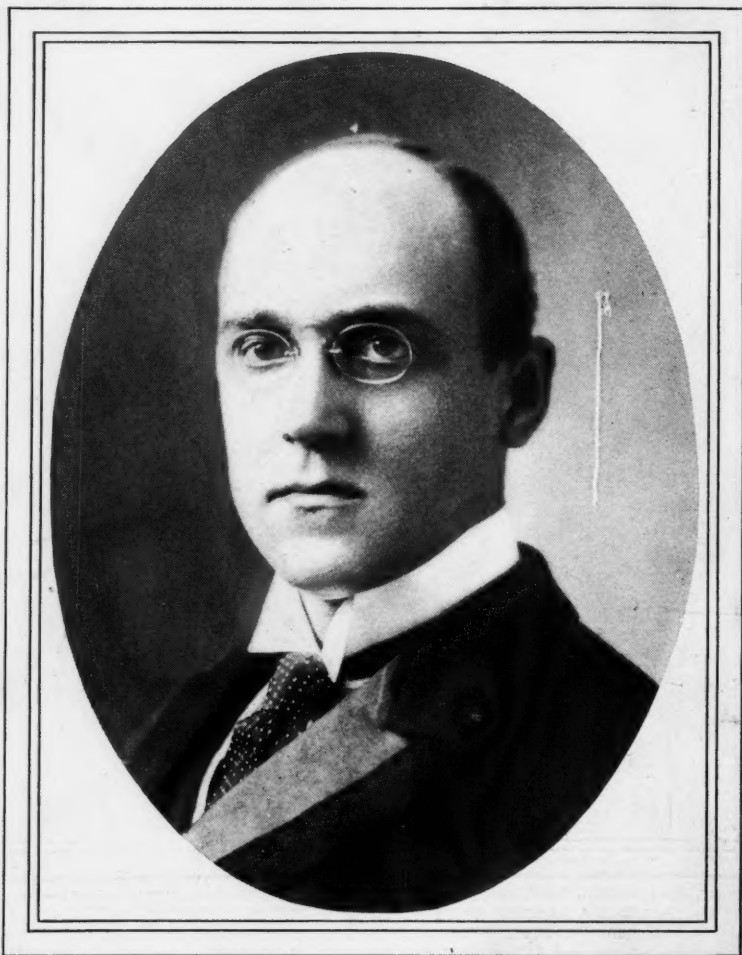
A Veteran from Venezuela.

General Hernandez, the new Venezue-

and over again. To an American journalist who asked him in how many revolutions he had taken part, the general not long ago said:

"Really, I don't remember."

The new minister is commonly known

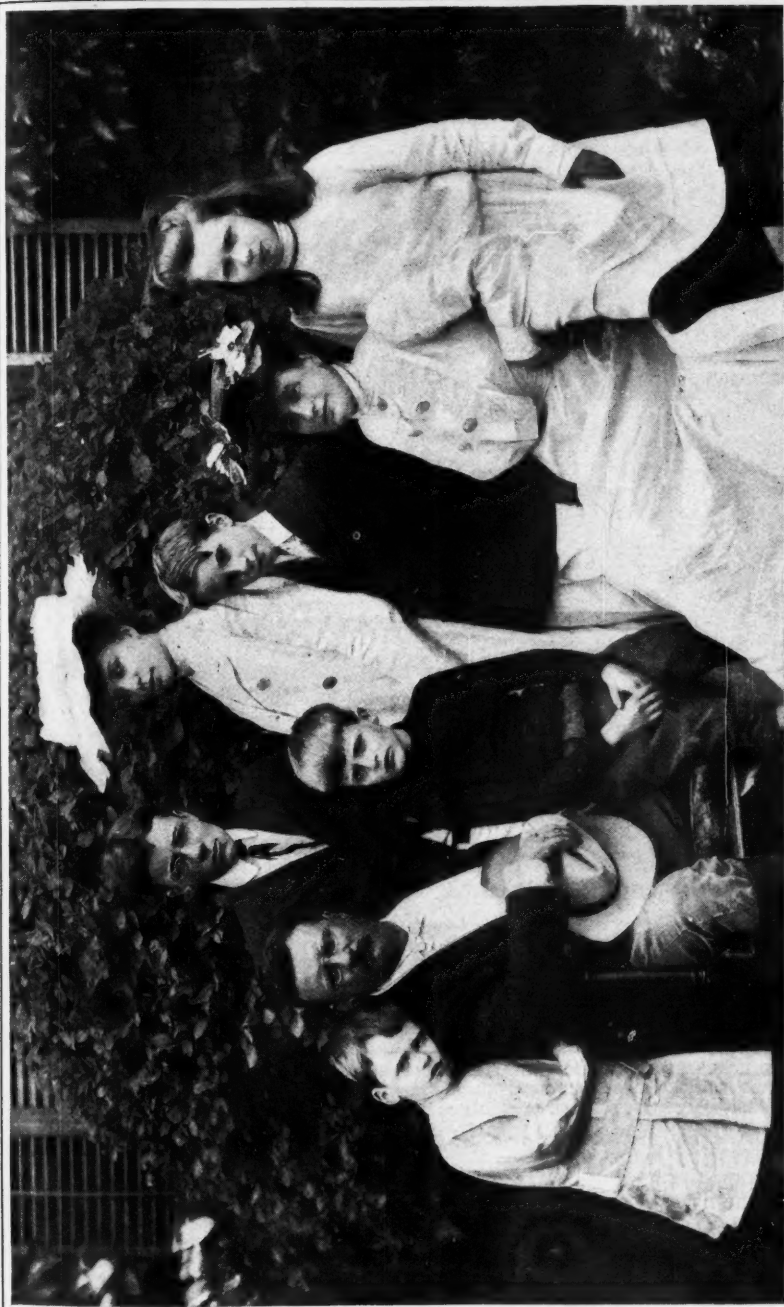


JOHN BARRETT, OF OREGON, THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

From his latest photograph by Clinedinst, Washington.

lan minister at Washington, is a typical Spanish-American soldier and politician. He has had an exciting and varied career, full of failures and successes. He has held important positions in his native country; he has led armies and political parties; he has been wounded, captured, imprisoned, and exiled over

as "El Mocho," the maimed, a sobriquet earned by the loss of a couple of fingers in battle, during an insurrection against the famous Blanco, who was so long the autocrat of Venezuela. Later General Hernandez opposed both Andrade and Crespo, though at times he has fought for the established government against

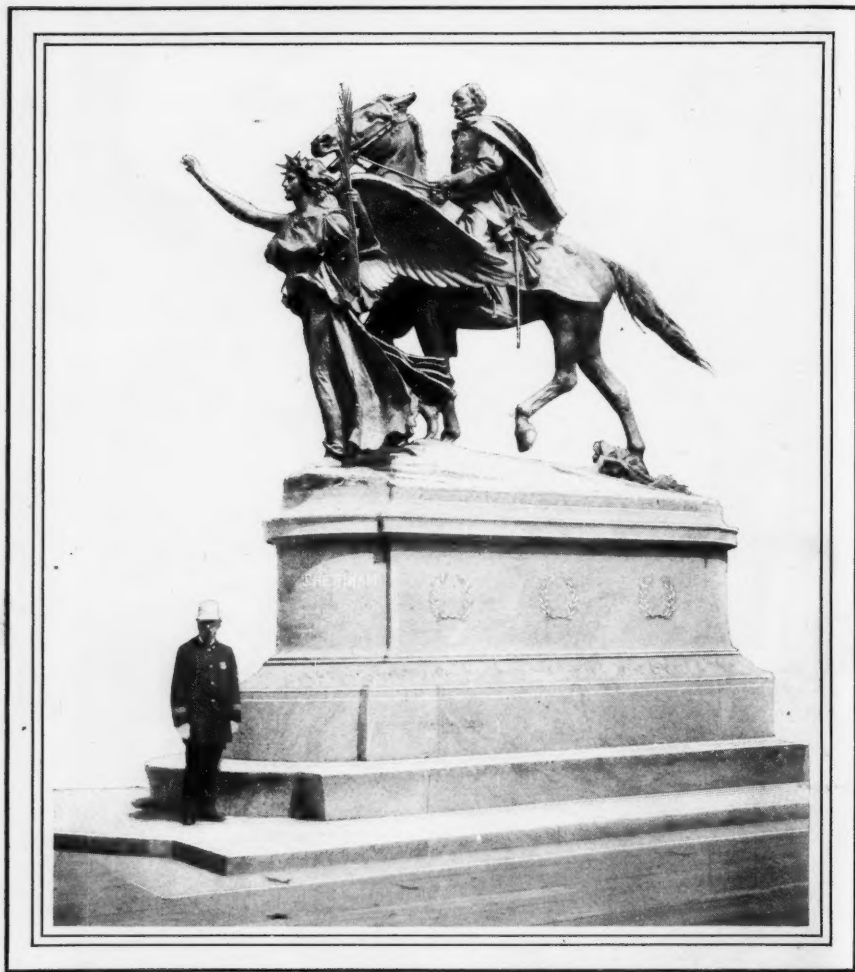


From a photograph—Cobright, 1903, by Pach Brothers, New York.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND HIS FAMILY AT THEIR SUMMER HOME, SAGAMORE HILL, OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, THE MEMBERS OF THE GROUP ARE
 QUINTIN ROOSEVELT, THE PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR., ARCHIE ROOSEVELT, MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, KERMIT ROOSEVELT, MRS. ROOSEVELT,
 AND MISS ETHEL ROOSEVELT.

its enemies. At present he and President Castro, though they belong to different political parties, are allies, the

the recent controversy between Venezuela and her European creditors, the imprisoned warrior pledged his loyalty



THE NEW MONUMENT TO GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN, AT THE ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK, FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET, NEW YORK—MODELED BY AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, IT IS ONE OF THE FINEST EQUESTRIAN STATUES IN THE WORLD.

From a photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

general's appointment to Washington being in the nature of a division of the spoils. It came to him by a somewhat sudden turn of the political kaleidoscope, for a year ago General Hernandez was in deep disgrace, a prisoner in Fort San Carlos, at Maracaibo, where he had been confined on a charge of treason against the established régime. During

and proffered his services so eagerly that he was released and restored to favor.

After four decades of almost continual strife, the veteran fighter believes that his distressful country is now entering upon a period of tranquillity and order.

"I expect a long peace in Venezuela," he said on his arrival at New York, "and

my efforts in the future will be directed to help maintain it."

As the poet observes, hope springs eternal in the human breast. Let us hope that El Mocho is not unduly optimistic in his forecast.

The New Minister to Argentina.

By nominating John Barrett to the American legation at Buenos Ayres, President Roosevelt has once more shown his readiness to promote young men to important positions in the public service. The selection is especially interesting in view of the general desire among Americans for better relations with their sister republics, and of the President's known intention to raise the standard of diplomatic appointments to South America.

Mr. Barrett is likely to find much useful work to do in the Argentine Republic, a state that is advancing more rapidly than any other in the southern continent, and that has before it a commercial future of tremendous possibilities. He is admirably fitted by temperament and training to serve his country's interests in his new position. At thirty-six he has had a remarkably comprehensive and cosmopolitan experience of men and things. A Vermonter by birth, a graduate of Dartmouth, he has been a journalist in San Francisco, an editor in Portland, Oregon, and a traveling correspondent on the shores of the seven seas. Two years ago he represented the United States at the conference of delegates from the American republics, held in the city of Mexico. More recently he has toured the orient in the interests of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Nor is this Mr. Barrett's first diplomatic post, for from 1894 to 1898 he was minister to Siam. His term at Bangkok was made memorable by the settlement of the famous Cheek claim, a long-standing case which involved not only a large sum of money, but also important questions as to the treaty rights of Americans abroad. Last year the Japanese ministry was offered him, but he declined it in order to carry out his work for the St. Louis exhibition.

It is said that his present appointment came to him entirely unsolicited. It is

from personal knowledge of the man that the President trusts him.

A Worthy Monument to Sherman.

Equestrian statues seem to have a special appeal to Americans. They are far more numerous here, proportionately at least, than in Europe, and our sculptors and memorial builders are steadily adding to their number. The new ones of the present year include Carl Rohl-Smith's figure of Sherman, in Washington; General Hooker, by Daniel C. French and E. C. Potter, in Boston; and, finest of all, the Sherman monument in New York, the masterpiece of Augustus St. Gaudens.

Standing at the main entrance to Central Park, where its gilded magnificence gleams against a background of trees, green in summer and gray in winter, the St. Gaudens statue is one to impress the most casual beholder with a sense of dignity and beauty. It deservedly ranks among the greatest memorials of its class possessed by any city of the world. For a generation past, American sculptors have been steadily rising to higher levels of art, and this represents the very best that they have yet achieved.

Its designer embodied in it years of work and thought. He received the order in 1892, and not long afterwards he submitted a model to the commission in charge of the work. It satisfied the committeemen, but not the sculptor, who for years studied, experimented, altered, and remodeled. The horse and rider were finished in time for the Paris Salon of 1899, and at the exposition of the following year in the French capital the group was shown with the figure of Victory added. This latter is an idealistic touch that is new to American portrait statues.

But still the artist was not fully satisfied. For two more years he worked, changing details, remodeling some of the parts, until finally he consented to have the statue cast. It was dedicated last Memorial Day, amid a great concourse of Civil War veterans and other spectators, the unveiling being performed by General Sherman's nine-year-old grandson.

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JIMMY CURTICE, newspaper man, is on his way to New York, after taking an active part in a South American revolution, when he is surprised to see, on a train going in the opposite direction, his arch enemy, General Lazard, who had already made several treacherous attempts on the young man's life. He calls the attention of Daniel Haigh, whom he has met on the cars, to the man and to his traveling companion, a young and beautiful woman; then the two trains continue on their way.

When they reach New York, Curtice and Haigh lose sight of each other, Haigh, who is quite wealthy, going to his country place at Fairfield. Here, not long after his arrival, near a long-vacant house which has the reputation of being haunted, he encounters the young woman whom he saw on the train with Lazard. She makes a deep impression on him, and he tries to meet her again, or to find out who she is, but he is unable to do so. His interest in her finally decides him to investigate the house, where he supposes her to be living; but while he is approaching he is struck from behind, and when he comes to his senses again he is lying bound in the house, the prisoner of a gang of conspirators. These consist of Lazard, a woman known as Mrs. Lorrimer, and one Fetter. They accuse him of spying on them, and refuse to let him go, though by giving his parole he is released from his bonds. But Haigh has at least learned what he came for, and that is that his hitherto unknown lady is Miss Norah Malone, daughter of the president of Anahuac, against whom the conspirators are plotting, and that she is virtually a captive, held for the purpose of forcing her father to come to terms.

After some weeks of newspaper work in the metropolis, Curtice runs across an old friend, Captain Hendry, of the ship *Miranda J.*, who tries to interest him in a filibustering expedition to Anahuac. Curtice will not consent to go offhand, and the captain leaves him to think it over. Then Curtice suddenly remembers Daniel Haigh, and resolves to look him up. But when he goes to the address Haigh gave him he finds himself in the presence of his old enemy, General Lazard, and the brother of Mrs. Lorrimer, who are searching Daniel's rooms. The resourceful American soon drives them away, and then goes back to the newspaper office, where he is commissioned to go to Anahuac as correspondent. Before he starts, however, he looks up Captain Hendry and seeks to get some information out of him. But the wily old filibuster plies him with liquor, and while he is sleeping off the effects the *Miranda J.* sails for Anahuac, taking the unconscious Curtice with her.

VIII (Continued).

MRS. LORRIMER left Haigh dumb, for once out-talked. He sat down and conspired with himself. He would be alone with Fetter and the girl; it would be easy to overpower the fellow, to escape with the girl, but his parole stood in the way; it had not been returned to him. His honor forbade, and there was no more to be said. Still, he might as well provide against possible trouble, and so he looked about him.

The door below slammed upon the backs of the departing mercenary and adventuress. Almost immediately the girl ran up the stairs and entered his room.

"Señor," she said, "I am afraid!"

"And of what?"

"Señor Fetter; I fear the look in his eyes."

Daniel preened himself, very dignified, quite delighted that she came to him for protection. Beneath the mantelpiece was a hearth, within which was an iron grate, falling apart with rust and disuse. To this Daniel addressed himself, with the result that he loosened and pried off a bar of respectable weight. Concealing it beneath his coat, he walked to the door, where he found Mr. Fetter about to slink in. Daniel obstructed the way; Fetter attempted to push by, but was firmly repulsed.

"Where is the *señorita*?" he blustered.

"You can see her from here," said Daniel. "Now, get out!"

Fetter drew a revolver. "I guess I can go in here if I want to," he whined.

"I think not."

Daniel's weapon fell upon Fetter's right arm with astonishing force. An

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ordinary trick, familiar to all who know the practise of single-stick, it all but paralyzed the arm, and the man let the revolver fall, crying out with pain. Daniel picked it up.

"Now will you go?"

Mr. Fetter went, and whistled over the balustrade of the stairway, with the result that an evil-countenanced peon came up quickly, brandishing arms—a knife and a pistol. Daniel covered him.

"Hold on!" he cried. "Now, Mr. Fetter, we may come to an understanding. You will not annoy the *señorita* to-day—understand? I shall not attempt to escape. I have given my word of honor—a slight thing which you do not comprehend—not to do so. You may stay outside the door and keep watch, but you shall not enter. Moreover, if that fool makes any hostile move, I'll shoot him like a dog!"

The look in his eye convinced Mr. Fetter. Sullenly he squatted himself upon the landing, the peon joining him. Mr. Haigh imitated his example within the doorway, with his back to the girl, and commenced a long-winded discourse on the evil of cards and wine, with many Biblical texts applicable to the case of Joseph Fetter. It maddened Fetter, but it amused Daniel, and helped to pass the time away.

They were in the same respective positions when, late in the evening, General Lazard returned with Mr. Arthur, who seemed to be the brother of Mrs. Lorrimer. The former nursed a sore elbow; the latter was calm, suave, self-sufficient as his sister, curiously like her in many respects, but dark of skin and hair where she was light.

IX.

"BEHOLD a fool!"

However light is the sleep of a man, be sure his conscience slumbers yet more lightly. Resting upon the finest of hair-triggers—an invention erroneously supposed to be modern and man-made, whereas the truth is that the Almighty originally contrived it, applying it to the conscience of Adam sleeping—it is up and about long before its owner can toss from his brain the coverings of

slumber. It dashes restlessly hither and thither and yon, minutely exploring the recesses of its frail realm, to raise wild alarms if aught there be amiss. Even as its voice is the last to sound in our ears, so is it the first to greet us when we waken.

And Curtice awoke with its trumpet cry: "Behold a fool!" ringing upon his tympanum. For the moment so real seemed the sound, so surcharged with scorn the tone, that well-nigh could he have believed himself auditor of a human voice. Consideration, however, as he sat grasping the sides of his couch and staring out into the semi-darkness, convinced him that it was but his inner, better self which had spoken; and he bowed his head, acknowledging the justice of the indictment.

"Behold a fool!" he repeated ruefully.

A very sorry fool, indeed! His throat ached with intolerable thirst; his tongue, swollen, clave to the roof of his parched mouth; his eyes were heavy and smarting, his brain dulled and torpid, his system feverish.

"I am an object lesson," he admitted bitterly. "Man, man, this will not do! And I had thought so well of you, James!"

He sank back upon an elbow, inwardly contemplative, and deeply disgusted that he should have proven so weak, so truly lacking in the mettle of a man. He allowed that this should be a punishment upon him, not alone for an unintended indiscretion, but for another thing—a superfluity of *Ego* in his cosmos. Of late, he could not deny, he had accorded himself approbation, had been unduly indulgent of his faults, appreciative of his virtues; he had, in short, acquired an exaggerated opinion of his acuteness—the which it is bad for a man to have about his person. He had thought James Elwell Curtice a pretty decent fellow, a likable character of some strength—with human frailties, to be sure, but excusable, inasmuch as all flesh is heir to them. Now—well, he was at liberty to revise his conception of himself; and he proceeded to do so with thoroughness.

After a space of recrimination, he decided to dress and get a drink of water

—a large drink of cold water. Swinging himself to a sitting position on the couch's edge, and thereby making a red-hot pendulum to swing within his head and batter at the walls of his skull, he found that he need not dress. He had saved himself that trouble by neglecting to disrobe before retiring. It was the last straw; the cup of his degradation was too full. He covered his face with his hands and hated himself.

He arose unsteadily and looked about for his wash-stand and shaving things, but they were missing. He observed that his room had shrunk. He began hazily to understand; he had slept in a berth; what light there now was had access by a porthole. The floor, he had observed, swayed jerkily, but he had laid that to optical illusion. He stepped to the deadlight and opened it, looking out. A gust of damp, salt air blew in; a curtain of blank white shrouded the sea. And then he became aware of an intermittent heartrending bellow from the deck above—the warning of the automatic fog horn.

So, then, he concluded, he was aboard the Grenada, as per schedule, bound for Anahuac; but for the life of him he had no recollection of having shipped. He cudged his mind vainly. It appeared that he had eliminated a day of his life, passing with one prodigious jump from yesterday to to-morrow.

The saline tonic in the fresh air revived his drooping spirits. Opening the door, he emerged into a saloon which, for an ocean-going steamship of the Grenada's tonnage, seemed surprisingly tiny. But that was a small matter beside the silver water-cooler, dew-gemmed, which he espied in a corner. And he went for it with a will.

As Jimmy drew the third blessed glass, the swinging doors parted and a step sounded upon the companionway. He turned, and the tumbler crashed to the floor.

"Hendry!" he thundered.

The captain started, and, seeing the look in his eyes, hastened to put the center table between himself and the enraged man.

"Great snakes!" he faltered. "You startled me, son. Calculated you'd sleep the rest of the day, I did."

His manner was soothing, as one who placates an angry child.

"Oh, you did?" Curtice slowly came up to the table. "You did, eh?"

The captain evaded his eye. "Yes," he said uneasily; "you—seemed tired, you know."

"Hendry," said Curtice with deliberation, striving to grasp the full extent of this catastrophe which had befallen his fortunes, "Hendry, as you value your life, I warn you to turn and land me in New York by eleven this morning!"

"It can't be did," said the captain firmly. "It's impossible, son. It's ten o'clock now."

"And how long out?"

"Five hours."

"Good God!" Jimmy sank in a chair and covered his face with his hands. "You've ruined me, Hendry."

This was a slight exaggeration, but it served to rouse the captain's ire. He swore forcefully.

"Ruined you, you whelp! What did you try to do to me, then? You took advantage of my friendship for you, of my condition——"

"Infirmary of age?" sneered Curtice, himself in hot rage.

"What of it? You tried to make me break faith with my friends—me, Hendry!—tried to worm from me their secrets, which I was sworn to keep, sir! Through me you'd have knocked their plans higher 'n a cocked hat—and all for your dirty paper! And where would the blame roost? On me, and well you knew it!"

The captain slammed his fist down upon the table, and subsided, breathing hard and muttering moodily. Curtice, holding his splitting head with both hands, gloomed amazement at him. They were old friends; this was their first difference; and he had never seen the old man so wrought up—barring, of course, on the quarter-deck, where hard words make swift the feet of a laggard crew.

"Well, we're quits. You've ruined me," he reiterated obstinately. "I was booked to leave the city this noon; my job depended upon it. It can't be helped now, but——"

"You're booked for a longer trip

with me, son; and you may as well make up your mind to it."

"Get out, will you?" cried Jimmy. "Go away and let me alone, before I lose my temper utterly."

"If you do," coolly responded the captain, "I'll put you in irons, son. I command this vessel, and don't you make any mistake about that!"

Curtice, without noticing him further, slouched in his chair and tried to think. The captain started for the stairs, hesitated, halted, and looked with compassion upon the forlorn figure. In very truth, the younger man was completely discouraged. McCabe's assignment had shown trust in his capability and trustworthiness, since this promised to prove an important matter; that he should fail, stultify himself at the very outset, would, he feared, ruin him forever with the newspaper world.

It was hard; and the worst of it was that there appeared to be no remedy. With another man, he would have tried argument or show of force, but he knew too well the rock-ribbed, New England stubbornness of the old captain to dare hope that words or blows would avail here. He was entirely at a disadvantage, and—and then a thought flashed brightly to him, bringing hope; and as it did so, a gnarled and horny hand fell gently on his shoulder.

"Son," said Captain Hendry, "I'm sorry, but it's past helping now. Forget the things I said a moment ago—I didn't honestly mean 'em. Shake, son."

The rugged sincerity of the words, and the true affection that brought them out, touched Curtice nearly, and his eyes lit up as he grasped the captain's hand.

"You old villain!" he laughed. "You'd be friendly with the devil himself if you wanted to. Look here, cap'n, where are we bound?"

"La Guayra."

"Where?"

"La Guayra—port o' entry to Caracas, son."

Curtice's face fell.

"Or so my papers show," the captain hastened to add.

"Oh! Actually, then——"

"San Diego." A grim smile flickered in his eyes. "What then?"

"Then," announced Jimmy, "I forgive you. That happens to be exactly where I want to go."

"I calc'lated 's much. But 'fore we fight any more, son, suppose we brace up a bit? You're pretty ragged. How'd a brandy and soda go?"

"Finest in the world, cap'n. Only one, mind!"

"Right, oh! And then we'll eat." Ringing for the steward, the captain gave his orders, and went on: "If you'd only kept your mouth shut about sailin' on the Grenada, you could have done it, all right. But that, and your audacity, takin' notes right under my nose, so to speak, set me to thinkin', son. Says I: 'Seein' as Jimmy Curtice is hankerin' so very plentiful for San Diego, Ephraim, it's your plain and bounden duty to help him along. Furthermore, if you don't, you'll never see Anahuac yourself, old man; if you let his paper print all what you've told him this night, and there's law in the States and a revenue cutter left to enforce it, you'll be seein' the inside of a pen, instead.'"

"Lucid and convincing," Jimmy commented, touching with his own the captain's glass.

The old man passed the back of his hand over his mouth, and proceeded:

"Any way you look at it, son, you'll see you're playin' in luck. First place, I'll land you in San Diego two days ahead of the Grenada."

"Shade that a bit, cap'n?"

"No, sir, not a minute. If my Miranda can't outfoot anything in these waters, I'll—I'll eat her propeller," Hendry rashly added, with the professional pride.

The door swung open to admit the steward, bringing breakfast. After him came the first officer, a Mr. Tompkins, whose arrival put an effectual bar to further exchange of confidences. He proved to be a lanky Southerner of great reserve. Upon introduction, he expressed an unemotional pleasure at making Mr. Curtice's acquaintance, and promptly fell into a chilly silence, which seemed habitual with him, plying an industrious knife, and answering his chief in monosyllables only. Once or twice Curtice caught Mr. Tompkins

watching him furtively, with an expression of feebly ironic interest; but being detected, the man would hastily avert his gaze, manifestly disconcerted. For this reason alone, Curtice, who despised anything savoring of the underhand, conceived an inordinate dislike for him.

After the meal the captain and Mr. Tompkins went on deck, leaving Jimmy to his own thoughts, which were somber, and his own devices, which failed him. Hendry's library was familiar, if not yellow, and the saloon decorations were not sufficiently ornate or artistic to challenge respect or admiration. Rather lonely, the young man strolled listlessly on deck, with no purpose whatsoever but to see what he might see.

The fog of the morning had given way to a driving, pelting rain; the watch on deck had taken to oilskins and sou'westers for protection. Jimmy huddled himself in the lee of the wheelhouse, and noted a paradox.

Generally speaking, a captain's mood will reflect his ship's. If she be a stanch craft, doggedly fighting a storm, he will personify the strong man determined. If she be pestered with contrary winds, with sudden squalls, he will be nervous and irritable. If swiftly she reels astern the knots, he, too, will step briskly, be gratified and of good humor. Cripple his craft and you cripple him. But here was Captain Hendry pacing the bridge with quick, impatient movements, while the *Miranda J.* breasted the long Atlantic swell deliberately, riding the leaden and sullen seas at something less than half speed.

Why? The vessel was built to fly, as even the landsman's eye could gather from her fine, sweeping lines and the clean, crisp way her bow cleft the head-on billows. Indeed, she showed many a sign of the private yacht converted—converted to shady ways. Curtice well knew that the captain had need for haste, that it was little to his interest to tarry. Why, then, should he linger so?

Jimmy took a look at the binnacle; to his alarm and dismay the needle indicated a course east by north, one-half

north—almost directly at right angles to any that would bring them to the *Mona Passage*. Here, again, contrary to the captain's statement, was the indisputable fact that every throb of her propeller carried the *Miranda J.* further away from her natural and direct route to San Diego. Possibly Hendry, fearing pursuit, hoped to throw it off by this maneuver; but if this were so, he was taking his time about it. No; plainly something of import greater than that impended.

Jimmy whistled, shook his head, and, turning away, found Mr. Tompkins at his elbow. A minute before the first officer had been with the captain on the bridge. He favored Curtice with his slow, cold, narrow smile.

"Mr. Curtice," he said stiffly, "Cap'n Hendry desires me to inform you that you are requested to keep below today."

"The deuce he does!" thought Curtice, but he said: "Very well, sir; I shall make haste to obey."

He eyed the man sharply for a space, whereupon Mr. Tompkins continued to gaze at the haze which dimmed the horizon.

"Looks like dirty weather," he volunteered. "Barometer's falling."

Jimmy took an envelope from his pocket and scribbled upon its back.

"Make a note of it," he observed, as if talking to himself. "His first remark in my presence which wasn't dragged out of him by the horns. Good afternoon, sir; I will now go below."

Curtice saw a flush rising on the man's sallow cheek, but he got no reply to his insolence. What was it that this fellow was hiding? What thought was ever in his mind to cause that uneasy slyness to come to the surface? Also, why had the course been changed? Jimmy pondered these questions over two of the captain's cigars, which were excellent, but brought him no inspiration of solution.

Toward nightfall the wind rose slightly, clearing the air, but making a choppy, fretted sea. Jimmy had to dine in solitude, neither the captain nor his mate leaving the bridge to join him. Mr. Tompkins came in later and made a moody, silent meal, passively decli-

ning to take part in the one-sided conversation with which Curtice, out of sheer ennui and mischievousness, badgered him.

About nine o'clock Jimmy, weary, and concluding that the captain was determined to stand every watch the day and night through, went to his berth and lay down with a book. He read in a desultory sort of way, his mind being preoccupied with his situation and with conjecture as to what might be the real destination of the *Miranda J.* So doing, he dropped off into a light doze, which was presently terminated by a sharp rapping upon his door.

"Well? Come in!"

Mr. Tompkins turned the handle and stuck his nose into the room.

"Mr. Curtice, the captain requests that you put that light out, and—and—"

"Aye, aye, my bucko, I'll douse the glim. What else?"

"You are to keep to your room—to leave it on no account."

"Seems to me he is rather piling on the agony, Mr. Tompkins; but tell him all right."

This incident banished sleep from Jimmy's eyes for the rest of the night. He obeyed the command and lay down again, fully clothed but for his shoes, surrounded by a blackness no less opaque than the mystery with which he was confronted. Weighing his accumulated observations during the day, he came to the conclusion—not an unnatural one—that the captain contemplated some extraordinary folly, or a more than usually lawless act. After his first outbreak of friendliness in the morning, the old man had consistently avoided his unwilling passenger; to whom, later, Mr. Tompkins had been the messenger bringing two very remarkable orders. The course was all wrong, the ship merely loafing. The very sound of footsteps on the deck above Curtice's head indicated a subdued bustle, and conveyed an impression of stealth and caution; and, still more to the young man's concern, he had now an indefinable feeling that the course had again been changed, that the ship rode in different waters.

In the midst of these disturbing reflections, the *Miranda J.* came to a sudden halt, the engines' rumble ceasing with a suddenness that brought Jimmy to his feet and to the deadlight, which he opened and looked through.

The rain had ceased, but a lowering canopy still shrouded the heavens. Far, very far away—midway, perhaps, to where the horizon should be—Curtice made out a dim, ruddy glow, such as might hang over a small town or village, or mark a burning house. Between it and the *Miranda J.* moved a vast expanse of heaving water, glassy black, unrelieved by any hint of light. Barring the swish of waves and a faint tinkle of bells in the engine-room, a great stillness lay upon the ship and the sea.

As he stood waiting with a breathless avidity of expectation, being assured that now should come the climax of a momentous day, he thought he caught a glimpse of yellow light, as of a lantern in the bow of a boat, dancing upon the crest of a distant billow. Presently he verified it, then lost it again—a fine, fascinating spark hovering upon the face of the waters.

Steadily it drew nearer, until voices hailed the ship. A sailor ran down the gangway and waited on the lower grating, boathook in hand. Curtice could see nothing of it, but he heard the boat draw alongside and bump and grind against the grating. Out of the obscurity issued murmurous argument, while two persons negotiated the ascent. Some one swore luridly, following his profanity with a sharp command:

"Come! Up with you!"

There was a choking sound, as of one who would speak but could not, then a vicious snarl:

"You won't? If you don't stop struggling you'll go overboard! How's *that*? Now will you be quiet?"

"That" was the dull impact of a heavy blow upon human flesh, coincident with a woman's shrill scream—a scream of horror, hastily abrupted as though by a heavy hand upon her mouth.

"Be quiet, you fool!"

The captain called guardedly over the side:

"What's the trouble down there?"

"Is that you, Hendry? Throw a rope and swing this swine aboard, will you?"

"Tompkins! Where's the man? Here, you! Get a tackle and a couple of straps! Hustle!"

With slight delay, a tackle was rigged out, and a struggling form was swung past the porthole and dropped roughly to the deck. Other steps were heard scrambling up the gangway. The boat sheered off. There was a scuffling, and excited voices jabbered on the deck. This ceased, and Curtice heard the captain asking testily:

"Who is he?"

The answer was lost in the chugging of the engines, as the ship swung about and sped for the open sea.

Curtice tried his door and found it locked! People, many of them, were coming down the companionway, and after them a heavy weight bumped dully down the stairs. The captain growled vigorously; an unfamiliar voice answered him with authority, as one of equal rank. A woman, again, began to sob heartrendingly.

At this Jimmy decided to stand such suspense no longer; he put his shoulder to the door and strained mightily. With a crash it gave way, and he stumbled into the middle of the saloon. Blinking, he looked about him to get his bearings.

He saw a little circle of some seven figures grouped about a man lying upon the floor. He saw Lazard grin at him with evil joy and surprise. By the general's side stood his companion of the affair in the studio. A third individual, who proved, later, to be Fetter, was unknown to Jimmy. The fourth was the captain, who was grumbling anxiously. A frightened negro steward attended with a flask of brandy. On either side of the recumbent man were Mr. Tompkins and a sobbing girl, both apparently endeavoring to revive him.

This man was clothed in rags and tatters. His head was wound with a dirty white rag, blood-stained; his forehead bore the blue swelling of a recent, vicious blow; his lip was cut. He was of proportions slightly cherubic.

The scene was flashed upon Jimmy's

retina in an instant, and with photographic intensity. Even as he entered, the man attempted to sit up, Tompkins assisting him with an arm around his waist.

"Thanks," he mumbled thickly, looking at his audience with a dazed helplessness.

He spat out a little blood; then his eye fell upon Curtice and brightened. An indomitable spirit seemed to revive, and an irrepressible humor forced a grin to his battered features.

"Hello, Curtice, old man! So they gathered you in, too, did they? I say, slay me these twin devils, will you?"

And Daniel Haigh indicated Lazard and Fetter.

X.

AT Haigh's mention of Jimmy's name, a hush fell upon the group in the cabin—such a breathless stillness as foreruns a storm. Of the actors in the little scene, but one appeared unmoved, master of his mind and the situation. This was Mr. Arthur, who nodded shortly to Jimmy, as in greeting, and indifferently rolled a cigarette. A subtle change seemed to come over the others. A disinterested observer might have read upon the open book of their countenances a varied record of character and emotion.

General Lazard continued to regard Curtice with that unholy, terrible smile—such a grimace as might well become the arch fiend's face as he watches yet another soul slowly, surely ripening for his vats. The Spaniard held the fate of his enemy in the hollow of his palm, he thought, and was glad; the while his hand unobtrusively slipped toward his hip pocket.

Fetter exhibited some surprise and a lively expectancy of brewing trouble, not untinged by personal solicitude.

Captain Hendry turned toward his friend in wonder. As yet he knew nothing of the chain of recent events which had brought these two young men into an actual conflict with the Junta of Anahuac, and with the members thereof individually—nothing, that is, beyond the fact that he himself had shanghaied Curtice for his too great

knowledge of the Junta's affairs. Of the feud between the mercenary and Jimmy he was unaware; and Curtice had not seen fit at first, nor had found opportunity of late, to enlighten him concerning the meeting in Haigh's studio. About Daniel Haigh, the captain knew nothing, and cared less; a hasty word of explanation on the deck had told him no more than that the prisoner had attempted to interfere. And Lazard had purposely kept Hendry without knowledge of the girl, Norah, or of their intentions regarding her. At present he but admired her surpassing beauty, and pitied her evident distress.

As for Mr. Tompkins, it must be admitted that he was apparently less mystified than his chief. At the moment, his most apparent emotion was a lust of blood. Perhaps he figured that a short, sharp scrimmage would simplify matters, and make smooth the path for his intriguing feet. Curtice read his secret with one swift glance; crouching by Daniel's side, the man had concentrated upon Captain Hendry a look of desperate ferocity.

Curtice himself, in spite of Daniel's call to him, had thought for but one person, as had she for him. In her eyes, meeting his, he read a faith implicit, a trust in his will and ability to give her the aid which, with the same glance, she besought. It was such a look as no man is worthy to receive; few men, in truth, are ever so honored, and they but once in a lifetime. It electrified him, roused him to a determination that that which she asked he would give, even if his life should be forfeited.

His eye passed from member to member of the tableau, seeking for one at least upon whom he could rely. He saw the captain and passed him by as a man bound to the interests of the Junta. He saw Mr. Arthur complacently lighting his cigarette. He discounted Fetter, in whose slouch he read fear. He saw that Lazard's hand rested upon the butt of his revolver, and knew that a false move would prove a fatal one for Jimmy Curtice. The expression of Mr. Tompkins told him that he need expect no aid from that quarter. And Haigh was helpless.

The revolver which he had taken from Lazard in the studio was in his coat pocket, but the mercenary's attitude forbade an attempt to use it. Murder was in those chill, narrow eyes, in that pointed jaw, in the very pose of the man, poised snake-like to strike and slay.

Nevertheless, instant action was demanded. The weak spot in the circle was Fetter, who stood at the foot of the companionway. Could he but bowl the man down and gain the deck, Curtice felt that he might have a fighting chance. He deliberated not at all, but with one swift leap hurled himself across the cabin.

Conceive, then, of his surprise when he gained his point. Fetter met him with a half-hearted display of a knife, but reeled and fell under Jimmy's fist. The companionway was clear, and Curtice went up it at a bound, in safety; no shot rang out, no ball found lodgment in him. Dashing through the door, he half turned and saw that which caused him to halt, thunderstruck.

Mr. Arthur's left arm was around Lazard's neck, forcing the general's head up and backwards, while with his right hand he grasped the revolver and kept it pointed to the skylight. As Curtice looked, the lithe, supple, delicate fingers twisted the weapon away with scarcely an effort, and Mr. Arthur flung the mercenary from him, staggering.

"Never try that again!" he warned him in an even, unpleasant tone, wherein contempt predominated. His eyes were blazing, but not a muscle of his face had moved in his anger; the brother of Mrs. Lorrimer was worthy of his sister. He grabbed Lazard by the shoulders and faced him sternly, without fear, although the general's features were livid and contorted with rage. "You understand me!" he commanded. "If you want to kill that man, try it to his face. Take your chance with his, you coward!" Then, releasing the Spaniard, he turned to Captain Hendry. "Have those two men"—pointing to Daniel and Curtice—"put in irons, and keep them so. Guard them well—don't let this thug get at them!"

"Hold on, there," the captain ob-

jected. "I'm takin' orders from the general."

"You are, eh?" said Mr. Arthur grimly. "Well, you'll take them from me, now. I am master here."

"I think you are mistaken," Curtice suggested pleasantly. "I hold the trumps in this hand. If one of you disputes it, I'll be pleased to blow off the top of his head!"

He motioned significantly with his revolver, standing there at the head of the companionway.

"Bully for you, Curtice!" Haigh shouted, with great enthusiasm. "Keep 'em still a moment, will you? I want to get even with this assassin!" He jumped up briskly, if somewhat stiffly, and made for Lazard.

"Better leave him alone," Curtice advised earnestly. "If you strike him now, he'll likely stick a knife in your back some night. Wait till we get out of this scrape and on land, and I'll kill him myself. I've a long account to settle with him!"

He caught, for the second time in their short acquaintance, a gleam of admiration in the eyes of Mr. Arthur, who nodded his head again, approvingly, and resumed his nonchalant air as he rolled another cigarette.

"Now," resumed Curtice, "I'm going to ask you gentlemen to disarm. Mr. Haigh will take what weapons you have. And I warn you to be very careful not to point any guns in my direction while you give them up; it would be a folly worse than resistance."

It was a bold demand, but it carried the day. Among the five men it would have been an easy matter to have drawn and shot him, had one of them dared the initiative. But standing where he did, Curtice commanded the entire cabin, and his skill with the revolver was known to at least two of the group. He emphasized his demand with a sweeping motion, and thereafter kept his weapon ever on the move, flickering quickly from one to the other of those beneath him, so that no man could have told when he might be out of danger. They felt that he would not hesitate to make good the threat. He was excited and angry, his eyes flashing, his voice steady and clear as a trumpet, his de-

meanor wholly fearless and the more impressive in view of his physique, which was that of a man in the prime of his prowess. Tall and sinewy, lithe and active and comely, was Curtice.

He watched vigilantly while Daniel made the rounds of the circle, relieving Lazard of a second gun and a nasty-looking knife, Fetter of another revolver, and Mr. Arthur of a heavy, businesslike Colt's forty-four. They made no resistance, being somewhat overawed, while Fetter and the general seemed to be half stunned by this unexpected turn of fortune's wheel. Arthur smiled as if amused.

"Now, Mr. Tompkins!" Jimmy commanded. "And you, Cap'n Hendry!"

The mate sullenly handed over a gun, but the captain protested hotly.

"Be careful, Jimmy Curtice! You're carryin' things with a high hand, son. I'm cap'n of this here ship, and this is dern nigh onto mutiny!"

"Call it mutiny, if you will, and make the most of it! It's self-preservation with me. Hand over your gun!" The black, deadly muzzle convinced the captain more than did the words; he submitted ungraciously. "Now we can have a little talk," Curtice concluded, seating himself on the top step. "Mr. Haigh, bring your armory up here, and we'll argue with this crowd. I think I've a proposition to make 'em."

"Curtice, son, you know me, don't you?" the captain asked reproachfully.

"I do."

"Is my word of any value?"

"It's as good as your bond, captain."

"Well, then, son, s'pose I give you my word of honor not to put you in irons. Will you put up your gun and act sensible?"

"I will, cap'n. You're in command, as you said a moment ago." Jimmy put the revolver in his pocket. "But there's another thing you'll have to promise, cap'n. You'll have to agree to protect this lady, Mr. Haigh, and myself from this gang for the rest of the voyage."

"I'll do that, son, and here's my hand on it." He extended his palm, and Jimmy came down the steps and took it heartily. "Tompkins, go on deck," the captain ordered. "This is your watch, sir. You know the course?"

From the Montauk Light, due south and nothin' to the westward."

The man could not conceal his disappointment. Hand in glove with the Junta as he was, more deeply in their confidence than the captain himself, he had planned and conspired with them to depose him from command of the *Miranda J.* He had meant to slay the old man ruthlessly, if it should be necessary, intending to reap the reward of the perilous venture. In the prospect of a fight he had seen a chance of getting rid of his chief; that swift consummation of his hopes being thus denied him, he conceived hate for the man who had been the moving factor. And the look that he gave Curtice lost none of its blackness at the young man's next remark.

"Captain," he said, "I warn you not to put too much trust in this mate of yours. His hangdog ways don't become an honest man."

"What do you mean, sir?" Tompkins demanded with a bluster.

"Precisely what I say, sir!" Jimmy gave him look for look. "I'm watching you, Mr. Tompkins, and can tell a scoundrel when I see him, as a rule. If I do you injustice, it's your own fault."

"You do me great injustice, sir!"

"I'm sure of that," interrupted the captain.

"Thank you, sir. You owe me an apology, Mr. Curtice."

"As for that, the day shall declare it," responded Jimmy easily. "If I see fit to revise my opinion, I'll let you know, Mr. Tompkins."

The man left the cabin scowling. Jimmy dismissed his case with a laugh.

"Now, gentlemen," he announced, "let's get acquainted."

Arthur had taken a seat by the table, and was paying strict attention to his smoke; at Jimmy's words, however, he threw away the cigarette, and motioned Lazard and Fetter to be still.

"I'll attend to this rash young person," he said. "Now, sir, you spoke of a proposition a moment ago."

"Yes; but first I'd like a little information. Haigh, who is this young lady, and how did you get mixed up in this affair?"

Haigh told him briefly the story of

the last few days, finishing with an introduction to the *Señorita Malone*. At this Captain Hendry sat up and began to take notice.

"What's the idea?" Jimmy asked. "What do they want with *Malone's* daughter, Mr. Haigh?"

"As near as I can make out, they plan to hold her as a threat over the head of *Malone*, to force him out without the formality of an uprising."

"Is that true?" asked the captain testily, and Mr. Arthur nodded affirmation. "A dirty, low-lived piece of business!" cried Hendry, bringing his fist down upon the table. "Begging your pardon, my dear. I knew your father, miss, fought with him before he became president. We're friends no longer, and that's why I side against him; but I'll stand for nothing like this, you may depend upon that! You hear me, Lazard?"

"You can't help yourself. You're bound hand and foot to our interests," Mr. Arthur answered. "Your money's paid to you already, and, sir, you'll carry out your end of the contract, if your word's as good as you say."

"I'll do that, but not an inch beyond the terms of my contract will I go. Remember that! I agreed to carry four persons to San Diego, and that I'll do, but you'll not get that young lady off this ship with my consent."

"Captain, you're a man!" cried Daniel. "Shake!"

"You'll find you're mistaken," announced Arthur, apparently in no way put out. "I'll see to that."

The captain snorted angrily, but Curtice poured oil upon the troubled waters before the threatened outburst came.

"Now as to my proposition, captain, and you, Mr.——"

"Arthur."

"Thanks. This is the situation, then, Mr. Arthur: Mr. Haigh and I are both here unwillingly. For my part, my business is with *Anahuac*, and I'd as lief go this way as another."

"Then you did lie!" interrupted Lazard maliciously.

"Be quiet, dog! I did not lie. I go to *Anahuac* as correspondent for the *Dial*, as a non-combatant; but don't

think for a minute that I'll stop at anything if I see a chance to frustrate your plans. I'll admit that now. As for you, Lazard, I'll kill you the minute you set foot on Anahuacan soil; that's a promise. Now, Mr. Haigh, do you wish to go back to New York?"

"I think I'd like to get another suit of clothes," admitted Daniel, ruefully inspecting his torn and soiled garments. "But if the *señorita* goes to San Diego, there go I. I've sworn to see her through this dastardly conspiracy!"

"And you, *señorita*?"

The girl flushed, and her eyes shone with courage and resolve.

"*Señor*," she said firmly, "I gather that my father is in danger. My place, in such case, is by his side. If this be truly the quickest way to reach him, let us take our chances."

"Very well, then; it seems we are all of a mind. This is my plan. Mr. Arthur, you, and you, Jose Maria, and you—Mr. Fetid, I believe?—will contract to leave Mr. Haigh and myself alone during the voyage, and to treat the *Señorita* Malone with courtesy and respect. None of us is to be molested in any way. When we arrive——" He paused.

"Well, sir?" Arthur inquired with ironic politeness.

"'Sufficient unto the day,' Mr. Arthur. We'll wait, and we shall see what we shall see. Are we agreed?"

"One moment. What if we don't see fit to accept this brass-bound proposition—what then, Mr. Curtice?"

"Then," replied Curtice composedly—"then I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of taking you three ruffians on deck to-morrow morning, giving you your arms—and a fighting chance."

For the second time that evening he succeeded in startling Mr. Arthur out of his pose. The man's assumption, his air, dropped from him as a mask, and for a moment it was as if another and a weaker being stared at Curtice half affrighted, half disbelieving his sincerity.

"What?" he gasped, astonished. "Do you mean, sir, that you'll fight the three of us?"

"Precisely. One by one, of course. And I'm a good shot."

Now, Lazard was not wanting in courage.

"*Carrajo, señor!*" he cried, delighted. "Refuse, then, and let me be the first——"

"The pleasure will be mine, I'm sure," Jimmy murmured. "And the prospect's inviting. So you would die so soon, dog? I gave you until we reached San Diego, you know."

Again Lazard yielded to Arthur, choking back an enraged outburst at a motion of the man's hand.

"Mr. Curtice, I would that you were with us, not against us; there is something unique, fascinating, about your copper-riveted nerve. Shut up, Jose! *Señor*, we accept. I speak for myself and my companions. Oh, yes, I do, Jose; you don't want to harbor any illusions about your standing here!"

Curtice bowed his gratitude.

"Hendry, old friend, I'm tired—worn out. Let us make the *señorita* comfortable, and then give me to drink, and let's to bed!"

XI.

To the surprise, and somewhat to the relief, of Mr. Curtice and Mr. Haigh, the Junta of Anahuac, as represented personally by Fetter, Lazard, and the impassive Mr. Arthur, accepted the situation with philosophy. Appearing to concede defeat, they mingled not too freely with their avowed adversaries, nor avoided them, preserving a demeanor unruffled, if a spirit unsubdued. Arthur's two associates imitated him, in this respect, with some success—possibly by his instructions. For after that first night there was no attempt to disguise the fact that it was he, not Lazard, who was the moving spirit, the brains, of the expedition.

It may be contended that they had little choice in the matter of their bearing, since presumption would have been met with instant action on the part of the captain, Haigh, and Curtice, and the mercenaries were quite at their mercy. At Curtice's suggestion, Captain Hendry had taken into his keeping the weapons of which the Junta had been deprived, allowing one revolver apiece to himself, to the two young

men, to Norah, and, against caution, to Mr. Tompkins. Jimmy had entered a strong protest in the latter's case; but the captain had overruled him—he knew Tompkins, he allowed, and had known him for some time; of his integrity he had no doubts, despite Curtice's imaginative aversion to the man, and he proposed to see that he was treated decently. The captain prevailed, but you are to believe that the dispute, which Jimmy made no attempt to keep a secret from Tompkins, caused that gentleman to like him none the more.

Probably there is no more unforgiving animal than the man who, unworthy of the trust and confidence of upright men, is read aright. To be distrusted before he can give actual cause for such feeling is, to him, an unpardonable affront. His resentment—the word is feeble—could be no greater were he caught foul-handed in the very act of his contemplated treachery. And thus it was with Mr. Tompkins. Close-lipped, wary, elusive, revengeful, he trod lonely, anfractuons by-ways and held himself aloof from all, hugging to his breast the thought of the fate he planned to be Curtice's. And as for the latter, his ever-present wonder was that the mate's sneaking mien aroused no distrust in Captain Hendry.

The young man, therefore, slept with one eye open. If surprised and somewhat relieved by the virtuous conduct of the members of the Junta, he yet anticipated evil of them. Their very calmness disturbed him, since he knew well the dangerous breed. And this knowledge made him to feel that, far from living up to their outward seeming of unresisting submission to defeat, surreptitiously they conspired and were active. Estimating them critically, he assigned them to an allegorical rating in inverse ratio to their formidableness—two snakes, a fiend incarnate, and a master mind, respectively Messrs. Tompkins and Fetter, General Lazard, and Mr. Arthur. The latter were the most to be feared, the former those whom he should watch, rightly thinking that, while Arthur and Lazard would lay out and direct the campaign, the weaker men would be their tools. By

closely observing their movements, he hoped to be able to surprise whatever perfidy might be contemplated.

One dreary day of wet weather passed without incident. Curtice, while ostensibly busy in bettering his acquaintance with Daniel, failed not to take notice of his shipmates; and since Norah kept her room perforce, from illness and the reaction consequent upon her high excitement of the last few days, he had excellent opportunity. But the results were meager, if encouraging.

Arthur did not venture on deck, preferring to remain in the cabin and amuse himself with a greasy pack of cards and many cigarettes. He proved affable, good-humored, and entertaining when he was approached, self-contained and satisfied if left alone. Lazard, however, made no secret of his avoidance of Curtice, although he tolerated Haigh, and, wonderful to relate, actually cultivated Captain Hendry—much to the captain's disgust, judging by the frown he wore whenever the mercenary was at his side. At times they appeared to engage in argument, though their tones were always too low for Curtice to catch the purport of their words when they happened to be within earshot.

Of the reptiles, Tompkins went about his business sullenly—and minded it exclusively. Fetter, after a few abortive attempts to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the two young men, and being plainly disliked even by Tompkins, betook himself to the deck and mingled with the crew, by whom, as Haigh suggested, his peculiar talents were likely to be welcomed. This was a part of the plot, however; nature having so outfitted him that clean men kept from him, no suspicion attached to this move, it being quite conceivable that his mental and moral rottenness, together with the verbal filth of which he was lavish, would make him a favorite before the mast. Bear in mind that no representative crew of American seamen is referred to, nor one of honest tars; the Miranda J. was complemented with as rare a collection of jail-birds as it would be possible to pick from the muck of South American ports and the lowest dives of Manhattan's waterfront.

They were ten in number—a large one for a vessel of the *Miranda J.*'s tonnage. Three were Americans—counting all as such who spoke English; one Chinese, the cook; two were ordinary shiftless “niggers”; the remainder “greasers”—a comprehensive term at sea, embracing all Spanish and Portuguese, or of such descent. In addition there was the engineer, a bluff, burly German, of unquestioned ability and faithfulness, one Hentz. With him Fetter met with no success, but with the crew his popularity was assured and quickly evident.

With the dawn of the second day the world took on a new, strange aspect for Jimmy Curtice. Life held for him a deeper, truer meaning. It was not the change in the weather which could be held to account for this, though that turned from grave to very gay during the night, so that a clear and radiant morning greeted him as he stepped on deck—a morning of pearls and amethyst and gold, whose lively sea was whipped by a wind warm and sweet, with the intoxicating quality of rare old cordial, whose sunlight was a pure joy, whose message was the old, fine one: “God’s in His heaven, all’s well with the world!” Neither was it that he esteemed himself, or that he was glad that he had found a friend in Daniel. It was, in brief, *Norah*.

He had turned out at about five bells in the morning watch, had breakfasted lightly on coffee and rolls, promising himself a more substantial meal later; and now he stood, head up and shoulders back, facing the breeze astern and puffing at a short and loud pipe, his mood a very contented one. Here she found him. Doubtless, had such an interruption been offered him, he would have fled incontinently, being more or less fearful of woman in the abstract. Let him among us who is without this diffidence—or is it sex distrust?—let him cast the first jeer at Jimmy Curtice. As it was, he had no warning. Slim fingers tapering to oval nails, and tinted with the glowing dusk of Andalusian blood, rested softly for a second upon his arm, and her voice as quietly reached his ear:

“*Señor!*”

Some vague premonition seemed to pass over him, with a little fit of gentle trembling, so slight that it quite escaped the girl; yet to him it was as if an ague shook him. Before he looked upon her face, the blood that had not temporarily choked his heart was in his cheeks; and his breath was nowhere at all and disinclined to return, it seemed. The ardent soul of the man was in his face when he did look. And yet neither thought to question why. There is a land—most of us have left it far behind alack!—where such violent local disturbances are treated as a matter of course; a most delectable country is it, and swept by the dear wind of romance.

“*Señor!*” she breathed again.

He looked and saw her beside him, but yet saw nothing save the proud, tender eyes, deep and dark and cool and true; and far in their depths, perhaps, he read the promise of days to come. “Dear heart!” he said to himself, and knew not, nor after remembered, that he had thought, “Were I but worthy—”

Twice before had he seen her; once in the obscurity of the tunnel, once in the feverish, strained atmosphere of the saloon; twice he had given her place as the fairest of women. Now, but for the reserve that our life to-day gives us, the convention of restraint that is inborn with us, he could have cried aloud with sheer delight at the sight of her.

She spoke once more.

“*Señor Curtice!*”

The seizure passed from him. It had, in fact, been but momentary, although he accused himself of having stood for many minutes like a dumb fool, and so stupidly rousing her impatience. The contrary was the truth; woman-like, she understood—and liked it.

It becoming necessary that he should reply, he calmed himself instinctively, and when he spoke was the usual collected Jimmy Curtice.

“Good morning, Miss Malone. You—”

“I thought you didn’t want to speak to me,” she fibbed, and nearly pouted.

“I—I—you startled me, to tell the truth. I was thinking.”

“Then I should not have disturbed you. I shall go away.”

"Oh, indeed, but——"

"Were your thoughts very far away, *señor*?"

"Very," he admitted boldly. By no means could he have told her where his thoughts had wandered.

"Very far?" she persisted naïvely. Even a convent training may not eradicate the Mother Eve.

"No, *señorita*. In reality, I was thinking of——"

"Of me? Oh, *señor*, not harshly, I trust! Indeed, I came to thank you"—she ignored protestations—"and to beg forgiveness."

"You, *señorita*?"

"Yes, I. That I should have involved you all in such trouble——"

"But how could you have helped it?"

The hint of mischief in her voice vanished. Leaning an elbow upon the rail, she grew soberly thoughtful. Finally she said:

"I can't tell exactly why, *señor*, but I sometimes blame myself——"

"For what, in Heaven's name?"

"I should have known better than to believe Lazard when he posed as my father's messenger. It seems to me that a daughter should avoid her parent's enemies by instinct."

While Jimmy pondered this remarkable theory, she continued:

"I do blame myself. He would be so anxious. Tell me, *señor*, do you think that he is in great danger?"

Curtice did, but he lied.

"I don't think so, *señorita*. Your father is a wonderfully far-sighted man; he is hardly likely not to have provided against a revolution."

"But assassination, *señor*? It is that that I most fear."

Jimmy smiled, remembering the steel, bomb-proof annex to President Malone's palace in Anahuac, wherein he slept, and the company of Irish adventurers with whom he had surrounded himself, to whom alone he entrusted the guarding of his person.

"I wouldn't worry about that," he declared. "I shouldn't like to undertake the task of putting President Malone out of the way. He is very quick on the draw."

"But against these men, these des-

perate, fearless men? They stick at nothing; they are so ingenious, so careful, they forget nothing, they have planned everything so exactly!"

"At that, you have seen that they are not infallible."

"Oh, that was due to you, *señor*!"

Jimmy wanted to blush; he deprecated and tacked.

"Do you know that your father and I are friends, Miss Malone?"

"Oh, I have heard him speak of Mr. Curtice!"

"Yes; that was before he became president. We fought together under Alvarez in Honduras."

She looked away quickly, and for a little while watched the gulls wheeling and darting above the waves. At last she said gently:

"I am glad, Señor Curtice."

"Of what?"

"Glad that you are his friend, doubly glad that you side with him—with us. He, too, will be glad when he knows."

"I am very happy that—that you feel that way about me—about it," he said humbly. And then Jimmy likewise grew meditative, considering the possibility of his failing to bring her in safety to Malone of Anahuac. What the future held he might not surmise; and he must remember that there were two snakes on the cabin list of the *Miranda J*.

The girl leaned pensively over the side, gazing as if fascinated by the shifting play of color in the water. What was in her mind it would be difficult to say; but a slight smile hovered in the corners of her lips, and she did not speak again. Had she done so, it is doubtful if Curtice would have heard her, or answered.

For at this moment, and as if to give concrete grounds for his forebodings, eight bells sounded and the forenoon watch came on deck. Mr. Tompkins, who had stood the morning watch, was presently relieved by Captain Hendry, who came lunging up the companion-way, rubbing his nose—sure token that his mind was disturbed. He went quickly to the wheel-house, inquiring the course of the man at the wheel.

"South, sir—a point to the east'ard," the sailor answered, touching his cap.

"Good! Keep her so."

He turned away, to find Lazard again at his elbow. The captain's lips framed a curse, but he held his temper in leash. The mercenary laid a small, dark hand upon his arm, persuasively. Then began a monotonous promenade of the deck by these two, Hendry growling obstinately and shaking his head in frequent dissent, Lazard talking, talking, ever urgently and incessantly talking. Occasionally the captain would halt, grumbling, but a minute later that influential hand would start him on again, and once more the maleficent mouth would take up its thread of argument.

A furrow deepened in Hendry's brow, and at times his eyes wore the hunted, worried look of a cornered stag. Again he would raise his head, flashing defiance. But nothing seemed to deter the general from his purpose, whatever that might be, or to weaken his persistence.

That an interruption would be welcomed by the captain was most plain. Curtice contemplated one which would prove effectual without rousing the anger of the mercenary; for at that particular time Jimmy desired nothing more than to keep the peace aboard the *Miranda J.* As it happened, the trouble was saved him.

A commotion arose on the engine-room companion-ladder—a struggle to the accompaniment of guttural oaths and objurgations. A moment later Mr. Fetter was violently ejected and propelled across the deck into the scuppers, where he lay impotently raving. A few seconds later the red, grimy, honest face of Hentz came into view, and the engineer's portly body followed it on deck.

"Big!" he shouted at the captain, but pointing to Mr. Fetter. "Offal! Liddle big! Keep him from me away! Und keep him from mine engines-room owd!"

"What's the trouble, Mr. Hentz?" asked the captain curiously.

Mr. Fetter had risen and stood trembling, his futile face suffused, his eyes watery.

"Captain Hendry, this man has assaulted me," he protested weakly.

"Assauld, is id?" sputtered Hentz. "Vell, see dot id be nod vorse, mine friend. Captain, he iss after me all der dime mit his dirty liddle speeches, und I vill have id nod! He iss nod clean, dot offal!"

"Mr. Fetter," said the captain sternly, "the engine-room is not the place for passengers. Suppose you keep away from it hereafter?"

(To be continued.)

WHERE FRIENDSHIP ENDS.

WHERE friendship ends may be, or not,
A desolate and dreary spot.
If Intimacy's path doth wane,
And lead not to Affection's lane,
Perhaps when you your way have lost
You'll pause to think, and count the cost
Of having journeyed by a path
So undefined. Joy's aftermath
Of grief, like stalking ghost, attends
Along the path where friendship ends.

Where love begins may be, or not,
A lane that skirts the garden plot
Of fair Hesperides, and opes
Before the view of him who gropes
When friendship's path so dim hath grown
He cannot find his way alone.
So Cupid comes and leads him out
Through hedgerows tall and thick of Doubt—
But oh, how path with roadway blends
When love begins where friendship ends!

Roy Farrell Greene.

A National Memorial Park.

BY

ZELLA ARMSTRONG.

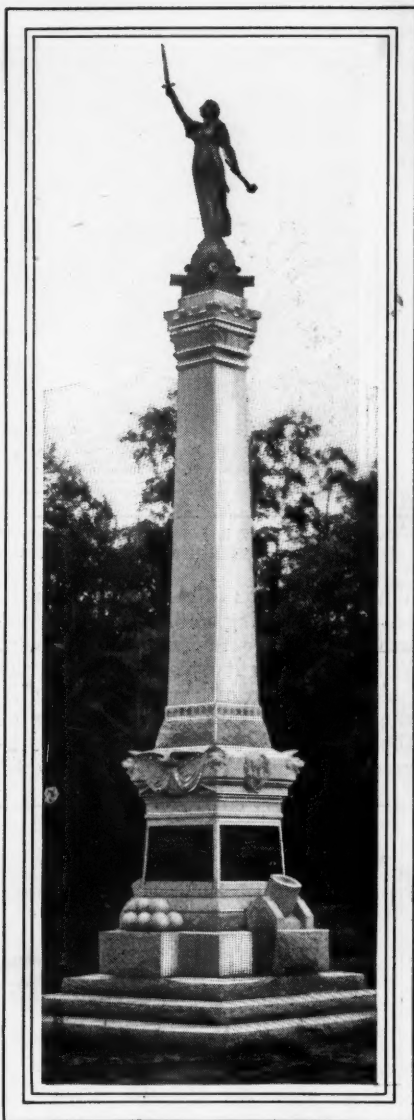
THE BATTLEFIELDS OF CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA HAVE BEEN MADE INTO A GREAT NATIONAL MEMORIAL OF THE CIVIL WAR, WITH A REMARKABLE ARRAY OF MONUMENTS RECORDING THE HEROISM OF BLUE AND OF GRAY.

THE 19th and 20th of September of the present year mark the fortieth anniversary of a battle second in historic interest to none of the great conflicts of the Civil War except Gettysburg. The ground on which the bloody fight of Chickamauga was waged now forms part of a national military park, which also includes three other battlefields, and which has been decorated with a remarkable collection of monuments, numbering nearly a thousand in all, and constantly growing.

The most ancient traditions of the place are of battle and slaughter. Long ere the first palefaces tracked the forests of these Southern hills, a band of red men, driven from their hunting-ground in the Alabama country, halted here in a quiet valley whose waters flow northward to the Tennessee. Pursued by their enemies, they gave battle, and after a desperate fight the foe was routed. The stream along whose banks many a brave passed to greet the Great Spirit they named Chickamauga, the River of Death.

Twice, later, has this historic ground seen the gathering of vast bodies of armed men—at the crisis of the Civil War, and again in the spring and summer of 1898, during the brief war with Spain, when the park was the chief mustering-point for the men who so readily offered their services at their country's call. And it is likely to see many other assemblages of volunteer soldiers, for in coming years it is to be

5 M



KENTUCKY'S MEMORIAL COLUMN TO HER SONS IN BOTH ARMIES, UNION AND CONFEDERATE, WHO FELL IN THE CAMPAIGN OF CHICKAMAUGA AND CHATTANOOGA.

used as a camp of instruction for the militia of the neighboring States.

A GREAT TEMPLE OF PEACE.

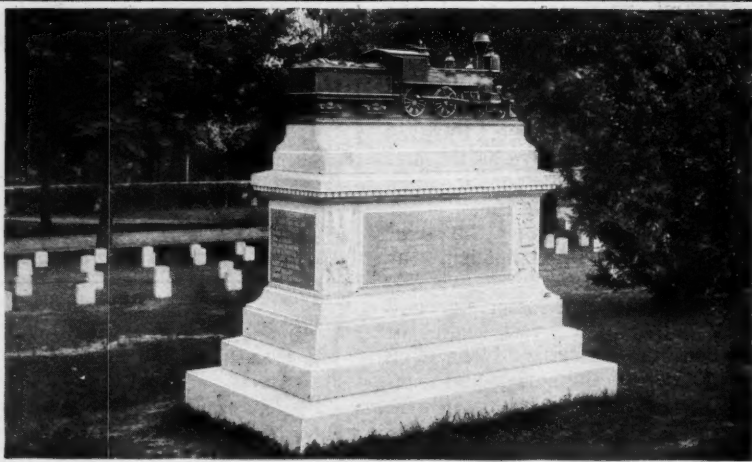
To-day the scene is one of peace, of quiet magnificence—of great natural beauty and of costly works of art.



THE MONUMENT OF BATTERY M, FOURTH UNITED STATES ARTILLERY—THE ARTILLERY POSITIONS ARE MARKED WITH GUNS OF THE PATTERN ACTUALLY USED IN THE BATTLES OF 1863.

Where thousands of men have fallen in battle, the leaping squirrel and the fluttering partridge tempt the sportsman. With their bright eyes they watch the passing throng of tourists, secure in the protection that the regulations of the park assure to its furred and feathered denizens.

The spirit of the place is touchingly expressed in some of the inscriptions on the monuments. When President Roosevelt visited the park, a few months ago, he was so much impressed by the sentence graven on one of them—Kentucky's memorial column to her heroic dead of both armies, Northern



MONUMENT TO THE ANDREWS' RAIDERS, WHOSE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE "THE GENERAL" WAS ONE OF THE MOST DARING EXPLOITS OF THE WAR—THIS STANDS IN THE NATIONAL KEEP, WHERE REST NEARLY FOURTEEN THOUSAND MEN.

and Southern—that after the cavalcade had passed he sent back a secretary to copy the words:

As we are united in life, and they are united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people, forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict which made all men free and retained every star on the nation's flag.

erate leaders, the foremost are Bragg, Longstreet, Forrest, Wheeler, and Stewart—three of them still alive.

HOW THE PARK WAS CREATED.

The Chickamauga-Chattanooga park was formed primarily as a great national memorial of the Civil War—to be on



THE MEMORIAL OF BATTERY E, PENNSYLVANIA ARTILLERY (KNAP'S BATTERY), ON MISSIONARY RIDGE.

All the Southern States sent their sons to take part in the bloody and eventful campaign waged here during the latter months of 1863, and culminating in the two great battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga. Most of the Northern troops were Western men, but New York, Pennsylvania, and New England are also represented. Five States have to mark the position of regiments on both sides. Of the great Union generals, the names of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Rosecrans are recalled here. Of the Confed-

Southern soil, and for the soldiers of the West, what Gettysburg, north of Mason and Dixon's line, is to the hosts of Lee and Meade, the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac. It is peculiarly appropriate that while the crowning triumph of the Union arms was won at Gettysburg, the Southern battleground was the scene of a great Confederate victory, fairly achieved by desperate valor battling against superior numbers.

To Henry V. Boynton, more than to any one other man, is due the inception

of the movement to which the park owes its existence. General Boynton fought at Chickamauga and Chattanooga as lieutenant-colonel of the Thirty-Fifth

The grounds have been laid out under the direction of these three commissioners and the engineer in charge, Everard E. Betts, working in concert



MONUMENT OF THE FIFTH WISCONSIN BATTERY—THE INSCRIPTION IS: "THIS BATTERY, CAPTAIN GEORGE Q. GARDNER, COMMANDING, ATTACHED TO POST'S BRIGADE, WAS DETAILED TO COVER THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE TRAINS FROM STEVENS' GAP TO CRAWFISH SPRINGS AND THENCE TO CHATTANOOGA. UPON REACHING FOOT OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IT MET AN ATTACK WHICH WAS REPULSED BY THE FREE USE OF CANISTER. IT WAS ONE OF THE LAST COMMANDS TO CROSS CHICKAMAUGA CREEK."

Ohio, and is now chairman of the national commission in charge of the reservation. His colleagues are Colonel Frank G. Smith, who commanded a battery of the Fourth United States Artillery, and General Alexander P. Stewart, the Southern cavalry leader. This is in accordance with the act of Congress requiring that the board should consist of a regular officer, a volunteer, and a Confederate veteran, each being an actual participant in the campaign.

with committees appointed by the various States that have voted money for the erection of monuments to the valor of their sons. More than two million dollars have already been expended in the work, and the result is that we have here a Civil War memorial ground of absolute impartiality and historical accuracy, and of extraordinary interest to every patriotic American. It may be noted that Illinois and Georgia have erected the most mag-

nificent structures, while Ohio can show the largest number of monuments.

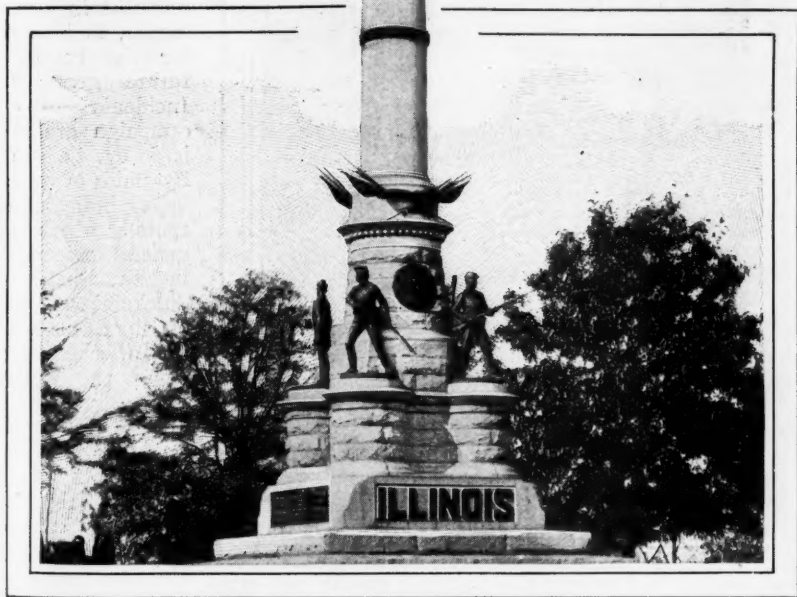
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

The lofty summit of Lookout Mountain is as it were the crown of all the consecrated ground within its shadow. On its precipitous front was fought the Battle above the Clouds, perhaps the most famous and romantic struggle of the Civil War. The scene of Hooker's irresistible attack on the Confederate lines is included in the reservation; and here, at a spot commanding a magnificent prospect, the State of New York is now erecting an eighty-thousand-dollar peace memorial. Rising from the brink of the yellow Tennessee—which here curves to form Moccasin Bend, a favorite camping-ground of the Indian tribes—the mountain overlooks an endless stretch of rolling hills and fertile valleys. It is said that seven States—Tennessee,

Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky—are visible from this historic viewpoint.

Along the line of Missionary Ridge—a name second in fame to Lookout Mountain—runs the Crest Road. Throughout its length, from Sherman Heights to Rossville, the smooth boulevard winds past monuments and markers, green terraces, many-columned Southern homes, and observation towers. Here Bragg's headquarters may be seen. The most imposing of the memorials is that of Illinois, of which an engraving appears on page 69—a tall column surmounted by a colossal figure holding aloft the laurels that are the meed of her soldier sons grouped around the base of the shaft.

Missionary Ridge commands another fine view, overlooking Chattanooga and her thriving suburbs, each of them once a battlefield. Here, at the close of day, the sun may be seen to sink behind Lookout's mighty brow,



THE ILLINOIS MONUMENT ON THE CREST OF MISSIONARY RIDGE, ONE OF THE MOST IMPOSING MEMORIALS IN THE CHICKAMAUGA-CHATTANOOGA PARK.

as on that chill November afternoon when the long, thin line of gray fought stubbornly against the onrush of Grant's blue-clad battalions.

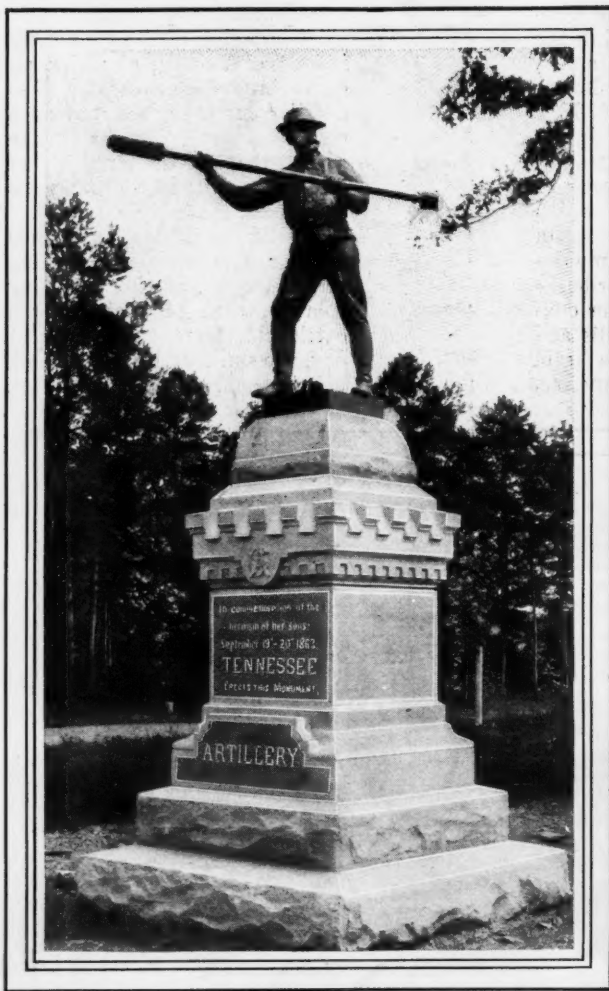
On another keenly-fought height, Orchard Knob, the earthworks of both armies are still to be traced. This was the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the second great combat waged here in 1863, the battle of Chattanooga, in which Grant retrieved the reverse that Rosecrans had suffered two months earlier at Chickamauga. Maryland has

chosen the crest of the hill for her tribute to her sons who died for the Stars and Bars and to those who helped to bear the Stars and Stripes to victory. New Jersey, Kansas, and other States are also represented here.

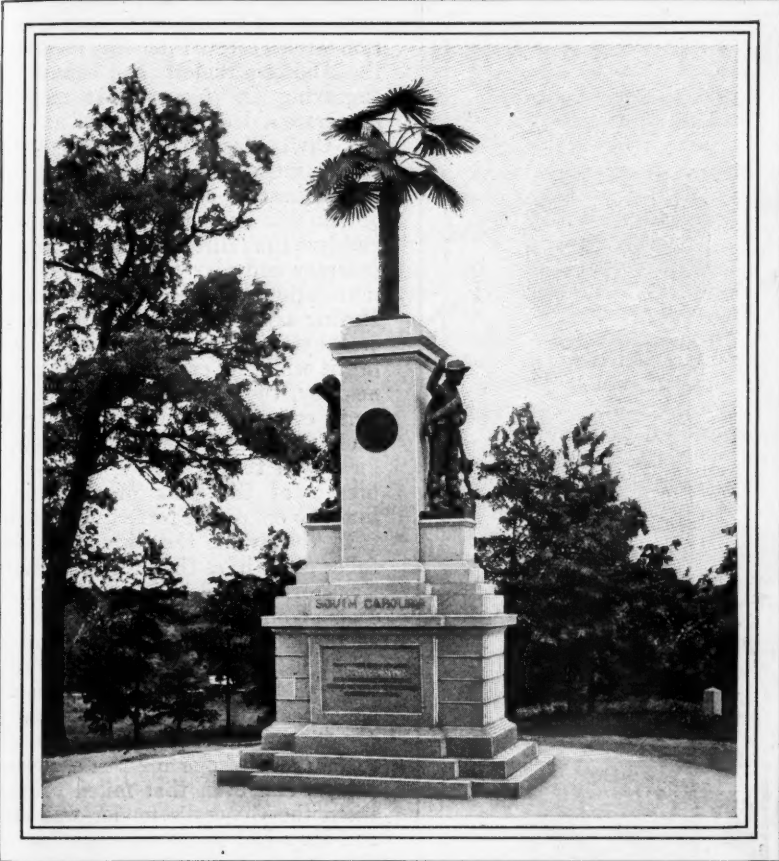
HISTORY IN GRANITE AND BRONZE.

The commissioners have endeavored, as far as possible, to restore the park to the aspect it wore at the time of the great battles of forty years ago. It has not been their aim to beautify the grounds, and some visitors may think that the name of "park" is almost a misnomer for a stretch of land partly forest-clad, and partly broken by fields and fences. Even the primitive log cabins that date from the Civil War have been left undisturbed.

The same idea of historical accuracy has been carried out in the monuments. The past is here recorded in granite, bronze, and marble for the benefit of future generations. Incidents of the campaign are localized by tablets. Pyramids of cannon-balls indicate the spots at which eight general officers fell in the battle of Chickamauga—four of them on either side, the best-known being the brilliant Lytle, author of "I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying." The movements of the various regiments have been carefully traced and marked. Hundreds of cannon have been mounted to show the positions



THE MEMORIAL OF THE TENNESSEE ARTILLERY AT CHICKAMAUGA—THE INSCRIPTION IS: "IN COMMEMORATION OF THE HEROISM OF HER SONS, SEPTEMBER 19, 20, 1863, TENNESSEE ERECTS THIS MONUMENT."



THE SOUTH CAROLINA MEMORIAL—THE INSCRIPTION IS: "TO HER FAITHFUL SONS AT CHICKAMAUGA SOUTH CAROLINA ERECTS THIS MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE VALOR THEY PROVED AND THE LIVES THEY GAVE ON THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD."

occupied by Union and Confederate batteries. The guns are of exactly the pattern actually used by the artillerymen of 1863, and they are very effective in impressing upon the visitor to the park the fact that he is treading one of the most fiercely-contested of the world's battle-grounds. Many of them are located in Chattanooga, for the city, now a flourishing industrial center, was a town of tents and entrenchments in Civil War times. And almost within her confines are the two cemeteries, Federal and Confederate, where rest the bodies of some twenty thousand men who followed the banners they loved and who sleep far from the homes that loved them.

Much of Chattanooga's history dates from her days of military occupation. The cold and hungry boys in blue destroyed every tree she had, save a few whose spreading branches sheltered some headquarters. On the memorials of regiments belonging to the Fourteenth Corps, which served under Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and which suffered severely during the siege of Chattanooga, there invariably appears an acorn, in token of the starvation diet of those weeks of hardship and scanty foraging. Practically all the foliage in the city is of new growth. And there is another crop of war-time sowing—one of military titles, for most prominent Chattanoogaans are generals,



THE WILDER'S BRIGADE MEMORIAL, A STONE TOWER EIGHTY FEET HIGH, RECENTLY COMPLETED, AND TO BE DEDICATED THIS AUTUMN.

colonels, or captains, not by courtesy, but by actual service. Having come here to fight in one uniform or the other, these gallant gentlemen remained to prosper, and it is they who have built and made the Mountain City.

In the Federal burying-ground there

stands one of the most unique monuments of all this great historical collection—that erected to the memory of the Andrews raiders, and shown in an engraving on page 66. It recalls as desperate a deed of daring as any in all the Civil War. The granite pedestal surmounted by a mimic engine of bronze bears the names of the handful of men who in April, 1862, attempted to paralyze the railroad system of the Confederacy and play havoc with the communications of the Southern armies. Having captured a locomotive, the General, by the simple expedient of boarding it while its crew were breakfasting near by, they dashed off, intending to burn every undefended bridge they could find. They wore no uniforms, and knew well that if they were taken, this breach of the laws of warfare was likely to entail the forfeit of their lives.

In the event, they were too closely followed to have time for such destructive work. At first in a hand-car, and soon in another locomotive, their pursuers were so hot on their trail that they could not even stop for fuel; and in those days of wood-burning furnaces no engine could travel very far on the supply it carried. Ere long all that the raiders could hope for was a chance of escape, and even that failed them, for when the General's tender was empty, and they had to abandon the machine, they were promptly captured. After a military trial, eight of them, including their leader, were hanged as spies; the others escaped or were exchanged.

SOME NEW MEMORIALS.

On the fortieth anniversary of Chickamauga, in September, and on that of Chattanooga, in November, an unusual number of dedications are to take place. This, of course, is written before the earlier date. Iowa will have her three great shafts in place; Maryland will hand over her memorial to the commissioners; Ohio has a fine new structure ready, besides a large number of markers; and the only brigade monument, Wilder's, is at last completed. Yet these are far from marking the end of the commemorative work, for many other new projects are already under discussion.

THE GREAT PROMOTERS.

BY E. J. EDWARDS.

THE MOST STRIKING INSTANCES OF MEN WHO HAVE TAKEN UP NEW IDEAS OR INVENTIONS AND PUSHED THEM TO SUCCESS, ADDING VASTLY TO THE WORLD'S WEALTH AND TO THEIR OWN.

THE late Abram S. Hewitt used sometimes to say that if "promotion" means the successful adaptation of a new idea to commercial, industrial, or civilizing use, then the greatest of modern promoters was undoubtedly Sir Henry Bessemer. Mr. Hewitt meant that the industrial achievement of the last half century which was of most commanding influence throughout the world, which most advanced civilization and added most enormously to the visible wealth of mankind, was the invention of the Bessemer steel process and its promotion. For to it, more than to any other one influence, we owe the iron and steel age, and especially the wonderful utilization of iron and steel for purposes which, a few years ago, were dependent upon other material than the products of the forge and the foundry.

In another sense, perhaps the greatest of modern promoters was Ferdinand de Lesseps, who at Suez achieved one of the most remarkable successes of the nineteenth century, and at Panama scored one of its most disastrous failures. It was not as an engineer that M. de Lesseps was connected with these two immense engineering works, but purely as a promoter—as a man who takes up a new idea and enlists support for it by his skill as a tactician and his power as a leader of men.

In this day of intense commercial and industrial activity, promotion, as it is technically understood, has become almost a profession. To achieve success in that profession, there must be, first of all, a commercially practicable idea; second, an unusual faculty for persuading men and marshaling capital to the exploitation of that idea. The time must also be opportune. Almost all the great successful promotions were, at

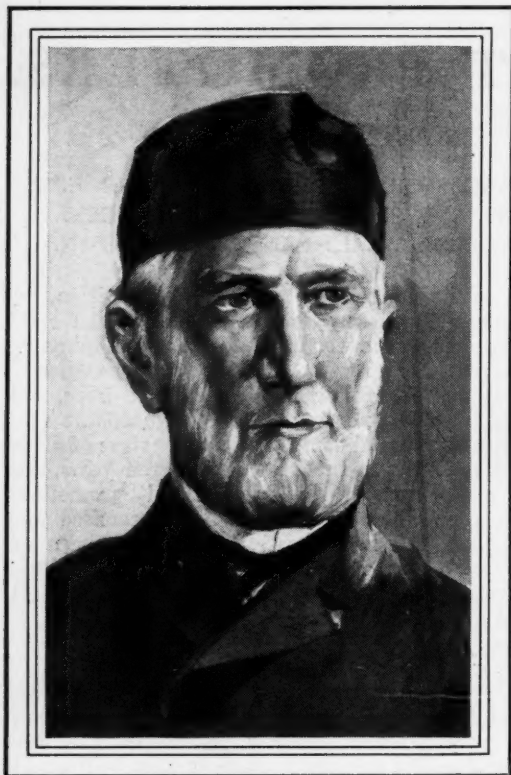
the time of their first proposition, rejected by those to whom appeal for aid was made. Most of them were taken up by a few men who had some confidence, or, if not confidence, some hope, but who nevertheless looked upon the venture as somewhat in the nature of a lottery. In the past hundred years, the number of unsuccessful promotions which at their inception promised well has been greatly in excess of the number of triumphant promotions which, at their beginning, contained no more than vague promise.

A GREAT POLITICAL PROMOTION.

Among promotions of a national character, there never, perhaps, was a greater than that first proposed by Russia and eagerly accepted by William H. Seward, when Secretary of State, although earnestly denounced by many citizens of the United States. The negotiations instituted by Russia, by which Alaska finally passed to the sovereignty of the United States, were, in their chief characteristics, precisely like the proceedings of private or corporate promoters.

The purchase of Louisiana was not a promotion. It was an opportunity eagerly seized by President Jefferson, and quite as eagerly offered by Bonaparte, and was, so far as France was concerned, a war measure. Other great acquisitions of territory have come by conquest or through diplomacy which had the prevention of war in view.

Soon after the perfection of the electric telegraph, the Russian government proposed an inter-continental scheme whereby the eastern and the western hemispheres were to be electrically connected by means of a line through Siberia, and across the Bering Strait



CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS, BUILDER OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER JETTIES, AND PROMOTER OF THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP RAILWAY PROJECT.

and Alaska, but the plan was abandoned because of the perfection of the Atlantic cable.

A little later, at the first moment practicable after the close of the Civil War, representatives of Russia entered into correspondence with Secretary Seward, with a view to promoting the sale of Alaska to the United States. With a statesman's vision which penetrated much farther into the future—at least, the future of the Pacific—than that of any other of his day, Seward gladly met the Russian national promoters, and soon perfected the agreement by which this most gigantic of land promotion schemes was consummated.

ELI WHITNEY'S HISTORIC INVENTION.

If we turn to individual or private promotions that were of international consequence, three or four which have

occurred in the past hundred years may properly be cited as chief among the civilizing influences of the era of steam and electricity. The invention of the locomotive and that of the apparatus for utilizing steam for propelling boats were not in the real sense promotions. They were rather the gradual development of an old idea than the introduction of a new one. But there was a promotion in the South which had all the characteristics of the activities and energies which are employed in perfecting a true promotive movement, and which played as important a part in molding the destiny of the United States as any other one achievement. In the spring of 1896, Ex-Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, of New York, who was traveling through the South, visited Augusta, Georgia, and called upon a fellow journalist and public servant of distinction, Patrick Walsh, then a United States Senator, and editor of the *Augusta Constitutionalist*. The conversation turned to the recent industrial development throughout the South, due in

part to the vast promotion of the iron and coal interests of the Central Belt. Senator Walsh, pointing from his open window across the Savannah River, indicated a dilapidated building which was in full vista.

"That," he said, "was the beginning of the true destiny of the South. There began one of the world's greatest achievements in promotion. If you will look upon the wall of this office, you will see a framed copy of the *Constitutionalist* of nearly a hundred years ago. It contains an advertisement of lands that were to be sold for taxes; and among other parcels were the very rich lands you see across the river, some three hundred thousand acres, belonging to the Toombs brothers, one of whom was the father, and the other the uncle, of General Robert Toombs. This land was so unproductive that it was not possible

to realize enough from it to pay the taxes.

"About that time," Senator Walsh continued, "there strayed up the river, from Savannah, a young school-teacher who had gone from Connecticut to serve as a tutor in the family of General Nathanael Greene of Revolutionary fame. He wandered through those fertile fields over there, and was suddenly inspired with an idea, out of which has come the civilization of the South. Securing the building you see there, he shut himself up to work out an apparatus which would make the cultivation of cotton profitable. He perfected the cotton-gin. Then he went forth to promote its manufacture and sale. He sought capitalists, planters, cotton-growers, some of whom regarded him as visionary, others looking upon his apparatus as a toy; but finally he was able to secure the aid of financiers, who undertook to finance the manufacture of his machine. It was superbly successful, and the whole South rapidly began to cultivate cotton. Within a year, the lands that had been offered for sale were withdrawn from the market; and they and other plantations made the Toombs family one of the richest in the South. From that point started the chapter of American history that culminated in the clash of two civilizations at the Civil War."

CALHOUN'S NATIONAL HIGHWAY AND CANALS.

John C. Calhoun, one of the first of the great politicians whose careers began with the industrial vitalizing of the South, soon after he entered Monroe's cabinet advocated a vast plan that had all of the characteristics of promotion. He proposed, first, the construction of a highway, or a national road, which would give communication between the Atlantic slope and the rapidly developing country west of the Appalachian range. He also advocated the pro-

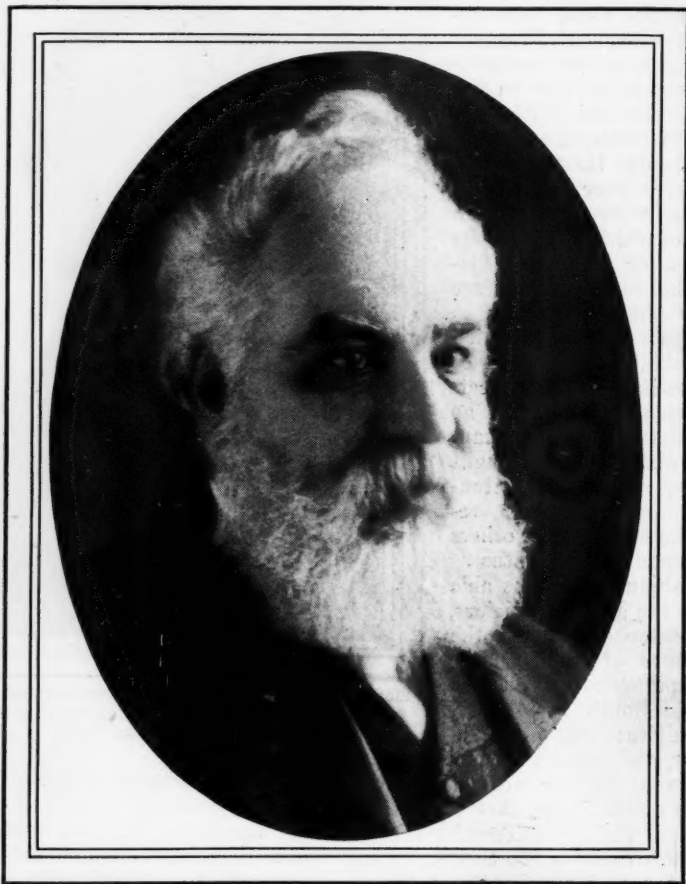


ELI WHITNEY, THE INVENTOR OF THE COTTON-GIN, WHO LATER MADE A FORTUNE IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FIREARMS.

motion of a scheme of internal waterways, beginning at Cape Cod, where a canal was to be cut, then utilizing the waters of Long Island Sound and the harbor of New York; with a second canal across New Jersey from the Raritan to the Delaware. Continuing southward, the Delaware was to be utilized until the Maryland peninsula was reached, where a third canal was to be cut. The proposed route went thence by Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk, and by a fourth canal across the Norfolk peninsula to the sounds of North Carolina, with a final canal across South Carolina to the coast of Florida. Calhoun advocated this great waterway as a means of national defense, and also for the stimulation of internal commerce; but the more general feeling was that such a promotion ought to be undertaken either by the States, acting in sym-

pathy, or by private capital. At this day private capital is engaged in cutting a canal across Cape Cod, while the Rari-

paratus, by means of which the electric current is utilized for the transmission of intelligible signals, was itself



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, PHYSICIST AND INVENTOR, WHO WITH THE LATE GARDINER HUBBARD ACHIEVED ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PROMOTIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN INTRODUCING THE TELEPHONE.

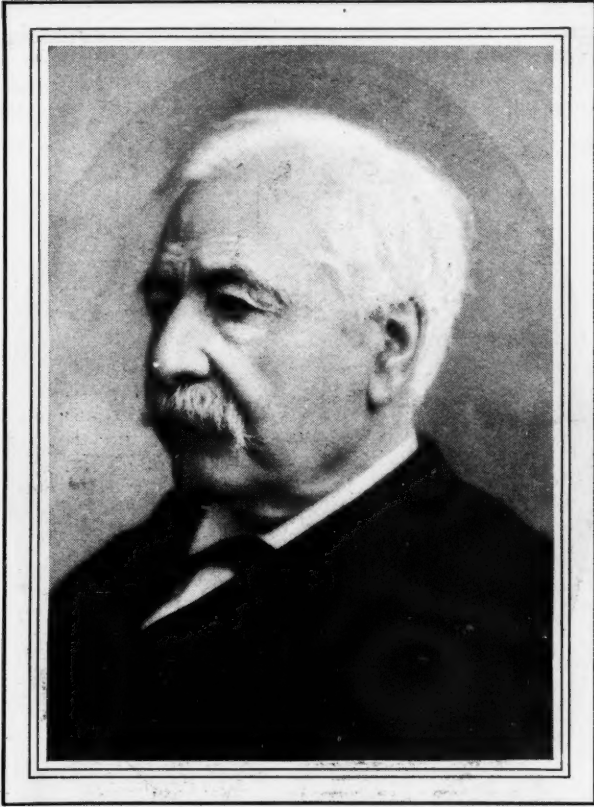
From his latest photograph by Clineinst, Washington.

tan, the Chesapeake, and the Norfolk canals have been promoted successfully.

CYRUS W. FIELD AND THE OCEAN CABLE.

Perhaps the most romantic and audacious of any of the schemes of promoters, based upon a new idea and dependent entirely upon faith, was the one advocated by Cyrus W. Field in the early fifties. In one sense, it was a development consequent upon an earlier promotion; for Professor Morse's ap-

promoted by a few courageous financiers; and out of that grew the first of the great industrial combinations—a vast promotion, delicate, comprehensive, by means of which all the electric telegraph companies of the United States were brought under one control. That promotion not only proved very profitable to its negotiators, but indirectly has vastly enlarged the wealth of the United States by cheapening the cost of the quick transmission of mes-



FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF MODERN PROMOTERS, WHO SCORED A SPLENDID SUCCESS AT SUEZ AND A DISASTROUS FAILURE AT PANAMA.

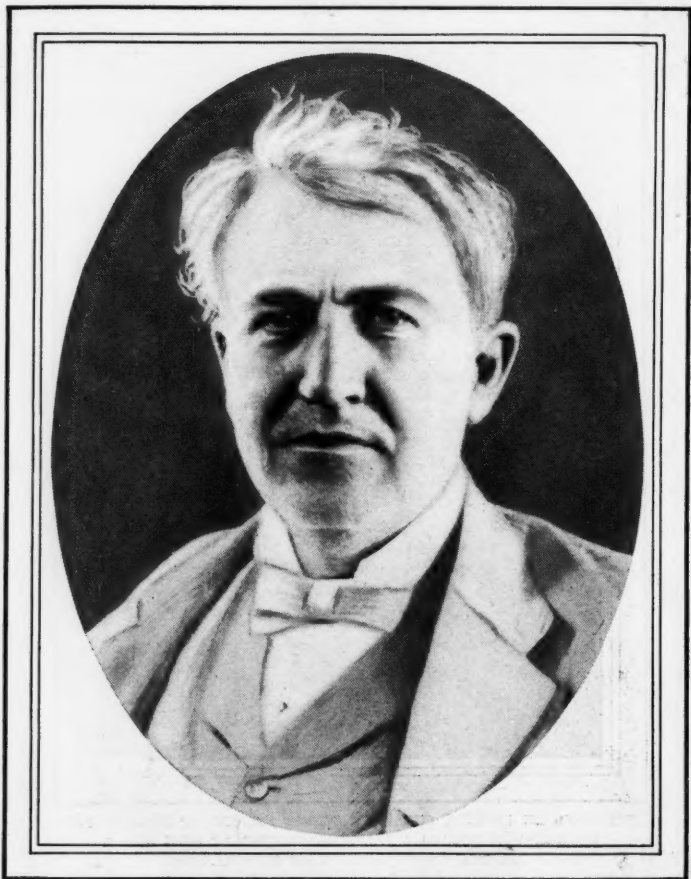
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

sages. Without it the fabric of our industrial, commercial, and financial activity would have been impossible.

To Mr. Field the idea came very suddenly that it would be feasible to construct a wire cable, with an interior rind of some perfectly insulating material, that enclosing a copper wire. This cable, he believed, could be deposited upon the bed of the ocean and made available for the transmission of intelligible signals from continent to continent. When Mr. Field first proposed his plan, he discovered that most of the capitalists of New York looked upon him as a fanatic—an experience which is not an uncommon one in the history of triumphant promotions. He had, however, mastered the subject from the scientific and geographical

points of view, and, to some extent, from that of financing. After almost infinite trouble, and by marshaling all his powers of persuasion, he got together a small company of moneyed men, with Peter Cooper and Robert B. Minturn among them, who promised to furnish the necessary capital for the construction and laying of an experimental cable.

Not in all the history of promotions, probably, is there a record of one involving such absolute faith, or such determination to venture into a wholly unexplored field, as was the case with the promotion of the Atlantic cable. Nor did the little company who substantially supported Mr. Field lose faith when, after a few messages had been flashed back and forth, the cable



THOMAS A. EDISON, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR, WHO PROMOTED THE INTRODUCTION OF THE INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHT.

From his latest photograph—Copyrighted by Munn & Company, and published by courtesy of The Scientific American.

ceased to convey the electric current intelligibly. For these men the demonstration had been made of the feasibility of depositing a cable two thousand miles long upon the bed of the ocean; and the fact that its operation had been suspended, instead of persuading them of the impracticability of the plan, convinced them that the idea was commercially practicable, and grandly practicable, but that improvements must be made in the sending and receiving apparatus. Fortunately, one of the world's great scientists was at hand to perfect the delicate apparatus needed; and for this service, and for other scientific achievements, Sir William Thomson,

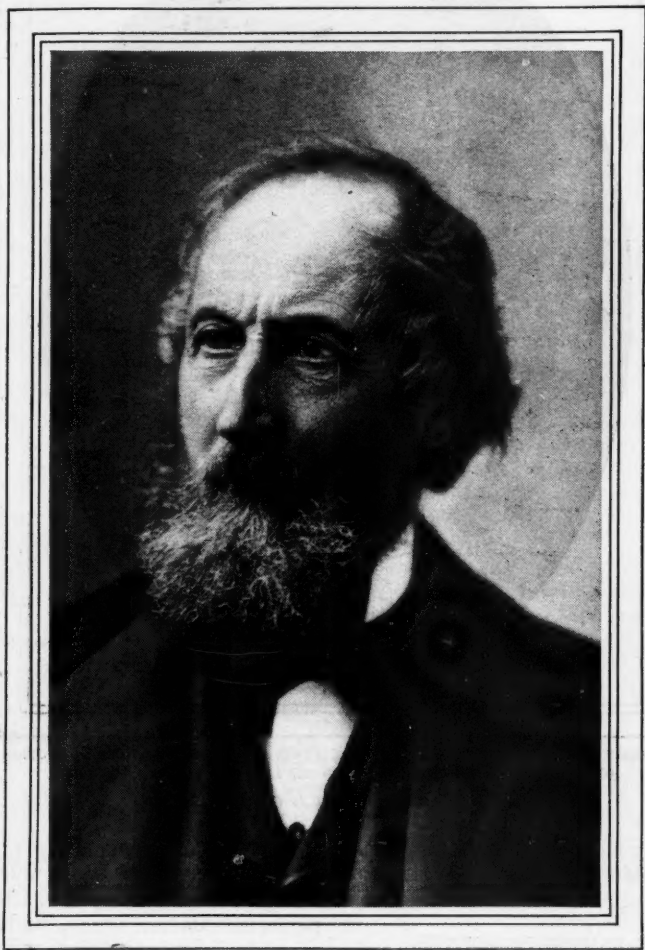
whom the cable company employed as an electrical expert, was afterwards elevated to the peerage of Great Britain as Lord Kelvin.

THE PROMOTION OF THE TELEPHONE.

One of the finest examples of highly successful promotion was furnished by the career of the late Gardiner Hubbard. Professor Bell had demonstrated the feasibility of the employment of the electric current for the transmission of sound vibrations produced by the human voice. His apparatus was perfected by the utilization of inventions of Berliner and of Edison. It is said that the latter received one hun-

dred thousand dollars, payable in seventeen annual installments, and that his apparatus was soon afterwards sold to the Bell Company for eight hundred thousand dollars—an experience which

president of one of the great electric corporations of the United States; and they succeeded at last in promoting the telephone in New England so successfully that, in a night almost, the shares



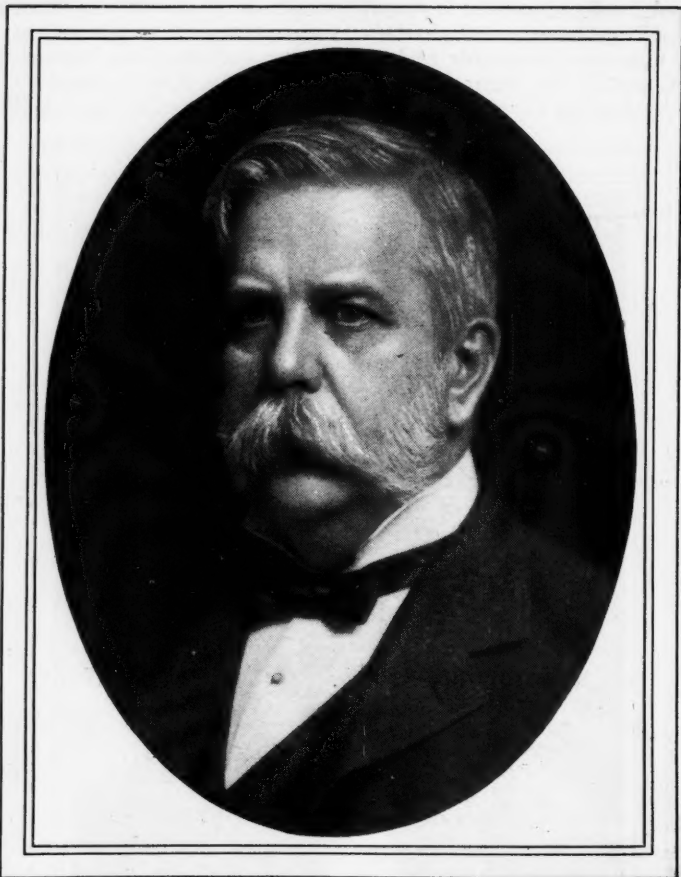
CYRUS W. FIELD, FATHER OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE, WHO CARRIED TO SUCCESS THE MOST DARING PROJECT IN THE HISTORY OF PROMOTION.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

taught Edison the advisability of doing his own promoting.

When the telephone was first exhibited and exploited, it was accepted as nothing more than a toy. There remained the promotion of the apparatus, and for that purpose Dr. Hubbard became interested in it. With him afterwards was associated Mr. Coffin, now

of stock appreciated from almost nothing to approximately three hundred dollars a share. The financing which this promotion involved consisted of incorporating local companies, the parent company holding a majority of their stock, and thereby controlling them. The promotion represented a creation of three or four hundred million dollars



GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE, INVENTOR AND CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY, WHOSE PROMOTION OF THE PNEUMATIC BRAKE MARKED AN ERA IN RAILROAD HISTORY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Gessford, New York.

of absolutely new wealth, enriching both the stockholders and the community at large.

OTHER FAMOUS PROMOTIONS.

After Edison had perfected the apparatus by which the electric current could be subdivided, and thus utilized for the incandescent electric light, he personally promoted that enterprise. He once said to the writer that it represented to him three millions of dollars, his first considerable capital; that it has created new wealth of approximately three hundred millions of dollars, and is giving employment to not far from a million persons.

One of the commanding promotions of the past thirty years was that of George Westinghouse, who, after he had perfected his air brake, undertook to promote it by interesting railway managers in it. At first it proved a slow and almost discouraging process; but at last the value of the apparatus was demonstrated, a great corporation was organized, and this air brake, with the steel rail due to the Bessemer process, made possible the opening and development of the Great West, and the advance of the United States to a foremost place amongst the nations.

There have been suggested or attempted promotions that appeared of

fascinating interest, that tempted capital, but which either failed, being found commercially impracticable, or else are in abeyance. One of these was the scheme of the late Captain Eads for the construction of a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. His plan was to haul vessels from either port, on the Atlantic or the Pacific side, by an inclined platform, to a railway. The ship was then to be placed upon enormous platform cars, braced into position, and carried across the isthmus. Scientifically, there was nothing impracticable in the idea. The promotion of it did proceed; but capital could not be secured in sufficient amount, it being deemed probable that the railway would ultimately have to compete with a canal at Panama or in Nicaragua.

THE THREE AMERICAS RAILWAY.

Some twenty-five years ago, Hinton Rowan Helper undertook to promote what was probably the greatest railway scheme ever proposed. Mr. Helper had gained a national reputation, just prior to the Civil War, because of a little book called "The Impending Crisis," in which he predicted, with what afterwards proved to be marvelous accuracy, the course of events leading to the clash of arms in 1861. Later he projected a railway running from the United States through Mexico and Central America, into South America; then penetrating central South America, opening up that vast and rich but untouched region; and having its southern terminals at Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic and Valparaiso on the Pacific.

When Jay Gould was invited to share in the promotion of this gigantic scheme, he declared that it was impracticable commercially, that not for a century would there be developed traffic enough to make it pay. What Mr. Gould decried Secretary Blaine warmly favored. He regarded the construction of an inter-continental railroad as of the highest importance to the United States, since it would bring us, politically and commercially, into closer relations with our sister republics of Central and South America. Mr. Blaine became a sort of governmental promoter of the scheme, and through his influence a commission of engineers was sent to make surveys and to report upon the feasibility of a route. Since his death, the report has been made, showing that there are no physical obstacles too serious to surmount.

Meanwhile, Mexico and other states have been gradually constructing, each on its own initiative, railroads that might form links in a great inter-continental system. The Argentine Republic has been reaching northerly; Peru has crossed the Andes with a railway; and within a year William R. Grace, of New York, and his partners, will have completed a trans-Andean line connecting Valparaiso with Buenos Ayres. So that, while Mr. Helper's promotion has not been successful, his idea has in part been realized, and capital now seems almost ready to develop a system by means of which a passenger could take a car at Chicago or New York and be conveyed to the great commercial cities of South America.

THE SKEPTIC.

WONDERING I stood beside a bough of bloom
Which bent its hallowed head above a stream,
And, like a monk who prays against the doom
Of death, it counted off its summer dream
In one long rosary of fragrance, till
The last breath melted on the silver rill;
And cold with disbelief, I faltered there,
For I could read no answer to my prayer.

But now, in glad October's spreading blush,
I pause again along the orchard-place—
Lo, brighter than the brown blur of the thrush
And all his flutter in the ivy-lace,
The great, red pippins, born of summer's dream,
Drop purple shadow-heads into the stream—
God's answer to the blossom-prayer—and now
I do believe, nor ask the why or how!

Aloysius Coll.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JESSIE GOLDING, the daughter of a wealthy American, is a passenger on the *Winona*, chaperoned by her aunt, and bound for England, where she is to marry Lord Eastry, when she meets Murray West, who interests her, despite the fact that his somewhat unprepossessing appearance has made him known to the other passengers as the *Rogue*. In conversation with her, West cheerfully owns up to being a man "with a past," and then angers the girl by characterizing her approaching marriage as the selling of her birth-right for a castle and three generations of blackguardism. But later there is an accident on board the steamer, and West is instrumental in saving a number of lives; whereupon he is restored to favor. Jessie tells Murray of her grief at the death of her brother, who was shot during a fracas at Jackson City, and she bitterly denounces his slayer. Murray acknowledges having witnessed the shooting of Lionel Golding, and tells the girl that he was not murdered, but refuses to give her any further details of the affair. This causes another rupture in their friendly intercourse, but it is resumed later when they are thrown together during the confusion resulting from another bad accident which happens to the steamer. She has broken her propeller shaft, and while she is helplessly adrift on the ocean a fog arises, during which another vessel runs into her and sinks her. Murray and Jessie escape on a small life-raft, and are espied some hours later by the lookout on the *Royal Scot*, a tramp steamer, and picked up. But their condition is not much improved, for the captain of the *Scot*, Tod Keen, is a low ruffian, and the crew—with the exception of the mate, Fenton, and one or two others—are no better. It is not long before Murray incurs the enmity of Captain Keen, and the latter tries to murder him. But West is watching, and the scene culminates in a furious attack made on Murray and Fenton by the captain, backed up by the crew, with the result that Keen is accidentally slain by one of his own men, and the crew temporarily subdued. Murray and his friends take refuge in the chart-room, and that night Jessie insists on standing guard for a time, while her defenders rest. While doing so, she has a talk with the second mate, Kelly, and when he learns that she is an American girl he announces that he is on her side through thick and thin.

XIV (Continued).

THE second officer went chattering on, pleased enough to find a pretty girl at his side, and asking himself what would happen to her if the men got the upper hand. Kelly had led a wild life; but something of an American's reverence for women remained to him; and although Jessie knew it not, her chance talk with him that night was to mean much in the hours before them. Kelly followed her like a dog; and when the watch was changed, and he turned in, he thought of her still.

We say that the watch was changed; and this, surely, was the strangest event of a night of events—that at eight bells, when Kelly summoned the watch from below, the men lurched up and took their stations as if nothing had happened. True, there were still dark patches upon the deck to mark the scene of the fracas; but the bodies of the dead were in the sea behind them, and all the stillness of the night, the cloudless sky, the cold waning moon, seemed to say: "Impossible, impossible that these things could have been!"

When the dawn came, the picture lost none of its weird delusions. Not a man

aboard the *Royal Scot* discussed the tragedy in any word above a whisper, and while Fenton paced the bridge as impassive as ever, and the dour Scotch engineer smoked a pipe by the engine-room skylight, the crew stood sullen and watchful, as those who knew that a reckoning must come but did not believe it would be yet.

Murray rarely closed his eyes that night. The sun had not been an hour above the eastern horizon when he started up from a fitful doze and discovered Jessie in the armchair by his bunk. Her pretense that she was sleeping was as pretty as it was disingenuous. As soon as Murray sat up, she opened her great eyes, and tried to look as little guilty as might be. He, on his part, was weary and ill-prepared for activities; but his mental perceptions were clearer for the sunshine, and his anxiety for their future would not let him rest.

"Come," he said, "this is absolute nonsense; what is Fenton doing, to let you be here?"

"Mr. Fenton, I believe, is on the bridge. Shall I call him down to send me away?"

Murray sank back upon his pillow, and regarded her with the tenderness which no manner of his could quite conceal.

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"How long have you been here, Jessie? When did you come down?"

"When the watch changed. They didn't seem to want me out there; at least, they weren't polite enough to say so. I hope you are better, Murray; I only waited to ask you that."

"Thank you, much better. My convalescence will be complete when I hear that you are in bed. It was very foolish of you, Jessie, but very kind. Don't think that I am insensible or unfeeling. I'm not that at all. I want to do the best for us all, and your best at present is bed."

"Let me dress your arm again and I will go, Murray."

"That's a bargain! I'll give you ten minutes, Jessie. Tell Fenton that I shall be with him directly. He's a good fellow, is Fenton, just the silent, honest seaman whose like you may find on any ship, whatever ruffians she carries. If there hadn't been a splendid Providence watching over you and me, we should have missed Fenton. But that's our luck, the luck which is going to take us right through to England, Jessie. Lord Easby will have to put up a tablet to me at Monkton Castle. I deserve that, and you can design it—an ethereal figure with one foot on a ship's deck, and two angels for the corners. You'll see that I have my tablet, Jessie—you won't deny me that?"

Jessie's face clouded while he spoke, and she had no heart to respond to his jest. He saw plainly that he had wounded her, and he passed swiftly to the old topic.

"I must speak to Fenton about the men. If we can keep them quiet for a few hours, the thing's done. It was a dreadful scene, Jessie, and of course there will be an inquiry when we get ashore. We must try to shield the men as much as possible, and let that madman bear the brunt. I'm glad he didn't die by my hand. It's something to remember that one of his own killed him; but I want you to forget it all, if you can, and to leave the matter to Fenton and myself. We have both some wits to call our own, and we ought to be equal to it. I don't think you've anything really to fear, though I cannot keep it from you that there might be danger, if the worst comes to the worst—but I'm going to look for the best, and to say that I have been helped by the bravest little girl in America. You won't forbid me to say that, Jessie?"

"It would be quite untrue, Murray. I am not brave at all; bravery is something altogether different. I was frightened out of my life; but I hadn't time to tell you so.

It's been the same ever since we left the Winona. I don't think I shall ever quite realize that you and I lived through that night, and I don't know even now what happened yesterday. I seem changed into some one else, and I do believe the real Jessie Golding is still aboard the steamer, going to London to be married. I can't even ask myself if our friends are alive; I dare not do it. I want to wake up and tell myself that it isn't true, that I've dreamed it, that I am in my old cabin and am going up to the promenade deck to find my aunt and Mr. Trew and the others. Do you think they were saved, Murray?"

"I don't know, Jessie. I have hardly the right to speak of it. Many perished—we know that, we saw them for ourselves; but that isn't to say that many were not saved. I feel sure your aunt was in one of the boats. The men had a poor chance, and I am asking myself a dozen times a day if my friend Laidlaw did well or badly. Poor chap, he'll miss me badly! Do you know that Laidlaw is the weakest man I ever saw, and yet I love him? We know why we love a woman; something in her compels us; but in a man's case it is pure volition, often an aberration of the affections which is as incomprehensible as it is illogical. I would give a thousand pounds to hear that Laidlaw was alive."

Jessie did not think less well of him for this affection for his friend, though in her own heart she was asking herself if his estimate of the difficulties were true, and if love for woman was so easy of understanding as he would have it to be. Perhaps his great secret was not wholly hidden from her; but a certain pride forbade her to ask if that were so. Never once in the course of those perilous days had he spoken any word that a man might not address to the veriest stranger. If she knew the truth, it was because her womanly instinct understood, from this very self-control, the ardent passion with which it strove; the desire to leave her free and unfettered, the honorable truce which sealed his lips and would remain unbroken until she should be beyond the claims of his opportunities, the mistress of her own destiny and of his.

If such a code of honor pleased, it also piqued her vanity, and led her sometimes to say that she would provoke his declaration. Alone with him in this intimate comradeship, all would have been made so easy if Murray had but said: "I love you." But those were the words that remained unspoken; and there were hours when

Jessie believed that they would remain unspoken to the end.

Whether this silence would minister ultimately to her happiness, or leave her the fretting child of an elusive desire, she knew not in that dark hour of her destinies, nor cared to ask until the curtain of doubt should be lifted and she should see the day beyond.

XV.

It has been remarked that sailors are much like sheep. They will go through any gap of folly which circumstance offers, without so much as asking why or where, or even caring whether the road leads to the abattoir. If no gap be available, they are equally content to chew the cud in the first sheltered place they come to, and to abandon a nomadic future in the face of a satisfying and abundant present.

So it befell on board the *Royal Scot*, where the hands gathered about the dinner-table in the fo'castle at one bell on the day following the tragedy, and discussed yesterday's events with as little concern as they would have devoted to a fat lady at a fair or the latest performance of a well-known pugilist. They had followed Captain Keen to the bridge last night because it was an obvious thing to do. They had quitted the bridge for a reason no less satisfactory. Now that facts were facts and the daylight sobered them, and Fenton, the silent, walked the bridge, they were just sheep again, browsing in a comfortable meadow and quite incapable of judgments either shrewd or helpful.

Three men took a leading part in this futile discussion. One of them was a German, to whom old Joe, the carpenter, Bath, the quartermaster, Watson, the boy, and a miscellaneous audience of Swedes, Teutons, and the riff-raff of docks, listened with baited breath. The point to be decided was an ominous one—no less than the question whether Fenton should be permitted to walk the bridge as he was doing, or should forthwith be knocked upon the head and sent to join their late lamented skipper. This question was quite too much for the crew of the *Royal Scot*.

"Vell," the German was saying, "he look at you so, mit his eye, and you run away like little shildren. Vat for? Is he so big, so large? I say dot he is not. You are all tamm cowards, and at Caracas you shall hang, every man upon a goot rope."

Old Joe shook his head and cut himself an enormous quid of tobacco, while he admitted the accusation.

"That's so," he agreed, "and a precious big fool I was to sign on at all! I ought to be past nigger ships at my time of life, and yet here I am with all the rest of you. Where shall I be to-morrow? I'd give a precious big chunk of 'bacca to know—indeed I would, though that ain't to say as it matters much, good rope or bad."

"Well," said Bath, the quartermaster, "you keep the 'bacca in your box and you'll be a wiser man. The fact is, mates, Captain Keen was a bad egg, and there's no use in saying he wasn't. I'm not one to cry on against a man taking a glass to drink—the Lord knows we all want it sometimes; but I do say this, when drink comes near knocking out a cook's brains with his own saucepan, it's time something was done. That man didn't do well by you and me, mates; the papers I've got prove he didn't. It was to be just a pleasure party out and home, and the guns to be handed over nice and quiet at Caracas, and all of us to earn enough to buy grog-shops when the trip was done. Well, I'd sell my grog-shop cheap this day—sure and certain I would!"

He filled his pipe and lit it angrily. Watson, the boy, was telling a Chinaman, with much picturesque detail, exactly how the captain died.

"I saw the knife do it," the lad said; "and he went 'ouch, ouch,' just like that, and then he scratched the boards with his fingers and drew his legs up. He walloped me yesterday, so I didn't care. He was always wallop'in' me; I'm black and blue right down to my shins!"

"And so you deserve to be," said old Joe, reprovingly. "What's boys like you got to do with it? You run off and see if Mr. Fenton wants you; perhaps you might hear what they're saying up there. I'll give you sixpence if you tell us anything, lad."

Bath, the quartermaster, thought that this offer savored of riotous extravagance, and the German heard it with right down contempt.

"How shall your sixpence help you?" he inquired sarcastically. "Here you zail to the rope, and vy? Because you are poltroons—that is vy, and no oder reason. Run up the Sherman flag and make yourself safe at Caracas! Sheneral Matos vill pay the pill—vy not? It is common zenze!"

"That be blowed," said Bath, the quartermaster. "We're into the hole,

and German flags aren't going to pull us out. I'll tell you what, though; Fenton's the man who could see us through if he had the mind to, and I've got to learn what keeps us back from him. Here we are, all in the wrong boat together, and Fenton no better off than the rest of us. Who's going to save his neck, I ask you? It ain't German flags, no, nor Chinese flags neither. We're took at both ends, mates, and precious bad at that!"

Old Joe remarked that any warship, English, American, or German would probably blow them to Krüger and back just by way of a holiday jaunt; and thereafter the conversation became desultory, and singularly characteristic of a seaman's inability to realize the nature of the tragedy or its relation to his own life. Here they were, mutineers upon a quasi-pirate—a ship bearing arms to the rebels of Venezuela, liable to be shot or hanged or drowned as the occasion might dictate; yet give them a full pipe, a mug of coffee, and a mess of soup, and to-morrow did not exist for them. When Watson, the boy, came down from the chart-room and added his dish of gossip, they listened at first with phlegmatic interest, and were not aroused until the imminence of the danger became apparent.

"You hand over that sixpence," said the boy to old Joe, with a leer of triumph. "Here's Mr. Fenton telling him as you're all dead and buried, and no mistake neither."

"You don't mean that," cried old Joe, surprised in spite of himself.

"I do indeed; you're to swing at Port of Spain. Them as is lucky will rot in irons—that's what the black 'un says. You're a flock of silly sheep, and they ain't afraid of you no longer."

"Oh, ain't they?" said old Joe, crest-fallen but disbelieving. "Well, look here, youngster, seeing as I've got to swing anyway, suppose as I begin by trying the rope on your back, you little liar!"

Watson leaped nimbly to the companion in the face of this dire threat, and from the vantage-ground of the second step he continued with infantine simplicity to cheer and enlighten them.

"Don't you go calling me a liar, 'cause I ain't, Mr. Joseph. You're going to die, and you'd better be preparing yourself. Here's the English gentleman saying that he'd whip you all with a birch broom. Why don't you think of your latter end? That's what the English gentleman says. You ought to know better than calling honest boys liars at your time of life. Now, don't you touch me, or I'll holler!"

They did not touch him, fearing that his yells might bring Fenton down upon them, but they all sat drawing heavily at their pipes and wondering by what means they might bribe him to a full and free confession.

"I'll give you my coffee if you'll behave yourself, Watson."

"Don't want it; they give me real coffee up-stairs. Yours ain't decent grounds."

"You shall clean my vatch," said the German in a burst of generosity.

"It's stopped already—what's the good of that?"

"I'll tell you what, lad," chimed in Bath, the quartermaster, "you tell us what they really did say and I'll give you my old pistol with the two barrels."

Evidently Watson was tempted. He sucked his finger thoroughly and descended a step.

"I can still holler here," he observed cautiously.

"Don't you be afeared; speak right up and that pistol's yours. I've got it in my chest, lad—you shall see it in a moment."

Watson came down another step, and waited until the rusty barrels of the ancient weapon were at length displayed to his covetous gaze. Unable to withdraw his eyes from the contemplation of such a treasure, he came step by step to the table and began to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"He ain't going to put into Charleston, 'cause he don't mean to risk anything now. He'll sell this old ship to General Matos and save his skin. The English gentleman and the lady with him—she says she ain't his wife, but I know different—they're all for striking the flag to this gunboat that's after us, 'cause they say, being English, they don't care; but Mr. Fenton, he's afeared of 'em, and he's running for it. You can hear the engines for yourselves."

He wound up the harangue by making a grab at the pistol and bolting up-stairs. The tidings he had carried were so little welcome yet so obviously true that every man in the fo'castle sprang to his feet and began to gird up his belt, as if the answer must be his and his alone. The German spoke first, but excitement made him incoherent. Old Joe took it up with more restraint, but with an apprehension not less apparent.

"It's true, by the Lord! We're running fourteen knots, mates; and that's the best this ship can do. What's it mean now, what's he a doing of?"

"It means," said Bath quietly, "that we're all dead men if this ship strikes!"

"Then you shall not strike! You poltroons, you shall kill him first before! Up mit you, up to the bridge! You haf the rope round about your necks, and vat you stand gaping stare for? Up mit you, I zay!"

They obeyed him without a word, and headlong like sheep they swarmed up the companion and came out upon the deck. One swift survey of the sun-gold sea, of the anxious faces upon the bridge, of the funnel belching volumes of smoke, but above all of a distant object upon the starboard horizon—the squat masts, the unmistakable shape of a war-boat—told them the whole of the story.

What was the cruiser which pursued them? What flag did she fly? Upon what errand did she steam? They were soon to learn. Fenton's clear voice raised in all the confidence of authority brought them to reason instantly, and found them a gaping crowd at the ladder's foot.

"Steady there!" the order went. "Do you want lead for dinner? Yes, you may look at it! Yonder's a Venezuelan gunboat. Her commander will hang you to the last man if he catches you. Is that what you came up to hear? Good news, my lads, isn't it? Shall we strike or run? I'll take my orders if you'll please to name them."

They did not answer him. Some of them lurched to the bulwarks and stared at the cruiser with stupid eyes; others stuck their hands in their pockets and regarded Fenton with a silent hostility which a word or look might have made active. Up above, upon the bridge, three waited with beating hearts and nerves high-strung for that last declaration which must mean life or death to them.

Would the men risk all in one desperate throw for the command and the ship? There were but four against them and one woman; and for long minutes together the fate of the brave men and the brave girl with them hung in the balance. Murray scanned the frowning faces as for a message which must mean all the best or the worst to him, but they told him nothing. A straw would have turned the balance. Old Joe, the carpenter, spoke at last, and his words were like a douche upon that heated company.

"I'll tell you what, mates," he said quietly; "you do as you please, but since I can't run this ship myself, I'm going to leave Mr. Fenton where he is."

Some one cried out that Joe was always an officers' man, and the German

had already drawn his knife, and taken two steps toward the ladder, when the loud report of a pistol was heard. There stood Watson, the boy, with a smoking weapon in his hand and his face as white as death.

"Please, I didn't!" he stammered. "It worn't me, Mr. Fenton—the blime thing went off by itself. Oh, I do hope I ain't shot the German!"

He had not shot the German—merely sent him flying of sheer fright into the scuppers. While the crew laughed uproariously, Murray dared to breathe. There was safety in laughter, he said—safety and time. The necessity for one was as great as for the other.

"Play up to it, Fenton," he whispered. "Say the engineers are with us. They'll take it from you—of course they will."

Fenton slipped to the railing of the bridge and held up his hand for silence.

"If you weren't blind, my men," he said, "you'd understand that I'm running this ship as fast as crazy engines can move her. Do you suppose we're any better off than you? Is General Matos going to be kind to the man who has arms aboard to turn him out? It's sink or swim together, and that should be plain to you. If you'll stand by me, I'll do what I can for you. If it's the other thing, come up here and tell me so—and the first man who sets his foot on that ladder is as good as carrion. What sort of a tenpenny rag doll do you take me for? Do you suppose I haven't figured it? Well, walk around to the chief engineer and ask him. Maybe you can row this ship if the engines stop! Now you go and think it over, for I've done with you, and I'm going to steam out of danger if I can. I can't waste my breath on a parcel of thick-headed fools. Be off with you to your posts—it makes me sick to see you!"

The men heard him without a word or a gesture. When he had done with it and turned to Murray again, they gathered together and fell to discussing it with much whacking of palms and a nice insistence upon quite unnecessary points. Taught by long years of habit to obey the orders of the man upon the bridge, excitement and rage alone fortified them in resistance; and now that laughter had changed the current of the offensive idea, they reasoned with some shrewdness that the first and only object of the moment was to escape the ship which pursued them so steadily. There she was, plainly to be seen upon the post-quarter; an old-fashioned gunboat with stumpy masts, an

evil-looking funnel, and a great loom of smoke drifting behind her like the devilish tail of some great comet of the deep. If she gained upon them, her advantage was but scarcely perceptible, for the engines of the Royal Scot were shivering in their frames by this time, and her furnaces roared at a white heat. It would be a long chase, the men said; and saying it, they took a full breath and reminded each other that Fenton was the only clever officer among them, and that if he went under, the ship might as well go to glory at once.

Elementary instincts of self preservation signed the truce upon which they were now set as keenly as they had been upon murder ten minutes ago. They must keep Fenton upon the bridge—that idea obsessed them to the exclusion of any other; and more willing seamen than they proved themselves to be for some hours to come never served the captain of a tramp. Nay, so far civility went that luncheon was served in the saloon; and although two of the lunchers had loaded revolvers in their pockets, they might as well have carried pop-guns for any need there was of them.

"It will be London in twenty days after all," Murray said to Jessie when they sat down. "The delay is bad, but it might have been worse. Fenton will tell you that we are coming out all right. Eh, Fenton, isn't it that? Come, man, don't be a pessimist."

"I'm not, sir. There's no room for pessimism on a tramp steamer, as you may judge for yourself. If you ask me a plain question, I will give you a plain answer. We shall sight the Windward Islands before that gunboat picks us up. That is my opinion. I may be wrong, but I stick to it."

"And if you don't sight them—if we are taken, Mr. Fenton, what then?" asked Jessie, who had told herself many times that the strain was wearing her out, but who confessed as much to none. "Is there any Venezuelan ship that would harm a subject of the United States? I don't believe there is. They're frightened of us—everybody's frightened of us, and you know it's true!"

Fenton would not have contradicted such confidence for the world. If British prejudice led him to doubt the exact value of American citizenship at such a crisis, he kept his own counsel, and went on quietly with his dinner.

"Of course you are quite right," he said. "My old-fashioned notions don't get very far away from the bridge of my

own ship, and that's a fact. You are to reach London, Miss Golding; that is why I am making for a British port, even if it is not the port named in my bills. We might go further north, I grant you, and touch at Kingston, where you would get a ship at once, but I have my own reasons for not doing that. Some day I will tell you what they were. We old seamen, you know, are taught the value of holding our tongues. You will forgive me if I cannot say more."

She forgave him with a look, but neither she nor Murray would ever forget how much they owed to this simple-minded, honest seaman. His silence was itself a guarantee of their safety. There was not a man upon the Royal Scot who did not trust Fenton in doubt or difficulty.

"Of course she forgives you," said Murray, taking the defense upon himself. "What's she here for, if it isn't to forgive us both. Look at this miserable sinner, and observe the way he is consuming a particularly indigestible pudding. He knows that he is forgiven. If he were quite sure that you would make Port of Spain before an inquisitive gunboat, he would take another helping. It's got to be done, Fenton; we must outsteam her if we burn the beds! Why, you wouldn't have it said that a fifth-rate tramp is to be put before a daughter of America, who is going to St. George's to be married? Shame on the notion. All Lloyd's would be against you!"

He pushed his plate away from him, and Fenton immediately heaped another serving of the pudding upon it.

"I will answer you like that," said he. "If yonder tub cannot take fifteen knots I am a Dutchman. If you sold up the country, sir, Venezuela could not buy a couple of battleships, and if she could buy them she could not handle them. They'll tell us just now how we are doing, but I have no doubts. We shall be in Port of Spain to-morrow night, and there's an end of it. You can get a steamer from there to Jamaica and go home on one of the West Indian boats. If it takes you more than three weeks to make London, that is not my fault; but it doesn't seem to me that a day or two more or less is of much consequence just now."

Jessie said that it was no consequence at all, and in such a tone of voice that Murray looked at her sharply. Reading deep in her eyes the meaning of her words, his usually pale face flushed a little, and he turned away uneasily.

"I agree," he said. "It is of no consequence at all. We joke about these things, but I think we must all thank God in our hearts that we are alive to speak of them. When I write a book, I shall perhaps be able to tell others what I cannot tell myself just yet. If you asked me, Fenton, I would say it was all a nightmare. I don't believe the Winona ever was built, or if she was built, she is not at the bottom of the sea. The rest is equally nebulous. There never was a raft, and the Royal Scot does not exist. Can you understand it?"

Fenton shook his head. He had been through too many perils by land and water to lose his perspective.

"I don't understand it at all," he said. "What about the young lady, for instance? Isn't she real?"

"Mr. West will not admit that," said Jessie quickly. "He is too fond of the delusion. I am like an old leather trunk that you send off by express. It is a relief to get rid of it and to hand over the check to some one else. He has been telling me so ever since he saved my life. It was 'London, London, London' all day on the raft, and he can't think of anything else even now. I'm sure he'll dance for joy when he sees me on another ship."

"You know that I don't dance," said Murray. "I leave that to your clerical friends. My personal joy will take the shape of a new suit of clothes and some clean collars. Do you remember, Fenton, bringing me an empty money-case the first day I was aboard? You said the contents had been stolen. Well, so they had, by a couple of sharpers on the Winona. I put the notes there to be stolen; they represented about four hundred pounds in bad money. If a gentleman named Sedgwick ever gets to England, he will probably do seven years. My own money was in my belt—we may need all of it at Port of Spain."

Murray related this little story as if it were a trifle to amuse them at the table, but his real purpose was to let Jessie know that he could help her to England when the moment came. She had never thought anything at all about the matter of money, and it was not until he broached it that she understood how dependent upon him she was at every step of this fateful pilgrimage.

"You think of everything, Mr. West!" she exclaimed a little sadly. "Why, I was in such a fluster that I even left my jewelry behind, and as for money, who could remember that when a ship's sinking? I shall have to cable to my father

from Port of Spain, and tell him to come and fetch me."

The thought of others is rarely possible to us in the fret and rush of incident. We need not charge selfishness against those who, finding their first obligation to themselves, are indifferent for the moment to the anxieties of their kinsfolk. So swiftly had events moved since the terrible night when the Winona added one to the long roll of steamships doomed upon the high seas, that any recollection of those at home, their sorrow, and their suspense, had perforce been momentary and in some sense unreal. But now when the clouds were lifting and a glimmer of light beyond them might be seen, Jessie remembered, and in her remembrance there was both joy and sorrow.

XVI.

KELLY, the second officer, had been upon the bridge during the luncheon hour, but he came down while they were still sitting at the table and reported an unwelcome fact.

"She's coming up, sir," he exclaimed a little abruptly. "I hope I'm wrong, but I should like you to see. There's more of her above the horizon than there was an hour ago. I think it must be the Restaurador. The Venezuelans have only one gunboat of that shape, so it must be her. I wish you'd come up right now, Mr. Fenton, and tell me what you think."

All quitted the table abruptly at this ill news, and hastily followed Kelly to the bridge, where a single glance justified his alarm. There, on the starboard quarter, the gunboat was plainly to be seen, and while all the facts concerning her had been but a surmise heretofore, Fenton's splendid glass confirmed them before many minutes had passed. Even Murray's untrained eye could perceive how rapidly the strange ship gained upon them, while the dense volumes of smoke pouring from her funnel, and the crescent of foam at her bows, bore witness to the frantic exertions of her crew.

"She's gaining hand over foot," said Fenton quietly. "If she holds on like that, eight bells to-night will strike our flag. I don't like it, Mr. West, I don't like it at all!"

He fell to pacing the bridge like some caged animal which turns restlessly to and fro, seeking a gate to the endless bars. They all understood how real was his fear. The men below, clustered together in discontented groups, would

glance from time to time at his impassive face as if to read the message of their fate. Would night save them or by night must the end come? No man knew. The two ships rushed onward, one toward its haven, the other upon its prey.

The pursuit endured with varying fortune throughout the long afternoon. A fitful westerly wind, which had blown with some freshness in the forenoon watch, died away until it was not a cat's paw at two bells. From that moment the air seemed charged with some sulphurous heaviness, and the blue sky above was obliterated in a fine mist, unlike anything the men had seen. They would have welcomed a fog at this hour like some good gift of fortune, but no fog fell; nor was the horizon obscured, and both ships remained visible, each to the other, like a black shape against a cold, gray curtain.

Whatever advantage had been gained by the Restaurador in the morning hours, she failed to make good as the day drew on. In the distance between the two ships there was no change which even a seaman might detect. From time to time, perhaps, as a supreme effort at the furnaces drove one or the other to abnormal speed, and the whole sea about was a dense cloud of suffocating smoke, there would be a momentary shifting of position which would re-animate hope or baffle it; but in the main the battle was a drawn one, whose doubtful issue drove the crew of the Royal Scot to new frenzies of labor and to new threats against those who would have saved them.

No man aboard now but did not go willingly to the stoke-hole and there take the place of the sinking firemen. Weird forms, half naked and covered from head to foot with black sweat, sent their long shovels and their rakes into the fiery eyes of the steaming boilers, caring nothing for bell or watch or anything but their own safety. Words of encouragement, words of despair, spurred them to the task. They knew not precisely what they had to fear from the Venezuelan gunboat, but plain fact told them that they were dealing with a half-barbarous nation—blockaders running a cargo of arms to a state which cared nothing for the law of nations and much for the virtue of the rope. Rightly or wrongly, they believed that the gunboat's commander would shoot or hang them on sight; and if their fears were ignorant and premature, they were none the less effective.

Never since she was built, had the Royal Scot plunged through the long

Atlantic swells as she plunged that day—her steel plates shivering in the bolts, her masts trembling, her engines racing until the very beams threatened to be burnt away. And through it all the cry of gain and loss went up, the oaths, the threats of rogues who had not done a decent day's work in all their lives, but who now atoned in one short hour for the leisure of the past. Such as these fought to reach the engine-room ladder, fought with one another at the bunker's mouth, were fighting still as the coal was pitched into the gaping furnaces and the flames licked it up. Night must find them beyond the range of the pursuer's guns.

Fenton never left the bridge, nor did he communicate his own thoughts to any one. From time to time, in answer to Jessie's staccato questions, he would say "Oh, she'll do," or "It's well enough," or again "I really cannot tell you"; but more than this he would not say, and for the best of reasons, that any man on the ship was as well able to judge the situation as he. What breath he had for words he devoted to the engineers and those in the stoke-hole. Again and again he cried out for more steam, applauded their efforts, and sent new men to assist them, until they began to realize that he put no less a price upon successful flight than they did.

Murray, in the chart-room, remarked every inflection of that usually cold voice, and he confessed to Jessie that he would sooner have seen the first officer silent than loquacious.

"Fenton's anxious," he said reflectively. "It's the first time I've seen him so since we were on the ship. Just look at the way he walks up and down—like a tiger in the zoo, you might say, if it were not Fenton. I suppose he's got it in his head that a Venezuelan is another name for a cut-throat. I think he is wrong, but I don't tell him so. A navy is not a good training ground for rogues, even a South American navy. The commander of that ship would probably treat us decently. It's only my surmise, of course, but I hold to it."

Jessie shook her head, and, leaning far back in the deck chair, which a susceptible steward had discovered among the treasures of the Royal Scot, she took Fenton's part.

"My father was once in Venezuela on a railway commission, Murray. He used to say that he would sooner have been in prison. All the women wanted to marry him and all the men to shoot him. I think Mr. Fenton is quite right. We

know what we are doing here, but that steamer's a lottery. Father said he would sooner go into a wild beast den than visit Caracas again. He doesn't like pistols, and he hates women. Mr. Fenton's the same, isn't he?"

"Oh, Fenton's a good fellow," Murray admitted willingly. "He has his head screwed on the right way. No doubt he thinks it is for the best, and of course he has a valuable consignment on board—amongst other things, one young lady in a hurry to get married. You will have to write the story of your engagement some day, Jessie, and dedicate it to me. 'Through Fire and Water to Hanover Square.' I venture to think you won't better the title."

Jessie turned her head away, and gazed through the window of the chart-room, wherefrom she could see the misty horizon and the black cloud which almost obscured the outline of the pursuing ship. Murray's light talk hurt her ears to-day, and she was in no mood to respond to it. The sustained excitement of the earlier hours forbade her wholly to realize this hour and the issue it should decide. The vaguest ideas of past and present, and even of her own future, quelled excitement and left her almost indifferent. She was not angry with Murray, for she knew that he sought to distract her attention; but the knitted brows, the restless eyes, and the nervous twitching of his hands, denoted concealment. Every word that he spoke was punctuated by a glance at the pursuing ship.

"We shall know everything to-morrow, shan't we?" Jessie said, after a silence.

Murray answered her very seriously.

"You will know to-night, Jessie, I promise you that—to-night."

She understood him. That night would answer her question once for all, giving her the best or the worst, as her destiny had written it. The flippant mood became her own thereafter, and she fell to chattering of a hundred every-day affairs; of her summer at Newport, and her last visit to Europe, of her father's house on Fifth Avenue and why she liked Paris; of her friends in England, and their anxieties. In this Murray encouraged her, his eyes upon the horizon always, but his laughter no less light than hers, and his tenderness toward her un-failing.

XVII.

At one bell in the first dog watch, the Restaurador made one of those supreme efforts which had shown fitfully during

the day. Racing up at a great speed through the heavy mists, she presently fired a shell across the bows of the Royal Scot. The missile went plunging into the sea with a hissing sound which drew many of Fenton's men to the bulwarks and sent others flat upon their faces.

Murray, in the chart-room, hearing the sound of firing, made an abrupt end of a wild tale, with which he had been trying to divert Jessie's attention. Running out upon the deck, he was just in time to see a second shell plump into the water not a biscuit-toss from the propeller of the ship.

"Good God, Fenton," he cried, "are they firing shell?"

"That's so, Mr. West!"

"Then what are our fellows doing?"

"You can see for yourself. They are working like niggers."

"It has come suddenly, Fenton!"

"These things generally do, sir. I don't think a shell often trots."

He laughed ironically as a third shot struck the fo'-castle hatch and filled the air with a cloud of splinters.

"Doesn't look like marbles, does it?" he went on grimly. "We'll have to strike in five minutes if this goes on."

"Then they'll come aboard here?"

"Yes, I fancy they'll do that."

"We must stop that, Fenton! If Miss Golding falls into their hands—but we mustn't let her. What are the men doing? Why don't you send more of them into the stoke-hole? Can't you see how urgent it is?"

Fenton did not lose his temper; he understood the meaning of these incoherent questions, and he bore with them.

"They're head over heels together down there now. What more can they do? No, Mr. West, we must sit tight and whistle. I think you should take Miss Golding to the saloon. They'll knock this band-box of a chart-room all to ribbons just now. She's better downstairs."

Jessie answered for herself, standing at the chart-room door and plainly showing that she understood.

"No, Mr. Fenton, she's not. Her place is right here, and she's not going to change it. Don't call me a coward, Murray—please don't call me that!"

"Impossible! You are only rash. Well, have your own way. It's a dangerous way, Jessie—a very dangerous way!"

"And yours?" she asked him. "Oh, do you think that I feel nothing for others, then? Have I a heart of stone, Murray?"

"I know that you have not." He spoke in a very low voice; and then he turned away and would not look at her. She stood so close to him that he could feel the whisper of her breath upon his cheek, and when the gun belched fire and smoke again, he took a step instinctively as if to shield her. In the excitement of the shot's flight, their hands were interlocked, they waited for the end almost heart to heart.

The shell fell into the sea a cable's length behind them. So much, apparently, had the Royal Scot gained in the lull of the pursuer's effort. The men on deck raised a hoarse cheer; it was echoed in the inferno where the scarlet figures plied their shovels and men were baking as meat upon a jack.

"Look at that," cried Fenton, surprised for an instant. "We shall best them yet, by heaven! Well done, my lads—there's grog for that—well done!"

He cried to the stewards to serve rum in the engine-room—an order he would never have given but as a last desperate resource. While the men were clamoring for it, and the pannikins were chinking, yet another shell just touched the coamings of the main deck hatch, and, carrying iron and wood in its path, struck a negro full upon the legs above his knees, and left him a maimed and bleeding hulk. None of those above saw the man, for the bridge-deck hid him from their view. They were assuring themselves that no harm was done at the very moment when the negro's body rolled into the scuppers.

"A little premature, weren't you, Fenton?" Murray asked him almost reproachfully. "You should have kept that grog, I'm thinking."

Fenton shrugged his shoulders and pointed to the enveloping mists all about them.

"I don't know what to believe, sir; this air deceives a man. Did you ever breathe anything like it? Burnt cinders and steam I call it, and in the Atlantic, too! If there's much more of the same sort to come, we'll both have to strike, I reckon. Just look ahead there—it's a mountain alight, I could swear; and yet I know it's only cloud. I wonder what the gunboat is going to make of that! Not much, you may be sure."

It was certainly a remarkable phenomenon, and even the galling excitement of the chase was forgotten for an instant before that lurid spectacle. The whole of the western heavens were now obscured by fantastic shapes fashioning

themselves against the curtain of the zenith. While the sun still shone low down upon the water, clearing itself a path as of gamboge and amber upon a blue-gray sea, the higher altitudes were dark with mighty cones of cloud, shifting and weird and wind-borne. Their bulk was variable and quickly changing, and the light which they gave or shut out was akin to the gloom of twilight or the deeper darkness of the night.

The air itself was heavy as the breath of fire, and a thin mist of the finest white dust began to fall upon the steamer—a mist not of sleet or snow, but unlike anything the men had seen, and so scorching to lungs and palate that those on the deck gasped and fought for breath, and the men in the engine-room came headlong up the ladder and swore they could do no more. It was such a sudden transformation, a *dénouement* at once so terrifying and full of surprise, that even the Restaurador and her guns were forgotten.

The men gaped at the veil upon the sky and asked what in God's name it meant. They cared no longer now for shot or shell or any prison which might await them; but one idea animated them, the fight for air and light and water to quench their intolerable thirst. Some at the casks, some hanging over the bulwarks that the salt foam might wet their lips, they gave way to that panic of fear with which the evidence of things unknown can inflict the ignorant. Believing that death was upon them, they turned their blasphemies upon the very man who had waged so good a battle for their lives.

Fenton, however, heard them with supreme indifference, and his first thought was as ever, for the weakest upon his ship.

"Take Miss Golding into that cabin, sir," he said to Murray, when he had breath to speak at all. "God knows what it is. I have never seen anything like it. If we don't get out of it in ten minutes, we are all dead men. Do you go inside and shut the windows. My throat's on fire!"

He had already cried an order to put the ship about, and now they turned and ran full south toward safety and the light. Side by side with them, racing for the open sea, went the gunboat; and these two, hard set in flight and pursuit not ten minutes ago, were henceforth as sister ships upon a common purpose of salvation.

For many minutes together you heard

no sound upon the deck of the Royal Scot but the hard breathing of men in agony, and the groans of those who believed that they were dying. Even Fenton, standing like a figure of iron by the wheel, could not hide his distress; but he did not quit his post, and when Murray insisted upon standing at his side, he still had voice to tell the brave fellow of his folly.

"Miss Golding—think of her first, sir. You've no right here!"

"Every right, Fenton. It's turn and turn about. You go in and breathe—I'm at the wheel!"

"I can't do it, sir; my place is here. Did you ever see anything like it? The heaven's afire and raining dust. What do you think it is?"

"I know what it is, Fenton. It's a volcano—you can tell that by the dust. One of the Windward group is active; I feel sure of it. We must keep away south, Fenton—I see light there."

"I'm doing it, sir. God help us all, look at that!"

The remark escaped him as a small fore-and-aft schooner took shape in the mists, and passed under their stern as they went by her. The ship had all her sails set, but they were aflame and burning in little jets of fire which gas might have fed, while her decks presented a spectacle from which they turned sick at heart and terrified. It was all so sudden that the fog enveloped the schooner before they could come to any resolution; and all trace of her had disappeared when next they looked.

"Did you see that, Fenton? A poor devil there was burning from head to foot."

"I saw it, Mr. West. It may be our turn next. My lungs are like hot coal. Can you see any light anywhere?"

"It's clearer a little west of south—bear up, Fenton, we'll see each other through!"

"Oh, yes, we'll do that! Can you take the wheel a minute? That fellow's going blind, I think."

"I'll try, Fenton; it isn't the first time I've steered a steamship. Pray God it won't be the last!"

Silence fell for a little while, and a hush upon the ship seemed to emphasize the intensity of the crisis. In the wheelhouse, Murray was sheltered somewhat from the intolerable scorching dust; and if he pitied the quartermaster who lay half-dead at his feet, he could not even stretch out a hand to save him.

Yonder, over the seas, shone the still

pool of golden light wherein all might be won and the reward be reaped. Murray saw that this was the supreme hour of his manhood when every nerve, every muscle, brain and body alike, must wage the grim fight for the life of the woman he loved; and so resolving, he tried to put the thought of physical pain from him. He shut his teeth, and in his heart said "It shall be!"

In the stress of this resolve the minutes passed—intolerable minutes, when all things swam before his eyes, his tongue could utter no word, and his eyes were half blinded; and still he stood and wondered that reason remained to him.

For a woman's name was his staff and her image was before him, and when he fell at last insensible, upon the body of the brave man at his feet, he believed that this was death for her and for him.

XVIII.

UPON a morning of July, some two months after the Royal Scot had raced side by side with the Venezuelan gunboat Restaurador and the burning dust from Mont Pelée had decided the issue of the flight, a smart reporter entered the hall of the Palace Hotel at Liverpool and asked a porter whether Lord Woodridge was up.

"From the *Liverpool Standard*," he said, "and I won't keep him a minute. Just take my card up and say I can wait."

The porter turned over the card in his greasy fingers, and when he had looked at it for some time as though a little ashamed of his social ignorance, he remarked:

"Lord Woodridge? There ain't no Lord Woodridge here. I'll ask the clerk."

The clerk was no better informed. He turned the pages of a heavy visitors' book and ran an ink-stained thumb down them like a trained servant of figures, but the name that he sought was not to be found.

"No," he said, "he hasn't come yet. Perhaps he's on the Teutonic, which arrives to-morrow."

The reporter stretched out his hand for the book and asked to be allowed to look for himself. He was not accustomed to take "no" for an answer.

"I know he's here, because my people have had a telegram. He came last night on the boat from Kingston. There's a young American lady with him—Miss Golding, who is to marry Lord Eastry."

The clerk needed no further enlightenment.

"Why," he exclaimed with sudden

understanding, "there's no Lord Woodridge with her. She came with a Mr. West—a tall, lightly-built man with eyes like a eagle. You don't mean him, I suppose?"

The reporter slapped his thigh in the delight of a mystery solved.

"Of course," he exclaimed, "that's the man! He only came into the title last Christmas you know, and he's been ten years in America. Just take my card up to him and say I will wait. He's sure to see me if he comes from New York. They are born to be interviewed there!"

The clerk expressed the pious opinion that he wished some of them were born to be hanged, but he sent the card upstairs nevertheless. The reporter enlightened the interval of waiting with a cigarette and a supercilious glance at the occupants of the hall. Possibly he examined them with an eye to the process, for the interviewing habit had grown upon him, and there was little on the earth below or in the heaven above that he rated from any other standpoint than that of his note-book. He was still engaged in that businesslike survey when the porter returned and invited him upstairs.

"He'll see you," said the man, "if you are sharp. He's a rum 'un, I tell you—makes me skip when he looks at me."

"Ah," said the reporter, with an immense sense of the superiorities of knowledge, "he has been used to driving niggers, you know."

He found his victim in a small sitting-room upon the first floor. Murray wore a smoking-suit purchased the night before in Liverpool, and his breakfast of tea and toast was untouched on the table before him. A litter of telegrams upon his knee spoke of discovery and greeting, while a box of cigarettes at his right hand confessed a smoker's contemplation. When the reporter entered he just looked up, and then without a word pointed to a chair.

"Lord Woodridge, I believe."

"Yes, that's so. What's your business?"

"I am from the local *Standard*, my lord. If you would be so good as to answer a few questions——"

"Ah," said Murray with a gesture, "you wish me to think that I am still in America?"

"Oh, no, my lord, really not. We don't want anything private—nothing about your affairs. It is about the Winona. I have been given to understand that you were on board of her, and we thought

that a few particulars would be interesting to your lordship's admirers."

"Admirers? Great heavens, man, don't be an ass! You probably know more about the Winona than I do—yes, I am sure you do. Suppose we reverse the process. I will interview you for a change." He pushed the cigarettes across the table, and laid his fingers upon the button of a bell near by. "Is it whisky or brandy? I find the press somewhat monotonous in the matter of its beverages."

The reporter was greatly shocked.

"I am a teetotaler, my lord," he cried, with a condemnatory wave of a far from clean hand. "I put down much of my success to that."

"Excellent! Go on as you are doing, and some day you will be prime minister! You can tell me, to begin with, something about the Winona. They had no news of her when I was at Kingston, and naturally we got none coming across. These telegrams may tell me what I want to find out, but you can anticipate them. How many were drowned that night? I don't even know that yet."

The reporter lit a cigarette, and showed his appreciation of the opportunity by a long narration, of which we shall venture to omit all but the small part germane to our narrative.

"You were sunk by a tramp collier from Cardiff," he began. "She stood by you in the fog, and her boats picked up ninety-two of your people. There were sixty women saved in the lifeboats, and they all got on the tramp before morning. One way and the other, and as far as we can learn, very nearly two hundred were saved out of the seven hundred passengers she appears to have had on board. Every one admits that the captain of the *Idris*—that was the tramp's name—did his best. He says he came right on to you amidstships in the fog, and he didn't know for nearly an hour whether he could keep his own steamer afloat. It was a very dreadful business, my lord. Nearly all the poor people in the steerage seem to have been drowned, and there were twenty young ladies from the Casino company, in New York, of whom only one was saved. You know, of course, that Miss Golding's relative was in the first boat that was picked up. I understand she has remained in America."

"This telegram says so," said Murray, holding up one of the many pink forms. "Do you happen to know if the elder Mr. Golding has remained in London?"

"I don't know, sir. They said he was terribly cut up, and unable to leave his hotel for some weeks. No one here believed that there could be any other survivors. It was a clever idea of yours, I must say. 'Pon my word, I should never have thought of it!"

Murray looked at the reporter, and admitted that he probably would not. To voice such a sentiment, however, would not have been polite.

"Do you know if the Rev. St. John Trew, the vicar of Sackville Street, was saved?" he asked next.

"Oh, yes, my lord. The parson came up like Noah out of the Ark. He was six hours hanging to an oar. You can't get into his church since he came back."

"Blessed are the uses of advertisement! I could imagine that Noah might have been a fine subject for an interview, with headlines, and the private opinions of Ham upon the discoveries of the voyage. That, unfortunately, is lost to posterity, but I am glad that the reverend gentleman is alive. You can't tell me the same of Captain Ross, I am sure?"

"No, my lord, he went down with his ship."

"Ah, he would do that! The old story, of course. Down with his ship! Do you wonder that we like to sail with British seamen?"

"I don't, my lord. I always sail with them when I go for my holiday."

As the young gentleman's holiday was usually an unexciting trip to the Isle of Man, the admission did not stand for as much as it might have done. Murray's politeness, however, construed it in a larger sense.

"Ah, you are a traveler, then," he said. "Have you ever visited Martinique?"

"No, I have not, my lord, and I will take precious good care I don't, either. Forty thousand people killed in a few minutes! I am for England, thank you."

"You are a wise man. I owe something to Martinique, nevertheless. Has any one told you that Miss Golding and I were saved by Martinique?"

"Yes, my lord, a telegram from Kingston said that."

"Then you know that we should have been knocked to splinters but for the dust-cloud from Mont Pelée. We ran into it with the Venezuelan gunboat Restaurador at our heels. The men went down like flies—ten of them died within an hour, and amongst them one of the best seamen that ever trod a deck, Jack Fen-

ton by name. I was in the wheel-house, and I owe my life to the fact. When I recovered consciousness two hours later, face downward on the floor, I found myself on board an American battleship. Such things it is difficult to talk about; but if you want a picture for your paper, your artist has a great opportunity. Tell him that a big steamer ran a mad race without pilot or helmsman, until her fires died down and the boilers gave out, and that there was not a man aboard her capable of lifting a hand to alter her course or close her throttle. That's something new in phantom ships, isn't it? There we were lying in heaps about the deck, and the engines throbbed and the foam flew, and that steel hulk unguided, unattended, raced us out to safety. You want an Edgar Allan Poe or a Marryat to tell that as it should be told. I am far too practical. My imagination concerns itself for the moment with the somewhat pleasant fact that I am alive."

"Indeed, we thought you were dead, my lord. Your cousin, Mr. Arthur West, is already at the hall, I believe."

"I am delighted to hear it. He is very welcome there. Please leave these private reflections out of anything which you may write, and don't let this conversation appear in your paper until I have left Liverpool."

"In the ordinary course it would appear to-morrow morning, my lord. Would you have any objection to that?"

"None at all. I shall be two hundred miles away from Liverpool to-morrow morning."

"Then I may say something about Miss Golding, too, I suppose?"

"By all means. Say that she is well and very glad to be here. I can't give you any further authorization."

"She is to marry Lord Eastry, I believe?"

"Really, I cannot discuss a young lady's private affairs."

"But I may tell them how she was saved from the Royal Scot?"

"Oh, certainly. She was in the chart-room—I closed the windows myself and bolted them. She did not know what we were doing, and when she discovered the truth the danger was past. The American commander struck a ship full of apparently dead men and a woman trying to steer it. I don't think that anything you could say of Miss Golding's courage would be an exaggeration. It has been her lot to go through an experience rare in the life of any woman, and she behaved nobly."

(To be continued.)

The Sergeant's Valet.

HOW NICODEMUS, THE FILIPINO, EARNED A CHANCE TO SHINE AT THE BAR.

BY M. G. CONGER.

I.

[T is not customary, even in the Philippines and among volunteers, for a non-commissioned officer to have a body-servant. Consequently little Nicodemus brought upon the master he had adopted many jeers and much good-natured ridicule at the hands of the men of Troop B. The young sergeant had rescued him from some members of the Katipunan who were enthusiastically engaged in flogging him to death as an *Americanista* because he had been discovered trying to learn English. Since that day the boy had followed his deliverer with the devotion of a collie. He was only sixteen, and small, even for his age and race, but so quick, alert, and thoughtful that he would have satisfied the most exacting demands. The sergeant's "valet," as the men chaffingly dubbed him, could mend as neatly as a girl. Since it was for the *sargento*, he could even bend his young masculine pride to the woman's work of washing. But when the other men tried, by bribe or order, to avail themselves of his services, he put the first off with an amiable "*Poco tiempo*," and cheerfully failed to understand a word of the second.

Both his Spanish and his English seemed very uncertain quantities, and his strain of Chinese blood gave him such an infantile blandness of expression, and such an ability to render his little round face absolutely vacant of intelligence, as made more than one of the men want to kick him.

It may have been due to the personal loyalty of the Filipino, or to the fact that he had something of the same subtle instinct as the Southern darky, and was able to recognize the gentleman under the obliterating garb of the volunteer; but which ever it was, while he would do nothing for any one else, there was nothing he would not do for his recognized master. Wherever Hughes went, there Nicodemus trudged faithfully after. However long and hard the "hike," the next morning found the sergeant's clothes and accouterments spotless and shining. More than once must the little

fellow have sat up all night, steadily brushing and polishing by the scanty light of the native oil-cup.

As a result of his labors, there was no more immaculate "non-com" to be met in the islands. Unfortunately, another result was that the sergeant found himself with more spare time than is altogether good in the tropics.

Hughes reveled in his leisure, and in the knowledge that his worldly possessions were never so safe as when in the little native's watchful care. Here, alas, the young Filipino's honesty stopped. Agile as a monkey, covetous as a magpie, he was cordially detested by the officers, who soon found that no piece of money, no glittering trinket, could escape his nimble fingers if left within their reach.

"It's no use, sergeant," the captain at last exclaimed; "you'll have to whip him."

But, like a true native, Nicodemus, though he howled vigorously, took his punishments with great good-nature—that is, when they were for stealing. If whipped for lying, he sulked for hours. That he should be punished for thieving was a matter of course. It was the natural consequence of detection, and in no way a deterrent from further peculations; but why he should be chastised for the harmless practise of lying was a problem too deep for his Filipino brain to solve.

Seeing the hopelessness of reformation, the captain finally ordered him sent away. This order the sergeant duly executed, deporting the boy to a village some forty miles off. Two days later Nicodemus was found, exhausted and travel-stained, sound asleep in front of the barracks. After that he was put in the same category as the mosquitoes—an unmitigated nuisance, but unavoidable.

Then the sergeant essayed moral suasion.

"Nicodemus, you no steal from me. My friends all same me. You steal from my friends, all same steal from me. Sabe?"

This was an appeal to loyalty, and the boy, after pondering a moment, acquiesced. The next morning, squatting on

his heels in front of the sergeant, he gravely went through the list of officers and men at the post, asking after each name:

"He friend you?"

When all the names had received an affirmative, he looked sweetly up, with a smile which showed all his beautiful teeth. Shaking his head he remarked amiably, but with unmistakable finality: "You too many friend."

Matters had reached this pass when one afternoon the sergeant received orders to go early the next morning with four of his men to a neighboring *barrio* and buy a cow. Now had he followed his orders as given, when he reached the place he would have found it garrisoned by a detachment of American troops at present approaching it from the other side. Also, because of this approach, the interlying districts would have been vacated by any wandering guerrilla bands. But all this he did not know. Specific orders are not usually accompanied with explanations.

Sergeant Hughes had had too much spare time that day. As a result, the independence of thought and action natural to an American citizen burst through the recent veneer of military discipline. He decided that it would be much better to go for the cow now, when it was growing cooler, than to wait until morning, and to return dragging an unwilling animal through the heat of the day. So he called out his detail and started off, with Nicodemus, taking two steps to his one, trotting delightedly alongside. The trip to the *barrio* was made without incident, and the cow purchased as directed, though not without some courteous delay on the part of the local *presidente*.

Meanwhile the tramp and the growing coolness of the air had cleared the sergeant's head. As he looked at the low-hanging sun, and remembered how quickly night drops in the tropics, he began to have serious doubts of the wisdom of his course. Also he recalled the *presidente's* dilatoriness with increasing uneasiness. The men had to move slowly, for the cow pulled back in stubborn disapproval of this journey began at an hour when she should have been peacefully chewing her cud. The *presidente* would have had ample opportunity to send out words of their coming, and the animal's almost uninterrupted vocal protests would make concealment impossible. Sergeant Hughes called himself several different kinds of a fool, and issued angry orders to his men.

They understood the situation quite as well as he, and one of them struck the cow disgustedly.

"Shut up, you blamed megaphone! I believe you're trained."

Under this exordium the animal consented to move along more quietly, and in time they came to a stream which crossed the trail at about one-third of the distance back to the post. Hughes mentally congratulated himself on reaching it before total darkness made fording difficult. They had splashed half way across when the cow stopped suddenly and gave forth an utterly disconsolate "Moo!"

As at a signal, from each bank there came the flash and crack of rifles. From front and rear the bullets hit the water and ricocheted about the little party.

The sergeant's revolver was out on the instant. The men dropped the cow to raised their guns. Regardless of the fire in the rear, they forged their way grimly on through the water, answering each flash from the enemy in front. They had almost reached the bank when from trees and bushes there sprang up what seemed, in the growing darkness, to be a veritable horde of little brown men.

Many of the natives dropped ere they reached the sergeant's men; but still they swarmed and pressed on. The surrounded Americans, with their guns clubbed, fought desperately. Under their blows their assailants fell like brown leaves; but only to be replaced by others. The odds were too great, and finally the cursing, struggling Americans were overpowered, disarmed, and bound.

Then began a march toward the hills. Nicodemus, profiting by the darkness, had mingled with the other natives. At the end of an hour they halted. Torches were lighted and spades were handed to the captives, who flung them indignantly to the ground.

"I'll be darned," said one, "if I'll dig my own grave!"

The sergeant, using his as a club, had felled the giver to the earth, and not him only, but others ere the impromptu weapon could be taken from him. Then the white men were bound once more, and the Filipinos took up the spades.

Nicodemus knew what that meant. At dawn the Americans would be ranged on the edge of the trench. There would be a sharp command, a swift bolo thrust to each, and the white men would fall in a heap in the foss. Then, whether they yet breathed or not, the earth would be quickly piled back, and five more American soldiers would be reported "missing."

His little heart beat hard. Could he reach the post and guide a rescuing party back in time? He had many miles to cover. Stealthily he worked his way toward the outer circle of natives.

But in the flare of the torches the crossed swords he so proudly wore on his cap betrayed him. Thinking himself safe, he started to run. A bolo was skilfully flung after him. It hit him, and with a shriek he fell; but yet when the native went to recover his knife he found it indeed, but no boy. He sought for a few minutes among the long grass and bushes; then, shrugging his shoulders, returned to the circle of light and rolled another cigarette. After all, what mattered one Filipino? Did they not have five *Americanos*?

II.

It was nearly midnight, and the barracks were still and dark; but in the officers' quarters the captain and his lieutenants were yet busy with the cards which the loneliness of the Islands made so perniciously attractive. The candles were beginning to flicker and go out when Nicodemus staggered in with his appeal for help.

Now the captain, though ordinarily a good-natured man, had been losing heavily, and was in an ugly mood. He glared savagely at the little Filipino.

"What do you mean by rushing in here like this? Get out of here, you little brown devil, before I kick you out!"

But Nicodemus had fallen on his knees. Sobbing with exhaustion and terror, he was babbling an utterly incomprehensible mixture of Spanish, English, and Visayan, in which his hearers could only distinguish the repetitions of "*el sargento*" and "*presos*."

The first lieutenant shook him by the arm.

"Stop your whining, and tell us what's the matter!"

The "whining" stopped abruptly. At the touch on his arm Nicodemus had fainted away. Instantly the three officers were on their knees beside him, tenderly cutting open the sleeve of his rough little shirt, where a bright red spot was growing in the middle of a dark and stiffened stain. At the sight of the little brown arm, plastered with mud through which the blood was again starting, the captain swore. He turned fiercely on the second lieutenant.

"Weren't the men accounted for, Mr. Williams?"

7 M

"I didn't go around at taps, sir. You said we need not stop the game. But at retreat I was told that the sergeant had gone off on orders from you."

The captain leaped to the door and called loudly for the corporal of the guard.

"Where is Sergeant Hughes?"

"I don't know, sir. He went off this afternoon with a detail."

"And hasn't come back?"

"No, sir."

"Why didn't you report it before this?"

"I didn't know he was expected back, sir. He said something about morning."

The captain groaned.

"Wake up every man in the post. Tell them Sergeant Hughes and his men have been captured. Tell them I don't know the odds, but I am going after him, and I want volunteers!"

Then he returned to the room, to find Nicodemus struggling in the grasp of the hastily summoned hospital steward.

"*El sargento! El sargento!*" the boy wailed.

The captain put his arm about the little figure.

"It's all right, Nicodemus. I'm going after the *sargento*. Let Johnson fix your arm."

"Me go, too! Me go, too! You no can find."

"By Jove, he's right! Can you fix him up, steward?"

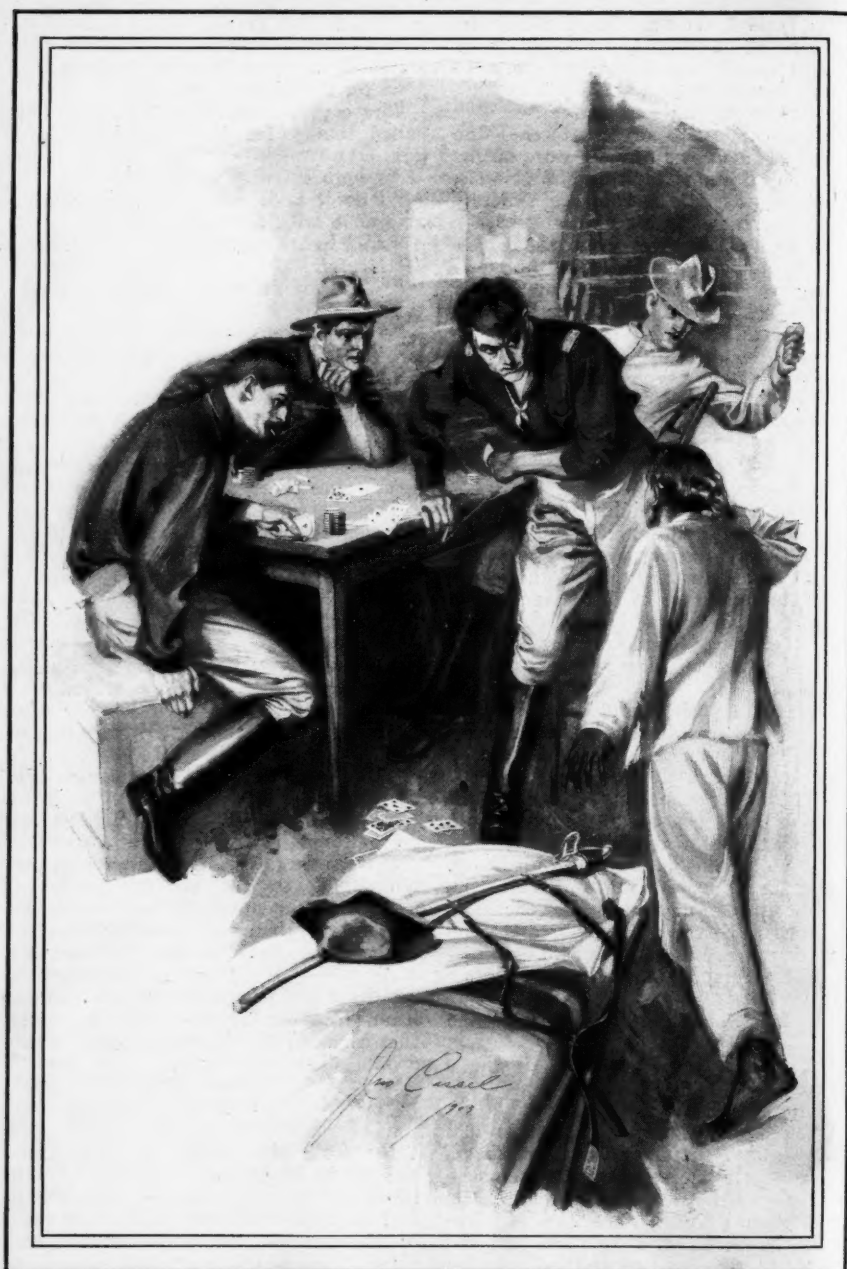
"I guess so, sir. These natives are pretty tough."

Fifteen minutes later the captain and Nicodemus stepped out of the house. Every man not on guard duty was drawn up before it, the reins in his left hand, his right on the saddle, prepared to mount.

As the body of picked men trotted rapidly away from the post the captain leaned over and gently drew the horse that carried little Nicodemus close to his own.

III.

Up on the hills, under the fading stars, the captured Americans were lying helplessly in the wet grass, too desperate to feel the cold of the dew that soaked them or the pain of the withes that bound them. The trench they had refused to make had been dug by the Filipinos, who were lying about resting and smoking, waiting till it should be light enough to strike skilfully. Full of boastful triumph, they chatted and joked with no suspicion of a line of khaki-clothed soldiers stead-



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY RUSHING IN HERE LIKE THIS?"

ily coming nearer. Following a gray-faced boy, who staggered along and was half carried at times by a big man with two bars on his shoulders, the dismounted

troopers advanced with vigilant, unhalting determination.

The sky grew rosy. A swiftly spreading glow covered the hilltops. As sud-

denly as night had come, it vanished. The Filipino captain rose languidly and lighted another cigarette. Then he gave a sharp order. His men scrambled to their feet and dragged their prisoners to the trench. Bound as they were, the Americans yet struggled fiercely ere they were brought to their knees on the edge of their open grave. Near them a hill-man stood, feeling the edge of his bolo.

The captain, still smoking his cigarette, sauntered up and down behind the captives; then he struck the sergeant with a little cane. The man with the bolo stepped up. As he raised his weapon there was a pistol shot, a wild shriek, and he lurched heavily forward into the trench.

Through the trees crashed the Americans, with faces stern and set, each halting only for the second of his aim. Panic-stricken at the savage onslaught, taken utterly by surprise, the natives fled, scattering wildly before their grim pursuers, leaving behind their prisoners, deserting their arms, their wounded, and their dead.

IV.

SOME months later, as the captain handed Sergeant Hughes his discharge papers, he asked:

"How about your valet, sergeant?"

"I am taking him with me to God's country, sir."

"Can you—do well by him?"

The captain hesitated a little in his question, remembering suddenly that a volunteer's rank does not always give a clue to his status at home.

Hughes held in his hand the papers which restored to him his private citizenship and his right to converse with any one. He smiled as he answered his late commander.

"I had thought of keeping him on in the same capacity; but there is a girl at home who says that if I do not give the boy a Harvard education I'm not the man she is going to marry."

The captain rose and held out his hand.

"Let me congratulate you, Mr. Hughes. I wish I could find a girl like that! And after Harvard—what?"

The ex-sergeant laughed.

"I think, captain, unless he decides upon a literary career, that the law school would be the best place for the cultivation of his natural talents. Don't you?"

The captain chuckled. For Nicodemus, though long ago convinced that nothing now would bring him a whipping, still lied shamelessly, apparently for the artistic pleasure of it.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

AFTER the crisp of the fall

There is beautiful summer weather ;

In the air is a wondrous call,

And tied things strain at their tether ;

And creeping and flying things

Walk swift or essay their wings.

Then a cold word comes in the night,

Bringing a message of blight ;

And the creeping things and the flying—

Ah, the myriad lives effaced,

And the pity of trust misplaced !—

At morn, are all dead or dying.

Man, in his knowledge, hath understood ;

But the humbler folk of the earth and air

In their vast and vocal brotherhood—

They only petition for living-room !—

Do fondly dream that the spring is come,

Till their very blood beats frolicsome ;

But they misinterpret a semblance fair,

And a broken promise is their doom.

Richard Burton.

WOMEN GAMBLERS.

BY MABEL WARREN SANFORD.

THE CRAZE FOR BRIDGE WHIST IS BUT A REAPPEARANCE IN MODERN FORM OF THE PASSION FOR HIGH PLAY THAT RAN RIOT IN THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II AND THE FRANCE OF LOUIS XIV.

IF it be urged against certain sets in the fashionable society of the day that their feminine contingent spends a scandalous amount of time—and money—at bridge whist, it may be pleaded in their defense that they are doing precisely what women high in social rank have done in almost any historical period. The modern craze for “bridge” is but the latest expression of that itch for play which seems to have attacked the women of every royal court and of all fashionable society.

AT THE COURT OF CHARLES II.

In England, women have again and again proved themselves notorious gamblers. Read any history of social customs in England, particularly during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. With the restoration of Charles II, and the overthrow of Puritanism, every sort of pleasurable folly and excess known to civilization returned to Whitehall. Chief among them, so we learn from Pepys and Evelyn, those garrulous gentlemen of diaries, were the basset-table and ombre. The latter, in all probability, was brought into England by Catherine of Portugal, the queen of Charles II. For it is not until after her arrival in London that we find any mention of ombre, a game to which all the great lords and ladies of the day soon became deeply devoted. It was Catherine, moreover, who introduced into the English court the practise of playing cards on Sunday. In one of his entries during 1667, Pepys says:

This evening, going to the queene's side (of Whitehall) to see the ladies, I did find the queene, and the Duchess of York, and another or two at cards, with a room full of great ladies and men, which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday.

It was not only at Whitehall, however, that the basset-table flourished and that large stakes were lost and won. Many great ladies of the day, among them the beautiful Duchess of Mazarine, gathered companies of noble gamesters at

their own homes. In a letter written by the Dowager Duchess of Sunderland to her son-in-law, Lord Halifax, she says:

My Lord Cavendish had taken up money to go into France; and he lost a thousand pounds in two nights at Mme. Mazarine's; that stops his journey for a time.

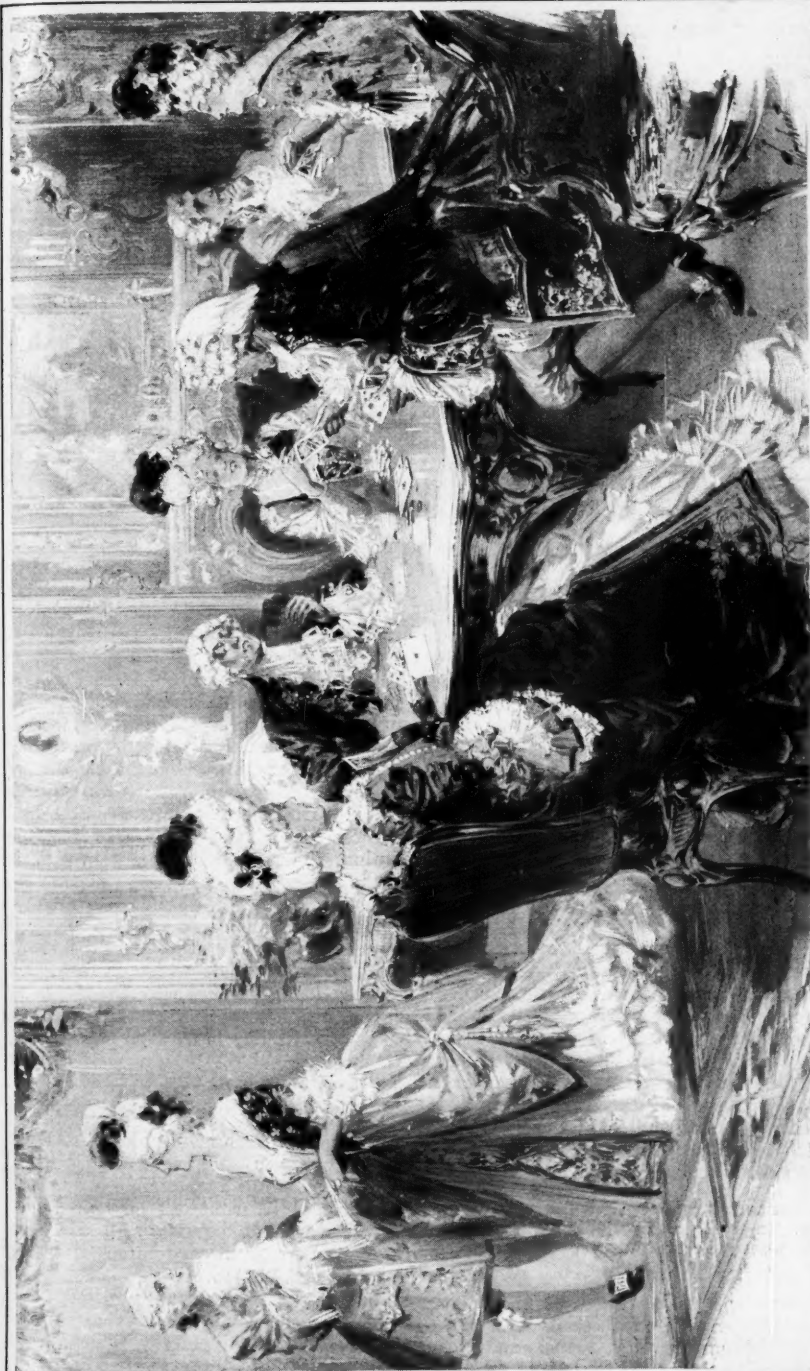
Mrs. Middleton, one of the beauties of Windsor, was of the basset players always to be found at Mme. Mazarine's, where she supplemented what a chronicler of the time calls “a youth of folly” with an “old age of cards.” Mrs. Middleton's charms have been celebrated in verse by the susceptible court poet Waller, whose adoration she held for many a year. Evelyn speaks of her as “that famous and indeed incomparable beauty.”

Nell Gwyn, too, that vivacious and generous-hearted favorite of Charles II and the London stage, had a basset-table in her house at Windsor. Thither came numbers of those who wished to stand well at court, for “pretty, witty Nell” had unbounded influence with the king. Lucky—after a fashion—in love, she was almost always unlucky at cards, and upon one occasion is said to have lost to the Duchess of Mazarine, in her own house, as much as five thousand pounds.

The Duchess of Portsmouth, too, who as Louise de Kéroualle, lady-in-waiting to the beautiful Duchess of Orleans, attracted the attention and admiration of Charles II, opened her house to the young courtiers of the day, especially to French noblemen visiting London. The Duchess of Sunderland, speaking of this in a later letter to Lord Halifax, says:

The king, queen, and the Duchess of Portsmouth made a bank of two thousand pounds, and they won two thousand seven hundred pounds of the Frenchmen.

But the rage for gambling probably reached its highest point, in England, during the eighteenth century. The literature of the period is full of it. In 1713, for instance, Steele speaks of those whom



A SUNDAY EVENING AT WHITEHALL, IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES II AND HIS QUEEN, CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA, WHO PROBABLY INTRODUCED THE GAME OF OMBRE INTO ENGLAND.

he calls "female gamesters" in this fashion:

Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions are the natural indications of the female gamester. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

Pope's "Rape of the Lock" gives a famous portrayal of a game of ombre as played by the fashionables of his day.

THE HEYDAY OF WOMEN GAMBLERS.

It was in the middle of the eighteenth century—about 1745, to be exact—that English peeresses of the realm first applied for "privileges" to keep gaming-houses under the same laws as similar institutions run by men. Lady Mary Mordington and Lady Casselis were first among the ladies of the nobility to secure such rights, and they were followed by other impoverished or greedy gentlewomen, all of whom endeavored to gather the wit, beauty, and fashion of the hour under their roof.

At that time Bath was the Monte Carlo of English society. From thence came the sad story of Frances Braddock, a young beauty, a brilliant wit, and the daughter of Major-General Braddock. She had twelve thousand pounds—a large fortune for a young woman in those days—left her from her father's estate. During a visit to Bath, where she was the toast of the hour, she gambled away everything she possessed. Crazy by her losses, says Ashton, she robbed herself in virgin white, tied a gold and silver girdle about her, and hanged herself in her room. She was but twenty-three years old.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Lady Archer and Lady Buckinghamshire are the most notorious of those titled and fashionable women whom Horace Walpole styled the "faro dames." Others were Lady Mount Edgecombe, Lady Elizabeth Luttrell, Mrs. Concannon, and Mrs. Sturt. All of these were depicted by Gillray in satirical prints corresponding to the modern cartoon. Under one of these prints was written:

Oh, woman, woman! Your power is truly everlasting. In youth you charm away our hearts, and in after years you charm away our purses.

It was said of Lady Buckinghamshire that she slept with a brace of pistols by her side, to save her faro bank in case of danger. Young girls were as expert at ombre and casino as at dancing. One of the witticisms of the day related to a young gallant at Bath who asked a charm-

ing maiden if he might not have two dances.

"Certainly," she replied with unexpected good-nature, "if you will give me two rubbers later at casino."

The celebrated Mrs. Crewe, toasted by the Prince Regent as "True blue Mrs. Crewe," seems to have been quite as fond of cards as of politics. Her enthusiasm for both amusements may possibly have been due to her partiality for Charles James Fox, one of the brightest intellects and most dissipated men of the time.

There is a story that a gentleman once lost a considerable sum to charming Mrs. Crewe. Obligated to leave London suddenly, he gave the money to Fox, asking him to apologize to Mrs. Crewe for not paying a debt of honor in person. Fox lost every penny of it in play before morning. After Mrs. Crewe had waited a sufficiently long time for her money, she delicately mentioned the matter to the debtor.

"Bless me!" exclaimed he in surprise. "I paid the money to Charles Fox three months ago."

What Mrs. Crewe thought may only be imagined. What she said was this:

"Oh, you did, sir? Then probably Mr. Fox paid me and I forgot it."

During the famous election for Westminster, which resulted in the return of Fox to Parliament, Mrs. Crewe canvassed personally for him. Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, whom Wharton names the "lady paramount" of the aristocratic Whig circle of the times, was her companion. The duchess, too, was a victim of the ruling passion, though not to such an extent as her husband, the Duke of Devonshire, who could hardly be roused from his habitual state of moral lethargy except by a game of whist or faro. The duchess has gone down to history as the lady who won a vote for Fox by bestowing a kiss upon a butcher.

THE DECLINE OF GAMBLING.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne, and healthier standards of social morality were established in England, gambling among fashionable women, at least in public, went out of vogue. Human nature, of course, still remained human nature, and card games with high stakes were not wholly banished as an amusement for country house parties, as was proved some twelve years ago by the Tranby Croft incident. The unpleasant results of that affair—in which charges of cheating were brought against a titled member of a baccarat party that



THE MODERN SUCCESSORS OF THE
WOMEN GAMBLERS OF EARLIER
GENERATIONS—A GAME OF
BRIDGE WHIST.

also included the present king—brought that particular game into discredit, but bridge whist has since more than replaced it.

During the trial of the libel suit that grew out of the Tranby Croft scandal, one of the examining lawyers said to Mrs. Lycett Green, a defendant in the case, and a daughter of Lady Wilson, at whose home the alleged scandal arose:

"You don't know much about this game, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I do," quickly and indignantly retorted Mrs. Green, while the whole court-room laughed aloud.

WOMEN GAMBLERS IN FRANCE.

In France, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the whole court,

kings and queens, ladies and gentlemen, were equally devoted to gambling. "Mazarin," says St. Pierre, "introduced gaming at the court of Louis XIV in the year 1648. He induced the young king and the queen regent to play." Mme. de Sévigné, that most delightful of letter-writers, gives a graphic account of a card party at Versailles, of which she was a spectator in July of 1676:

I went on Saturday to Versailles. At three o'clock the king rose from table, and he, the queen, *monsieur*, *madame*, *mademoiselle*, all the princes and princesses, Mme. de Montespan, all her suite, all the courtiers, all the ladies, were assembled in that beautiful apartment which you know. At last a table of reversi gives a form to the crowd and a place to every one. The king is next to Mme. de Montespan, who deals; next are the Duke of Orleans, the queen, and Mme. de Soubise. A

thousand louis are poured out on the cloth—there are no other counters. This lasts from three o'clock till six. If a courtier arrives, the king retires for a moment and returns immediately.

When the learning and fashion of the court met at Mme. de Rambouillet's *petit lever*, a card table was always part of the entertainment. To it came all the great magistrates and dignitaries of state, headed by Mazarin and Fouquet, the financier. The Duchesse de Longueville, one of the most beautiful of the *intrigantes* of the Fronde is said to have been a reckless and successful gambler. In the following century Marie Antoinette added gambling to the pleasures of which she was so fond during the early days of her reign.

AMERICAN WOMEN WHO GAMBLE.

As for the United States, it was in the very early days of the Republic that women of beauty and fashion were first mentioned in connection with high play at cards. When the nation's capital was in Philadelphia, loo and whist divided honors with dinners and balls as a fashionable form of entertainment in the homes of such queens of society as Mrs. William Bingham, Mrs. Robert Morris, and the gay and genial Mrs. Knox, wife of General Knox.

Of the last named, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld wrote to one of his friends:

Seeing her in Philadelphia you think of her only as a fortunate player at whist; at her house in the country you discover she possesses sprightliness, knowledge, a good heart, and an excellent understanding.

Mrs. Knox was one of the most intimate friends of Mrs. Washington. She and the general entertained with prodigal hospitality, not only in New York and Philadelphia, but in Thomaston, Maine, where they had a country seat. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, Talleyrand, and Lafayette were among their guests at Thomaston, while Mr. and Mrs. Bingham and her

sister, Miss Willing, the two most celebrated beauties of the day, were often members of their house parties.

Mrs. Bingham, who was born Anne Willing, the daughter of Thomas Willing of Philadelphia, was regarded as the ideal type of the elegance, wealth, wit, and fashion of the young republic. Her beauty and accomplishments had made her the rage at the court of George III, at the Hague, and in Paris. On returning from the European capitals, Mr. Bingham built the famous Mansion House in Philadelphia, where he and his wife dispensed sumptuous hospitality. Abigail Adams, wife of the second President, visiting in Philadelphia during the winter after the seat of government had been removed to that city, wrote home:

I should have a winter of dissipation indeed if I accepted all my invitations to routs and tea-and-cards.

Jeremiah Smith also deplored the spread of gambling in high society, alleging that during that winter men and women in the first ranks of fashion thought nothing of losing three or four hundred pounds in one night at loo. A foreign visitor sojourning in Philadelphia recorded in his notebook:

How these ladies and gentlemen ever pay for their extravagance of entertainment and their losses at cards I cannot think.

About thirty years ago there was an epidemic of baccarat in Washington society. The game is said to have been introduced by a young secretary of the British legation and his wife, who taught it to the men and women of the diplomatic circles. "Judges, Senators, Cabinet ministers, and women of society," says a contemporary historian, "were all immersed in play."

This brings the history of fashionable gambling as near to the present day as it is, perhaps, discreet to go.

THE PASSING OF A MIRAGE.

As some lone traveler in desert ways

Thrills at the sight of palms—how green, how fair!—

So I, when deep into your eyes I looked,

Thrilled at the love-light softly gleaming there!

And as he, springing to the promised shade,

Finds in a moment that it fades away,

So have I found the light all false, untrue,

That glimmered in your eyes and made my day.

'Twas but the picture of some happier spot

That mirrored on the burning desert shone;

'Twas the reflection of my own heart's fire

Deceived me. Tears have quenched the flame. 'Tis gone!

May Stayton.

STORIETTES

The Runaway.

I.

"It's utter folly, the whole scheme, as I told him. Peggy, don't interrupt when you see that your mother and I are talking! He was very angry. He always was a visionary. Margaret, if this child——"

"Peggy, do not bother your father just now. No, I haven't time to look at your pictures. If you are going to stay in the house, you must be quiet. You had better go to your own room and cut out pictures for a while. Well, if you are allowed to stay in the room with us, you must sit still with your book. And what did Robert finally say, Ned, when you refused him the money?"

"Oh, some nonsense! It would be a long day before I had the chance to refuse him a favor or to grant him one again, or something of that sort. I told him—well, I think I said it could not be too long to suit me. If I remember rightly, he got off a lot of stuff about not darkening our doors again——"

"Oh, Ned! You didn't let Bob go like that?"

"And why not?" demanded Mr. Underwood, with the indignation of one who finds his own qualms about his conduct shared by another. "Why not? If he is going to get into every wildcat scheme——"

"Papa," said Peggy at the irate gentleman's elbow, "what does c-z-a-r spell?"

"Peggy, leave the room!"

Peggy was not used to being regarded in the light of a nuisance. She looked at her mother for support against this unexampled behavior of her father; but even Mrs. Underwood was nervous and exasperated that morning.

"Peggy, for pity's sake, go into the back yard and play! You've been under my feet the whole morning. C-z-a-r spells czar, the emperor of the Russians. No matter who they are! No, you may not ask Nora for some cookies. It is not three hours since you had your breakfast. Now, go out and don't come in again until I call you!"

By a mighty effort Peggy kept the tears from overbrimming her angry eyes.

She held her head very erect as she marched out of the library. There was a great lump throbbing in her throat, just above the neckband of her blue apron. She hoped that neither of her tyrants could see that sign of weakness. She made her escape without a breakdown. In the kitchen the cook and the housemaid were talking together as she passed.

"An' young Mr. Underwood, he says," the housemaid related, "'You'll never see me again as long as you live,' an' our Mr. Underwood said he hoped he wouldn't an'—oh, what do you want now, Miss Peggy?"

There was an invidious emphasis on the adverb. Peggy's gray eyes, so like her father's, flashed angrily.

"I don't want anything, now or any other time," she declared. "I'll never want anything from anybody in this house again, as long as I live. If I were as cross and ugly as every grown up person is, I'd be ashamed to live!"

With that statement of opinion she flung herself through the screen doors of the kitchen and the kitchen porch, leaving them wide open behind her. The cook's objurgations pursued her for a shrill second; then the kitchen returned to its gossip and Peggy sought her own rose-bush.

In the library, Mr. Underwood still talked to his wife and his reproving conscience.

"Bob often makes me impatient," he said, "but this beats all. Why, Margaret, if I had lent the boy the money, and the thing had been the failure it's bound to be—for I don't believe the New Yorkers consider it seriously for a moment—what would he have left? He wanted me to take the farm as security. That farm was another of his follies. What's that you say? He likes it? He makes it pay? How much, I should like to know? He says that if he can buy enough stock to have a voice in the control of the thing, he'll run the line by his place; the New Yorkers talk of another route, it seems. Then he'd have a freight line direct to Turnbridge and Westbridge for his produce. That's one of his arguments. Stuff, all of it! He'd better sell

the place to some real farmer and give up his model experimenting. Well, I'm off. I've wasted the whole morning."

"I'm sorry you quarreled with him," sighed Margaret as her husband made his way to the door. "He's so high-tempered—as high-tempered as you, dear—and much more stubborn."

II.

UNDER her rose-bush Peggy lay, revolving her wrongs with swelling heart. Yesterday she had been a person of great importance. She had worn a white dress and a blue sash, and Nora and Delia had exclaimed that she looked like a little angel. Her hair had been curled, which was distinguished, though tiresome. She had worn shining slippers, and the whole wide world of Turnbridge had existed but to do honor to her and her classmates. How proud her mother had been to hear her recite:

I must not throw upon the floor
The crust I cannot eat—

Uncle Bob had come from his farm to hear his niece pipe forth this moral sentiment. Miss Eleanor had been there with him—the beautiful Miss Eleanor, with her fair hair and her eyes that made Peggy think of sunshine finding the bottom of a still, brown pool. Ah, how changed everything was to-day!

"If I should die," thought Peggy with deep satisfaction, "they'd be sorry then. If they should never see their little girl again—"

For that matter, why should they?

Almost dazed by the bitter brilliancy of her plan for bringing the topsy-turvy adult world to its senses, Peggy lay still for a moment. Then she rose. She looked at the house. She would be just. If a repentant mother, a father with compunctions, remorseful servants, any one with shame and contrition toward her, appeared at window or door, anxiously seeking sight of her, she would forgive. But no one appeared. No one cared. Peggy turned, her eyes hot with welling tears again, her throat throbbing, and made her way to the gate in the back fence. She would not take even a hat. Let them keep all her belongings.

Her intentions were not entirely clear even to herself, as she escaped from the parental acre; but once she had gained the street upon which the back alley gave, her mind was resolved. In the happy days when her mother had cared for her and had planned outings for her

and her playmates, she had picnicked in the woods beyond the town. In those woods she would live. Many persons existed so—Indians and others. What a savage could do, could not she, Peggy Underwood, yesterday triumphantly graduated from the third grade of the primary school? Nuts and roots would suffice for food, and leaves made a very comfortable couch, she was sure.

Now when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread.

Peggy, recalling that bit of woodland history from her reader, gulped down a sob. Then she braced her resolution by the thought of her parents' anguish when they should discover the kind offices which the birds had performed for their neglected daughter.

Peggy walked swiftly. She was pursued by the fear that she might be overtaken before her flight had mounted from a naughtiness into a tragedy. She was in the woods when the mill-whistles in Turnbridge blew their noon announcement.

At first the thought of the anxiety at home when luncheon should reveal her disappearance sustained and comforted her. Then she began to realize that she also would suffer from her absence from the noonday meal. She grew hungry. Her bare head was hot. Brambles scratched her hands and penetrated her stockings. Her search for nutritious berries did not result richly. Once she saw wild strawberries, and, stooping to pluck some, almost touched a slender, wriggling, green thing. Her scream as she fell over backward in her effort to avoid the harmless little snake might have been heard in Turnbridge Center.

After that she ran as far and as fast as her legs would carry her. She forgot about her hunger and her family. She only desired to escape the dreadful terror which her imagination pictured as gliding after her.

Suddenly she came upon a clearing, in the midst of which stood an unpainted log cabin. She rushed toward it, full of hope. Its wood-pile, beyond the kitchen, its shacks and sheds—how good, how good they seemed! But when she approached, one of the smaller sheds emitted a series of shrill barks. An ugly-looking cur followed them out into the open, and made a dash toward Peggy.

"Oh, call your dog, please call your dog! Oh, oh, oh!" screamed the child.



"TAKE HER HOME. YOU'VE GOT TO! RIDE BY AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS."

No one appeared from the deserted house in answer either to her shrieks or to the dog's yelps. She turned and panted back the way she had come; and the rest of the miserable day she spent in running frantically and futilely about the woods, lost and terribly frightened, sinking down when her weariness was greater than the fear of the creeping things that the grass and bushes concealed.

It was late afternoon when she came to a path overgrown with grass, but still distinctly a path. She could not discern, with her hot and sunburnt eyes, the faint wagon tracks that bounded it, but she observed that it was a clear space between the arching trees. It would be less beset by ravenous wild beasts, she thought, sobbing, than the jungle-like recesses of the interior. She might more

safely rest at its edge than elsewhere. She sank down, too tired even to cry, though the tracks of tears were visible on her fat, dusty, freckled little cheeks. The grass was soft, the shade was cool, the twittering of the birds was soothing to ears strained for the stealthy gliding of snakes or the noisy crash of fierce animals through the brush. And Peggy, the exhausted, slept.

III.

"Ah, Bob," sighed a gentle voice, as two horses paced softly along the leafy lane, "you are too hard, too unforgiving. It is, I think, a little unkind in your brother not to believe in your plan; but don't quarrel over miserable money!"

"Miserable money! Don't you know that a share in that road would mean—would mean that we could marry? Don't you care anything about it? But that isn't all. It's Ned's cocksure contemptuousness. Never again, as I told him—unless he apologizes—will I enter his—hello, Bess, what's the matter?"

For Bess made one or two airy steps as of a horse who contemplates breaking into a direction of her own choice.

"She's afraid of that bundle, Bob—see, that one under the tree."

Bob looked. The bundle stirred.

"Why, Bob!" cried Eleanor.

Bob jumped from Bess, who was easy again, now that she saw she was not to be forced to pass the apparition by the roadside.

Peggy opened her eyes, and the automatic sob of the overstrained child shook her little form. Then she remembered her calamities, and started erect.

"Oh, Uncle Bob, Aunt Eleanor—I mean Miss Eleanor! Take me home, take me home!"

"Take her home, Bob," cried Eleanor with dancing eyes, as Robert surveyed his niece dubiously. "Take her home. You've got to! I won't. I'm off! Ride by and tell me what happens."

And she was off, with a smart crack of the whip. Robert looked after her ruefully.

"Well, there's nothing for it, Peggy, old woman," he said. "Here goes;" and mounting again, he leaned over, caught her by the blue apron, and swung her aloft.

IV.

PEGGY's first appearance in society was as maid of honor at the wedding of Miss Eleanor Freyling and Mr. Robert Underwood, secretary of the new Westbridge-

Turnbridge trolley road. After the ceremony she entertained some of her young relatives with a recital of her adventures in a wild and dangerous jungle, which they were astonished to learn lay on the borders of Turnbridge.

Katherine Hoffman.

The Stone of Truth.

THE princess trailed her fluffy gown impatiently down the lofty room. There was impatience in every movement, and she held her head high, as if to express scorn for all the world. What could have happened? Surely she had all necessary to make life pleasant—youth, beauty, and high position. What else could be wanting?

And yet she was not happy. She had left her small court—after having peremptorily dismissed a princely suitor, the fifth in a month—to walk alone and think uninterrupted; to pace slowly up the long room, whose mirror-lined walls reflected scores of fair, mutinous princesses, attired in gorgeous, trailing robes, and trying to probe beneath the life of artificiality which surrounded her.

"Oh, to be sure of the truth at all times, to know instinctively what is genuine! I will never marry simply because I am a princess."

She stared out gloomily over the dark woods stretching into the distance from beneath the palace windows. With a sharp shake of her beautiful head, she turned away.

"I will never marry—my country shall be my one care. But it is difficult to understand the men about me. They all speak me fair." She sank despondently into a chair. "If only I knew the truth that lay beneath the surface!"

At that moment the curtains were pushed aside, and a stranger stepped into the room. Too late to refuse an audience, the princess looked with anything but favor at the shabby little old man who approached her.

"It is late for callers," she remarked icily.

"I crave a word with your highness. I will not detain you long, but we must be private."

"We are private, as you see, so tell me your business," was the haughty response.

"You were complaining, I believe, that you found it impossible to know truly the depths of men's minds."

The princess started, and for a minute almost lost her usual self-possession.

"Yes, I have often desired to—to——"

She hesitated, and her strange interviewer continued:

"There is no need to explain. I understand exactly. I know how you resent the environment of adulation with which you are surrounded. But if you perceived the truth underlying all fair words, you would not be perfectly happy." He coughed drily, and, without glancing at the surprised girl, drew a ring from the recesses of his cloak. It was only a thin gold band, but in the center sparkled a stone from which every color scintillated in rapid succession, as it was turned to and from the light—blue, pink, green, yellow, red, now one, now all.

The princess gave a cry of admiration, stretching out her hand for the beautiful thing.

"Softly, softly!" said the old man. "The ring is yours on one condition—it must never leave your finger. This is the stone of truth, the only one in existence. So long as you wear it, by simply turning it around your finger the truth will be laid bare to you. To know, as I have said, is not always happiness. Blindness is sometimes preferable. However, remember this: should you ever utter the wish to be free of the gift, and to be only as other mortals, it will leave you at once."

He placed the ring on her finger, and was gone before the bewildered recipient could realize what had happened.

When the princess joined her people again, she was calm and dignified as usual. But there was more color in the fair cheeks, and among the rings she was wearing every one noticed an especially beautiful stone that had never been remarked till then.

The steward, with much bowing, brought to the notice of the princess some papers and plans pertaining to certain proposed alterations on the royal estates. She looked them over for the second time more carefully.

"You consider that, if I agree, this will be greatly to my advantage?" she asked, looking at the man.

"Certainly, most certainly, princess," came the deferential reply.

"And for my poor?"

"Especially for them, your highness, knowing how kind and generous your dealings always are," bowed the man.

Strange that never before had she noticed the steward's small, cunning eyes—eyes that had a curious objection to look one fairly in the face. Toying momentarily with her rings, the knowledge grew



SHE HELD HER HEAD HIGH, AS IF TO EXPRESS SCORN FOR ALL THE WORLD.

within her that she was being cheated—that moneys supposed to be given for charity were being fraudulently used. Coldly she gathered the papers together.

"I will go through these papers again, and let you know my decision. There are one or two things in your statement which do not seem to be quite consistent. Bring up all your books to-morrow."

Deathly pale the steward became, as he bowed himself out of the royal presence. Not prepared for so sudden an inspection, ruin stared him in the face, and he sat far into the night, vainly trying to arrange his books. Next day he was found dead, killed by his own hand.

It was a wonderful thing to be able to divine the truth at all times. It proved useful in state questions, as well as in private life. But the princess seemed to age a little in those days, and to become more cold. Life was perhaps less difficult to see in front of one, but it was depressing to discover falseness where she had never suspected it before.

One evening she stood upon the rose-

lined terrace, looking curiously down upon several men who stood talking together. Most of them were well known to her, but one, a stranger—tall, handsome, and soldierly-looking—waited apart from the rest. She guessed his identity. There had been much talk of the arrival of another suitor, whose character and exploits had even faintly interested the fair princess, whom he, like so many before him, hoped to win.

Hidden by the luxuriant growth of roses, she leaned over the stone balustrade to look more closely at her wooer.

"Yes," she thought after a long scrutiny, "there is something good and strong in this face. Yet does it only form a mask for what really lies below?"

She flushed, for he suddenly looked up, and, recognizing her, gravely bowed. The girl drew back into the friendly shelter of her flowers, feeling strangely troubled. Her heart was beating, as surely no glance from any man had caused it to beat before.

The ring—of course she must turn the ring! And yet, full of this new but rarely sweet pain, the princess paused. What would the stone of truth tell her? She felt that her future happiness lay in the verdict of that flashing jewel. Suppose—suppose—

"No, no, I will be happy! I would rather be left in ignorance and take my fate as others must. I am tired of seeing too deeply. I must be rid of you!"

Her eyes filling with angry tears, she tore the ring from her finger. It vanished, and only a laugh echoed mockingly round her, dying away on the summer air.

And whether for good or evil, the princess turned to meet the one man who would hold her life's happiness, to make or mar, as fate had preordained.

E. Holl.

The Left Fielder's Soul.

I.

THE new minister and the junior warden sat watching the baseball game, chatting over parish matters and cheering the play. The warden cheered most; the minister did most of the chatting, for he was very new and earnest. To entertain him, the warden had suggested the ball game, and the pastor improved on the opportunity by mapping out prayer-meetings and services.

"What I maintain and always have maintained," said he, ignoring the fact that he was but three months ordained,

"is that the apathy of our younger people is due to the lack of modern methods in approaching them. Therefore I want to raise money for fitting up the parish rooms with china for suppers, and to buy a good stereopticon. Then we can make religion attractive, and can get smart men to address the meetings and so reach our younger people."

"Speaking of our younger people," answered the warden, "the left fielder over there is in the parish, and a nice, clean fellow he is, too. Just see how he runs up to that fly!"

They watched the runner intently, and then the great bank of onlookers cheered wildly, for Johnny Carleton, the left fielder, had caught the ball.

"He never misses 'em," said a man near by. "He just freezes on to 'em, and this time he's won the game for the Ohio league!"

The minister clapped too, partly at the pretty play, and partly to have found such a prize in his new parish.

"By the way, Mr. Tomkins," he asked, "you say that fellow is in our church. Is he regular, is he serious, is he—devotional?"

"Well," the other answered, "I only know he's all right. He isn't namby pamby or that sort, you know; he's just plain good, and this baseball is not spoiling him, either, for all he travels around."

The pastor's mind was in quite a whirl.

"Dear me," he said, "just what we want! Do you suppose he would address our Thursday meeting for men? Think of the ad. it would be. Mr.—what is his name?"

"John Carleton," was the answer.

"Yes. Mr. John Carleton, left fielder of the Ohio National Baseball Nine, will address the special men's meeting this evening. Now to put that on your bulletin board—wouldn't it bring in the people?"

The warden opened his eyes, and thought of their placid minister so lately dead.

"It certainly would be novel," he commented.

"Yes, novel," said Mr. Jones, "novel and hence attractive. People are tired of the old ways of teaching the Gospel; they are craving for novelty. They want to hear other people besides their pastor, even if he isn't a fossil." Here Mr. Jones blushed consciously; no one could charge him with being that. "I shall certainly approach Mr. Carleton about this."



"IT HAS COME TO MY EARS THAT YOU ARE ZEALOUS FOR THE GLORY OF GOD."

He trotted off at once to the athletic building where the players were, sending in his card to the left fielder. John Carleton was standing beneath a shower bath when the card was brought, and he read it before it was sprinkled and blurred.

"Why, that's the name of our new minister," he said, as he splashed and hopped about under the cold needles. "What does he want, I wonder?"

He dried himself with rough towels till his fine, agile body was all of a tingle,

and then, throwing on a bath-robe, went in to the minister.

Mr. Jones' earnestness had one great advantage—it barred prolixity, he went right to the point.

"How do you do?" he began. "I want to use you in parish work right off. I want to interest our younger people, and it has come to my ears that you are zealous for the glory of God."

Mr. Jones had gone a bit faster than he intended. He took John Carleton's breath away.

"Am I not right in thinking so?" he pursued, after a brief pause.

"Why, I hope so," said John, "but I never put it that way to myself before. Somehow it's too high for me—it flies over my head like a ball."

The pastor tapped approvingly with his cane.

"That's a good simile," he observed, "and so novel! St. Peter used fish for his similes, and you, the modern apostle, use baseballs."

"Oh, I didn't mean to be irreverent," John stammered, half afraid that he had been too free with the minister. "I just meant that I'm a plain, quiet kind of fellow, and try to keep strong inside and out."

"That's what we want," was the pleasant retort. "Muscular Christianity, strenuous religion, modern point of view—and that is why I want you to lead our meeting for men next Thursday evening. We want to wake up the younger element in the church, and you're the man to do it."

John's training had been orthodox, teaching at once reverence for religion and respect for the clergy. His reverence made him unwilling to talk about religion before a meeting, and his respect told him not to refuse the minister. It was perplexing, and yet he did not dodge, but looked right at Mr. Jones, taking in that whole smug, frock-coated little body at a glance.

"Why, I want to oblige you," he said at length, "and I will oblige you if I can. But—but I'm not a speaker; I only went through the high school, and I had an awful time getting off my speech at graduation, too." He looked appealingly at Mr. Jones, who was absorbed in picturing the bill-board advertisement. "Besides, I haven't any very good clothes."

"Oh, you don't need a long black coat," said the minister. "Come in your ball clothes and talk. Talk about religion from a baseball point of view. I

don't know just how you would handle the subject, but work in some good playing similes, and it will be a great success."

But John objected.

"No, sir," he said. "I'll come in my regular clothes, and I'll try to speak, if you insist."

So Mr Jones, a trifle ruffled that the full pictorial effect of an address on religion from a left fielder in a sweater and spiked shoes must be toned down, walked away devising ways and means whereby religion could be made attractive to "our younger people."

II.

On the day before the address, when John saw the poster advertising himself, he felt like running away. "A Left Fielder on Religion" it ran in bold letters; "Mr. John Carleton will talk to men on religion from a baseball player's point of view. All are welcome!" "You would think," John muttered as he hurried past the poster and the people who good-naturedly commented on him and it, "you would think that a fellow on the nine was a sort of a wild beast that they had tamed. I don't like it at all!"

The parish rooms were nearly full. A few serious and many curious folk had come to hear about baseball religion. Very ill at ease, John sat on the platform as far behind the melodeon as possible, waiting for the hymn to finish and for his time to come. After Mr. Jones had introduced him, he stood up stiffly.

"I am going to talk to you," he said unsteadily but determinedly, "about why we should be religious. It seems to me that when a man is trying to be straight and clean, he will naturally go to church; and he will find that the church will help him, because there is such a great power back of it—I mean God."

He knew he had not made the thought come out very clearly, but plunged ahead; telling how important religion was, how a little of it outweighed much in the affairs of men.

"I remember," he went on, "one day we were playing a game with a nine in the country. It was a clear spring afternoon, and from the high ground of the field you could look off over the fine green meadows and see the prosperous farmsteads, and away over beyond the white spire of a church shot up to the sky. Well, as I stood there in the left field, where I play, the man at the bat made a big hit that came sailing over me, and I thought I never could get it; but I

rushed backward and just caught it in one hand. It was a pretty good catch, and after I had thrown it to second base I could hear the crowd cheering. It's fine to be cheered. It makes your blood run briskly. But as I stood there my eye caught the church spire again, and I was ashamed of my vanity, for that was where all praise belonged, not to me at all. How much better, I thought, if we could care more for God's smallest approval than for a whole crowd clapping at what we do!"

He paused again. He could feel a touch of answering approval from the benches, and it seemed as if the inning was over. But Mr. Jones' hand was on his shoulder, and he could hear a hot whisper in his ear:

"Go on, don't stop now; you've only begun! Keep up the play part, and work in more religion, now that they are listening to you."

"I'm a ball player," John continued, "and I tell you a ball game is a parable." He stopped, at a loss just how to substantiate this wild statement. The parables he knew rushed over his memory—pictures of prodigal sons, of gleaners in the harvest, of a sick man fallen among thieves. Somehow he felt irreverent again, but still he was strong enough to live up to that red and blue advertisement outside. "Yes, baseball is a parable. There are the men who muffle the ball—they're the careless people. There are the fellows who strike out, who fan the air—they're the silly, superficial people. There are the chaps that try to spike you—they're the murderers. There are the players who dispute the umpire—they're the——"

He couldn't for his life think what they were, but Mr. Jones' voice filled the awkward gap:

"They are those who defy the Holy Word as we have it in the good book."

The interruption was nettling, and yet it helped to finish another sentence. John determined that he would close; he would say just one more thing. Perhaps he ought to teach these fellows in front of him, they might be hungry for help.

"My idea is," he pushed on—"my idea is that we should all play hard, and help one another, and coach from the side lines, just as Mr. Jones here has been helping me." A ripple of approval ran over the room. "Life is long and often hard, but if we can work together and remember—and remember that God wants us to win and will help us, all will be well."

It was a poor ending, but it was over, and that was a comfort. John felt hot and cold, sorry to have made, as he thought, a flat failure. There was for him one source of gratification—he had been sincere, he had not piously lied about his religion.

When the hymn was sung he was conscious that the voices were hoarse with earnestness—had he roused them? A strange atmosphere of trust and appreciation, like the clapping from distant bleachers, filled his soul.

III.

MR. JONES was delighted. John, he declared, was now his right-hand man, was the necessary heaven for the younger people. At the presbytery meetings he was full of his new find, so that the church periodicals took up the cry, and the left fielder was hailed as a prophet not without honor, or at least attention, in his own country. The rest of the nine, in good-natured badinage, poked fun at their new apostle, but they were clear-eyed enough to know that there could be no humbug in the little sermon that their crack fielder had uttered.

The season wore on. Once and again for the weekly meetings Mr. Jones put out his sign of a speech on baseball religion. Invitations to speak in neighboring towns came thick and fast, so that by autumn John had many lectures promised. Mr. Jones, like a delighted Barnum at finding some sacred beast of India, had a great scheme—a tour of lectures through Ohio and Illinois. Curious people in dozens of parishes left their snug cottages of an evening to hear the left fielder talk of God. It was a drawing card, a taking antithesis.

But while the argument from mugging flies to shirking moral responsibility grew more stereotyped and ornate, while it amused some, stirred others, and made all sit up straight for half an hour, the lecturer was changing with his lecture. Mr. Jones had advised a frock coat. Mr. Jones, when he preached, wielded a large gilt-edged Testament; and he suggested the same bit of stage property for John. So frock-coated, Bible-swinging John, as he appeared that last March evening, presented more than an external contrast to the night of his first speech at home. The paper next morning reported it verbatim:

"My vocation is that of a left fielder. my avocation is bringing souls to God. Many a time on the diamond I have

thought of that blessed country whose streets are paved with pearl"—Mr. Jones had contributed that touch entire—"and often have I thought, as the breezes blew over the meadows, how typical of our human life is this simple game. Yonder is a player who, as the saying is, muffs the ball—how typical of those careless individuals who muff their God-given opportunities! On a fresh spring day, years ago, I was filling my position in the field, with all my energies bent to be of service, even in this minor department of life, when the ball came flying through the blue sky. Instantly I ran backward, trembling with excitement, and happily with two fingers caught the flying missile. How the crowd cheered me! How wonderful is applause! And yet I knew then, and know now, that praise is not for us. Far off on the hillside I saw the slender spire of a house of God, pointing heavenward. There, thought I, there is where praise belongs, there—"

At this moment an old woman pushed back her chair loudly, and stumped painfully out of the door. All turned from John to watch her out. They seemed listless, and the preacher bit his lip with resentment. It was his favorite climax; he liked that part about praise. As he waited for the audience again, it dawned on him that he liked praise, too!

After this dawning came the flash of clearer light. He was not telling the truth, had been departing from it more and more all winter—till now he had awakened. Spluttering a few more sentences, he closed, laying the gilt-edged Bible down, and stepping off the platform.

Afterwards Mr. Jones, a little surprised at this strange ending, was bustling about among the people. He felt a tug at his elbow. It was Carleton.

"Come here," said John, and the little man was led to a corner. "Mr. Jones, I got a letter from the league to-day."

"Well," was the answer, "of course you have decided to give that up and take up definite evangelization?"

"No," said John.

"What, then?" came the sharp question.

"I'm going back to play, and not preach any more. I've been fooling myself and other people, too. I found myself lying to-night."

"Now, my dear Carleton," Mr. Jones began, patting his arm, "if a few super-sensitive scruples—"

"No," John answered, with the old

rigor of that first day after the shower-bath. "I want to be plain. I can't speak well. I never got beyond the high school, you know. I don't want to be cracked up in the papers, and besides, I want to be honest and play again on the nine!"

Samuel S. Drury.

The Proving of Mrs. Elder.

I.

It was a big, bare room in the Soldiers' Home, where the old men walked together and fought their battles over again. Their coats of army blue hung limply from their bent shoulders; their hands were tremulous as they filled their pipes or hacked at their bars of tobacco. Their heads nodded in the dodderingly sage fashion of age.

"It's your own folks, when all's said an' done, that you want," said one gloomily.

"True enough, it's your own folks. I ain't got any left but my brother Israel's widow. She was a fine, strappin' girl, Mira Elder. Israel was younger than me, ten years younger; an' she was younger than Israel, ten years or thereabouts. I'm seventy; so Mira ain't so young. I never hear nothin' about her marryin' again, but she might have, Israel bein' dead nigh on to twenty year now. She's all I've got left. It ain't much."

"It's as good as anything else," grumbled the other. "I've got a son—an' look at me, left here to die! I tell you what, Jim Elder, there's no such thing as gratitude in this world."

They wagged their old heads dejectedly, and mumbled and grumbled over the loneliness of their lots. Their memories traveled back beyond the days of camp and march, beyond the time of smoke and singing shell, and lingered in the gardens where they were children long ago. Their talk was no more of the comrades of their young manhood, their fellows in the grim days of the war, but of old playmates, of sweethearts whose names they had almost forgotten. They parted with a sigh at the end of the afternoon.

"It's your own folks you want, your own folks," they said drearily, "when you get to be an old man."

All night the longing stayed with old Jim Elder. He would write to his sister-in-law, he decided, and invite himself to pay her a little visit. But suppose she had married again? Suppose she did not want him? Suppose—

"I'll go an' find her," said the old man

to himself. "I can see in a minute if she don't want me. I won't write. I'll just slip away tomorrow. I've got enough to get there."

II.

ORIGINALITY and Mrs. Elder were entirely unacquainted. Her eminently respectable boarding-house was like twenty others in the neighboring side streets—brownstone in the transition state between elegance and shabbiness. Her heavy lace curtains, her Brussels carpet, the clock upon her tomb-like marble mantel, the tapestry chairs and sofas, the side-board bed in the back parlor—all these were to be duplicated in boarding-houses by the thousand.

Mrs. Elder's widowhood was as conventionally denoted as her profession. She never wore anything but black, but she regarded her weeds less as symbols of mourning than as badges of respectability.

"There's nothing," she used to say in her expansive moments, "so neat and so elegant as black, in my opinion. And I can't help having some regard for elegance. I was elegantly brought up. I never expected to be conducting a boarding-house in my old age. It would kill my husband, if he knew it—if he had lived to see it. He was a very proud man, a very proud man. His brother you have probably heard of—General James Elder of the army."

From this it may be gathered that the pretensions of Mrs. Elder were as unoriginal as her household furniture. Her boarders, however, were no sticklers for conversational novelty on the part of their landlady. They had boarded in divers places, and were inured to all sorts of tales of grandeurs past. It was enough for them that their landlady kept a spotlessly clean and entirely comfortable boarding-house, and that she "set a good table," as she herself boasted. She did not tamper with the gas jets in the interests of small bills. Therefore they called her blessed, and were quite willing to call her aristocratic as well, if she insisted upon it.

Only the star boarder resented the harmless little vanity of the landlady. But the star boarder—she occupied the second floor front, with its adjoining hall bedroom, and had her breakfasts served up-stairs—had pretensions of her own. She gave it out that while her husband labored in Wall Street, she was consorting with those whom she called the "four hundred." She spoke languidly of "open-

ing up her own house next season, if she felt strong enough." She had spoken thus for the three years of her residence with Mrs. Elder.

Mrs. Elder perceived and resented her star's attitude, though she was not a woman of particularly sensitive nerves; but Mrs. Van Cassam was an admirable investment financially, and that was a consideration which even a good landlady may not overlook. So Mrs. Elder was deaf to innuendoes and jests, and merely talked a little more volubly than ever about the glory of her connections when Mrs. Van Cassam was present.

One evening the customary crowd was streaming through the side street on which Mrs. Elder's house stood. It was a misty twilight, and the three persons bound for her abode did not recognize one another until they met at the foot of her steps. They were the girl from the Art League, the lawyer, and the star boarder. They half paused to give one another greeting, and as they stood a shaking old voice addressed them.

"Excuse me, ma'am," it began, and they all drew back with instinctive dislike of beggars. But there was no hand held out, and the voice went on: "Is this No. 97?"

It was. The voice went on more eagerly then:

"An' can you tell me if a lady named Mrs. Elder lives here?"

The three replied simultaneously that such a lady did live there. They crowded closer to the little, shrunken old man who put the questions. They scented mystery. He was poor, grotesquely poor, from the ridiculous muffer about his neck to the toes of his rusty boots.

"I've been lookin' for her all day," he said with a sigh of great relief. "But she'd moved since she wrote to me, an' the town's changed a sight since I was here before, jest after the war. I'm her brother-in-law."

The Second Floor Front bubbled over with gleeful appreciation of the situation.

"Her brother-in-law?" she cried. "Oh, she has talked such a lot about you! How pleased, how delighted, she'll be to see you! Come up, come up!"

To the others she whispered: "I wouldn't miss the sight of her when she meets him, not for a fortune!"

The old man toiled up behind the other, simple pleasure on his face. The Second Floor Front opened the door. Under the hall chandelier stood Mrs. Elder, magnificent in new henrietta and jet, giving commands as to the disposition of trunks to a servant on the floor above. She

turned with a perfunctory smile of welcome toward her boarders.

"Here's your brother-in-law, Mrs. Elder!" cried the Second Floor Front, moving suddenly so that the light fell upon the bent and withered figure of the old man.

For one red and white second the landlady stood quite still. A circling glance of her furious eyes included all of the hall group. But when it reached her brother-in-law it paused and softened. She moved forward with her hands outstretched.

"Why, Jim!" she cried. "Why didn't you let me know you were coming, so that I could meet you? I'm glad to see you!"

The easy tears of old age came into his apprehensive eyes.

"Are you really, Mira?" he begged. "I was afraid maybe you wouldn't be. I slipped away from the home unbeknownst. I wanted to see some one belonging to me before I died. The Soldiers' Home is all right, but it ain't your own folks. My, but you're living elegant! I won't put you out, will I? I don't want to make no trouble. Jest stow me anywhere. Old soldier, you know—used to roughin' it!"

"Rough it!" cried Mrs. Elder, with a vehemence that shook all the pendants on her rustling gown. "Not in my house, Jim Elder! There's plenty of room already, and"—she flashed one proud glance at the little crowd on the stairs—"my second floor front will be vacant at the end of a week, and you'll stay in that as long as you like!"

Thus, leading the old man back toward her sitting-room, and vouchsafing no further look toward the stairway and its stragglers, Mrs. Elder won the coronet of fine breeding which she so long had claimed.

Frank W. Lewis.

The Agent at Lone Rock.

I.

LONE ROCK was the least important station on the least important branch of an unimportant road in the middle West. The squat, unpainted building, with its one window and one door, was set in the midst of a sun-baked plain with only a water-tank and a scattered score or so of discouraged dwellings to keep it company. From the dusty horizon line on the west to the dusty horizon on the east stretched the neglected roadbed over which crawled daily two long strings of

"flats" and box-cars, with a "combination" trailing at the end for the accommodation of infrequent passengers.

The duties of the agent at Lone Rock were not heavy. He swept out the station once a month—if he thought of it. Occasionally, the dusty telegraph instrument ticked out a train order. Perhaps twice a week he sold a ticket. But for the greater part of the time he might smoke and meditate in peace, moving his chair to the shady side of the building as occasion demanded.

It was commonly believed that old man Billings, who had been the agent for time out of mind, had accepted the position—with its attendant salary of fifteen dollars per month—to have an excuse for not working. So far as is known, Jed Masters was the only other aspirant. Billings had taught Jed the Morse code, and obligingly allowed him to do all the work there was to do. When Billings finally decided to move back to his old home in Missouri, Jed sent in an application for the vacated position. He being the only applicant, his appointment followed.

When he opened the long yellow envelope containing the official confirmation of his hopes, Jed did not evince any frivolous elation. He merely gazed lengthily at his boots—large and guiltless of blacking—and jubilantly whistled "Come Now, Ye Sinners," which was the only number in his musical repertoire.

As Jed approached the station on the first morning of his incumbency, it looked larger to him than the Grand Central, and he felt that an immense amount of responsibility rested on his shoulders. His first official act was to wash the one window. He had long wanted to wash that window, but Billings, he knew, would never have consented to such a useless waste of labor.

There were but four panes of glass in the aforesaid window, one of which was broken, and the undisturbed dust of months rested thereon. Jed was giving the final polish to the last pane when the morning train puffed to a standstill. The conductor, looking for possible orders, whistled with amazement when he observed the new agent's occupation.

"Expecting the president of the road to call to-day?" he queried, with deep sarcasm.

Jed stopped in the midst of "Come Now, Ye Sinners," and blushed with humility.

"Oh, I thought I'd clean up a little," he responded. "Billings has resigned, and I've taken his place," he added.

"New broom, eh?" said the conductor. "Well, don't wear yourself out."

After the departure of the train Jed gave the dingy station such a cleaning as it had never had before. Then he walked slowly about the structure, viewing it from different points, and decided that it needed painting. Just what steps to take in the matter he did not know, but it appeared to him that the fact that it was not painted must be an oversight which only needed to be mentioned in the proper quarter to be rectified. In accordance with this supposition, he proceeded to communicate with the division superintendent.

"Good Lord!" said that worried individual, when he had read Jed's letter. "What sort of an unmentionable idiot have we got on our hands now?"

He dictated half a dozen curt sentences, the perusal of which caused Jed to be momentarily cast down, but not for long.

The next person to whom the new agent resorted for expert advice was the local storekeeper. That worthy announced that the needed amount of paint would cost eight dollars. To a man drawing fifteen dollars per month, eight dollars looks a large sum, but Jed decided that the station must be painted, even if at his own expense.

After studying the sample card for some time, he decided upon green as making up, in a measure, for the total lack of that delectable color in the surrounding landscape, which was mostly a dusty yellow; and when the afternoon train pulled in a few days later a broad expanse of moist, gleaming green was presented to the view of the astounded crew in charge of it.

The fame of the "crazy agent at Lone Rock" soon spread along the road for a hundred miles in either direction. Train-crews meeting at lonely sidings recklessly wagered bets of magnitude upon his anticipated vagaries. The rumored Brussels carpet and the piano for the waiting-room did not materialize, nor did the soda fountain and free cigars predicted by an imaginative brakeman; but a neat flower-bed blossomed forth beside the green-hued station building, and the climax was reached when Jed appeared one day in a neat blue uniform with gleaming brass buttons and a cap with "Station Agent" in white letters on the band.

It was at about this time that Jed definitely became in love. The progress of the tender passion was, with him, a thing of slow and deliberate growth. Sadie Taylor was the name of the favored

maiden. He had known Sadie for a long time, and when he decided to marry her he set about his wooing with businesslike promptitude.

Sadie was incontestably the belle of Lone Rock, being the only unmarried female of marriageable age in the place, and the choice of the eligible males was at her disposal. She was low-voiced and soft-spoken, had inquiring eyes, and was nearly ready to blossom into a more than passably fine-looking woman. Her mental endowments, too, were more than would have been premised from her environment. To Jed's discriminating judgment, she appeared admirably adapted to be the wife of a general manager, at least. Not that Jed occupied that exalted position, but he hoped to do so some day—being in that happily optimistic frame of mind that enables a small boy to fix his gaze on a coveted apple and ignore the dog under the tree.

II.

TOWARD the end of the summer, the small road of which Jed was a humble servitor passed into the control of a progressive and successful rival. Shortly after the transfer the general manager, on his tour of inspection, drew near to Lone Rock.

This exalted personage had come to his position by reason of hard work and concrete knowledge of railroading. Instead of conducting his tours of inspection in a gorgeous observation car, he customarily donned a comfortable business suit, pulled a soft slouch hat down over his eyes, and, with a clean collar and a box of big black cigars in a battered hand satchel, took a seat in the smoking car of the first train that happened to be going in the right direction.

He had a habit of dropping off casually at frequent intervals and staying over till the next train. This mode of progress took time, but when he had been over a division he knew pretty well what was doing along that particular stretch of track. He was rather a silent man himself, but always ready to listen so long as one of his employees was willing to talk, thereby absorbing much information that escapes the ken of the average general manager.

It was his first trip over the branch on which Lone Rock was situated, and he approached by way of the morning train. When the station next before that had been passed, the conductor dropped into the seat beside him for a comfortable chat, choosing for his theme the doings of

the "crazy agent at Lone Rock." The conductor's narrative was a trifle vivid in coloring, but the substratum of truth was plainly to be observed.

The general manager was silent, but interested. As the narrative progressed, he looked thoughtful.

"Painted the station," he said at last, musingly, "and did it at his own expense! Wears a uniform!" He removed his cigar from his mouth and eyed it critically. "Keeps the window clean and sweeps out every day—h'm!"

As the train approached Lone Rock the general manager looked out of the car window somewhat eagerly. He had already passed a procession of neglected, squalid, unpainted stations, depressing even to so experienced a railroader as himself. As the station at Lone Rock came into view he noted with distinct pleasure the small green building, the trim flower-bed beside it, and the clean-shaven, alert-looking agent upon the platform, with his natty uniform.

As the train slowed down he drew in his head from the window, picked up his satchel, and started for the door of the car.

"I believe I'll stop off for a few hours and telegraph for a special this afternoon," he explained to the astonished conductor.

When the train had pulled out he looked around at the handful of scattered dwellings and the dusty landscape, and back to the neat station, like an oasis in a desert, with Jed unobtrusively waiting to see if he could be of any assistance to the stranger.

"Might I inquire your name and how long you have worked for this road?" he asked incisively.

"My name is Masters," answered Jed. "I have been agent here for about six months."

"You probably have been informed," continued the stranger, "that this road has changed hands. I am your new general manager."

Jed bowed and remained silent in the presence of royalty.

"I think," said the visitor, "that we can dispense with your services as station agent at Lone Rock from this date, Mr. Masters."

Jed looked blank.

"But I can offer you the job of assistant agent at Polkville Junction at fifty dollars a month, with an advance to a position in the general offices at the end of the year—if you care to accept it."

If he cared to accept it? Jed pinched

himself surreptitiously to assure himself that he was not dreaming.

Long after the special that bore the general manager away a few hours later had disappeared in a cloud of dust, Jed stood looking after it and softly whistling "Come Now, Ye Sinners." Then he locked up the station and went to see Sadie.

Maitland LeRoy Osborne.

The Labour Way.

THERE was music in the Labour cabin that evening, music mingled with the sound of much laughter and the shuffling of feet; and if one had gone a little to the windward of the cabin, there would have been the odors of lavish cooking. Had not Pierre, the ne'er-do-well, come home that day, Pierre who had gone forth singing to make a great fortune, and who had come back unshaven and ragged, but still singing? Why should there not be festivity? Money was good, but that was such a very small part of life. It was Pierre they were glad to have back, not the money he had promised to bring. That was forgotten. The only drawback was that as soon as he got rested he would start away once more in search of the fortune.

So Jean of the big black beard and broad shoulders, who had put by forty dollars for the cold weather, threw half of it upon the table, and would have followed it with the other half had there been excuse; and Baptiste, who shared his means with every needy person he met, whether deserving or not, and so had but ten dollars, gave that; and lastly Henri, the youngest and handsomest and most resourceful of them all, added fifty dollars as the half of his savings.

Marie, the merry one, the mother of the boys, the friend of everybody, gathered up all this money to meet the expenses of the feast and the music and to procure new clothing for Pierre. Should more be needed; she would only have to go to the boy who happened to be the most convenient, and it would be forthcoming. And when Pierre was ready to go away again, all of the boys would be sure to slip something into his hand with a muttered apology. That was the Labour way.

At the big house a little distance up the hill, the house whose large windows were always shaded to keep out the sun, and whose broad front steps were never used except when the girl polished them and left the front door open a little for

the neighbors to see the fine furniture in the hall, things were viewed differently. The skinny-faced, greedy-eyed factor and his wife, and the pretty niece who was staying with them, had been asked to the merry-making, for at such times the Labous never excepted anybody, friend or foe; but the factor had snarled, as he always did, and refused for himself and family.

So this evening, in the little back kitchen, the factor sat scowling at the merry strains of the violins and the shuffling of feet and laughter.

"The imbeciles!" he snarled. "The lazy, shiftless spendthrifts! They ought not to be allowed at large, to encourage idleness. Every man, woman, and child within three miles is over there, dancing and carousing, when they ought to be asleep or at work."

"Surely, it is scandalous," agreed his wife. "That big Jean gave François, who works in our garden, two dollars because he was hungry and ragged, and now François will not do anything except I pay him full wages. After I drove eight miles into the woods for a man who would work cheap! These laboring people rob us. I had just gotten François to where he must work for fair wages or starve, when this meddling Jean steps in. And only last week that high walking Henri offered our stable man three dollars a week more than we were paying. When I accused him of it the upstart had the impudence to look me in the face and say it was only regular wages, and that he would be glad to pay the same to any able-bodied man who would help him with his contract to get out railroad ties. The whole lot ought to be in jail. And now they're over there singing and dancing, and I don't doubt every one owes you money at the store."

"No," said the factor slowly and reluctantly, "they don't owe me anything. The Labous always pay as they go. But I don't believe there'll be money enough in the whole lot to pay for a barrel of flour after this spree is over. And you're right in saying they ought to be in jail. They demoralize the neighborhood—a shiftless, noisy, drunken rabble, the whole of them! What do you say, Elise?" he added, turning sharply to his niece.

The girl had been sitting with her head bent, gazing listlessly at the floor, but with an occasional side glance toward the door as if she might be expecting some one. Now she raised her face squarely to her uncle. She was very pretty, and had been in the factor's house

only three months, but already there was an open breach between them. Elise had wanted to use the front part of the house, and to open the blinds and let the sunlight in. But her uncle had said no, angrily; they would live in the little back kitchen, as they had done; that was the way to save money.

There was a gleam of malice in the old man's eyes now as he looked at her; but the girl did not shrink.

"What do I say?" she answered calmly. "Well, it seems to me the Labous are a great deal richer than we are. And I have never heard one of them called shiftless or lazy or drunken before. I thought they were hard-working and happy, and general favorites."

"Elise!" they both snarled in one astounded breath.

"Yes," she said, "a great deal richer than we are. They dress better, and have good things to eat; and though their house is small, it is covered with pretty vines, and they use it all."

"Elise!" Her aunt was upon her feet now, her finger pointing toward the stairs. "Go to your room at once," she hissed; "and to-morrow you shall have nothing at all to eat!"

Elise rose also, her face paling, but her voice steady. There was a step outside.

"I am not ready to go to bed yet, aunt," she said. "I have promised to spend part of the evening with the Labous. There"—as a clear, firm knock sounded upon the door—"I expect it is Henri coming for me."

She moved quickly to the door and threw it open. Henri Labou stepped in, big, smiling, and handsome. He nodded to the factor and his wife, and turned to Elise.

"Ready?" he asked.

The factor's face grew livid.

"If you leave this house to-night, Elsie," he said, "you shall never come back!"

Henri looked questioningly into Elise's eyes, and they answered him.

"There is a priest among the guests over home," he said. "It will add very much to the pleasure of the evening. I hope, factor, that you and your wife will come to the wedding of your niece and myself. It is only a short distance, and we promise to give you a good time. Come, Elise!"

He bowed low to the old people, held the door open for Elise to pass out, then followed her, closing the door quietly behind him.

Frank H. Sweet.

A Misjudged Coward.

HOW TWO MEN REVEALED THEMSELVES IN AN EXCITING EMERGENCY.

BY EDWARD C. FELLOWES.

TWO men sat talking on the upper deck of a crazy little side-wheel steamer which, under the guidance of a profane but conscientious quartermaster, thrashed and wriggled her way along the south coast of Nova Scotia. Having made acquaintance at the dinner-table—across whose vast expanse, relieved by a small oasis of dishes, they had hailed one another with the joy of pilgrims meeting in the desert—they were now celebrating their newly-made friendship by attention to two ferocious cigars provided by the steward, which were capable of combustion only under a continuous forced draft.

Winston, recently graduated from a New England college, was in search of immunity from his annual curse of hay-fever. The dread of train travel had induced him to intrust his life to the deep upon the City of Chester. Barney, his companion, was advertising agent for a tooth-powder concern. His mission it was, in the interests of commerce, to desecrate natural scenery by unnatural simulacra of the human face, wreathed in impossible smiles; and he was now anticipating the march of the tourist, hitherto unaccountably delayed, into the historic regions of Blomidon and Minas.

"Ever been on this craft before?" he was asking. "Kipling boat, I call her—'cheap repairs for a cheap 'un,' you know. Machinery's tied together with string. Engineer's a regular old *McAndrews*, too. Been on her for twenty years. He's a drunken old rascal; but they can't find anyone else dares run her. Some night he'll blow her up."

Winston exclaimed.

"Oh, he will! Wait till you see the staterooms, too. Just the size of a coffin. You'll turn in expecting to wake up and find yourself a corpse; and like enough you will be one."

"But where are the inspectors," asked Winston, "or the underwriters? Isn't there some law to prevent a tub like this from going to sea under drunken control?"

"Well, she doesn't go very far to sea.

Captain's a responsible man, with a strong influence over old *McAndrews*—Stewart's his real name—and can usually manage him. Once in a while, though, he breaks away. Been straight now for quite a few weeks; but I guess he's about due for another tantrum."

Both men recalled instances, suggested by the conversation, of accidents caused by drunken officers; of collisions where, though the injured vessel had kept aloft for hours, scores of lives had been lost through sheer panic.

"I don't know what it is," remarked Barney, "that makes the difference between a brave man and a coward. Some people have it in 'em, and others don't; I guess that's all there is to it. It's like physical strength. That's not simply a question of muscle. You know how often a little man can outlift a big one, or throw a baseball further. It isn't all in the training, either. It's there in one case, and it's not there in the other; that's all you can say. The man who ought by rights to be brave isn't always the brave one. It's a gift, like music or poetry; only courage doesn't come to the front but once in a while, when there's a special call for it."

To this theory Winston demurred. He came of a line of New Englanders of whose record he was proud, from Plymouth to Santiago.

"It's something more than you say, Mr. Barney. Courage is in the blood of some men, I admit; but you'll find that back of them their ancestors had it first. It isn't an accident; it's a trait. It runs in families. It's the fruit of honorable traditions and honorable deeds from generation to generation. Or it's like the temper in a bit of fine steel. That's not a matter of accident; it's the result of a long series of processes. You don't get a Damascus blade just by luck; no more do you get courage in that way."

Mentally, Winston was comparing himself with his companion in this respect of courage. The college-bred man, of refined associations and liberal culture, high-strung and imaginative, he believed to be always, as of an eternal fitness, superior to

the man of fewer advantages. Energetic, industrious, and successful as Barney unquestionably was, while he himself, older and more experienced, had as yet made no mark in life outside of an ephemeral one in college literature, still he felt sure that he had it in him, should the test be made, to show his superiority. The higher instincts and the more thorough training were bound to win.

The evening paled behind them, and scattering stars began to show against the sky. Presently an unusual flapping and groaning of the steering tackle, leading right aft from the wheel-house along the "roof," as Barney called it, gave warning of an effort on the part of the City of Chester which, if successful, would result in her entering the harbor of Shelburne.

As the two men awaited with interest the outcome of this attempt, an apparition rose straight up out of the deck before them. The figure of a man loomed huge through the gathering dusk. A great red beard spread fan-like to his waist, over the greasy blue jumper of a mechanic. With one hand he shaded his eyes for a long look toward the distant lights of Shelburne, and then vanished as silently as he had come. Winston drew a breath.

"Who in the world was that?" he asked.

"That's old *McAndrews*—Stewart, the engineer. There's a little manhole you didn't notice, goes right down to the engine-room. He comes up now and then to get the air. It must be fierce down below. No wonder he drinks. I guess he'll try to get something at Shelburne."

It was late when they reached the wharf. There was a good deal of freight to be shipped, and some passengers to take on. Tired of waiting, although he dreaded the stuffy air of the stateroom, Winston at last succumbed. Barney proposed to remain up long enough to make sure that the old boat did not fall to pieces when she tried to turn around.

"They ought to move the town down to the mouth of the harbor to accommodate the boat, instead of making her come away up here to the town. More people on board than there are inhabitants in the place, all told. Well, good night. I guess she'll last till morning, if she is like *Fogarty's* Christmas cake."

And Barney sang:

And the cover was nailed on wid glue!

It was in vain that Winston courted slumber. His stateroom had apparently been constructed upon the theory that its occupant was due for punishment. Tran-

som there was none. The port-hole was tiny. The dingy berth was garnished with two glaring blankets arranged in a fancy design something like a tomato pin-cushion. The sounds of the boat arose on all sides as soon as Winston closed his eyes. Dishes rattled in the adjacent pantry. Overhead a loose bit of lath went scrape, scrape, until the mind became nearly frantic with the effort not to listen for it. From far below, in the regions where *McAndrews* held sway, the signals of the coal-passers, made by a rhythmic banging of their scoops against an iron stanchion—*tink-tink-a-tink, tink-tink-a-tink, tink-tink-a-tink*—came not unmusically to his ears.

Suddenly, behind the partition, a child began to cry. In despair, Winston threw off his coverings, intending to pass the rest of the night on deck; but as he slid to the floor, his senses dimly caught a far-off wailing sound, so faint that he was not sure he had heard anything. He waited, listening; then drew on his shoes and coat, and pulled open his door; but as he stepped out into the passage, he was frozen into immobility by a repetition of the cry, louder this time, and nearer; prolonging itself on a single note, and then suddenly rising in a wild crescendo that thrilled the blood.

The familiarity of the thing puzzled Winston; he had often heard the same before; and then all at once he recognized it for what it was—the meaningless, demoniac whoop of intoxication. Old *McAndrews*! The drunken engineer was running amuck among his furnaces.

Involuntarily Winston slammed his door; and at once his imagination began to work like a whirlwind. The stories which he and Barney had exchanged of collisions and mutinies, remote of any present application by daylight, now assumed the guise of sober probabilities. Anything might happen. The boilers might burst. A deviation of a single point from the course, on this rugged coast, a touch upon a rock, which would no more than scarify the paint upon a sound hull, would be the finish of this rotten tub. She would drop to pieces like the one-hoss shay.

Even as these visions flashed across Winston's brain, and as he cursed his imagination for them, he found himself calling on his courage to meet the situation, and realized with anger that he felt utterly lost and incompetent. He was not conscious of fear, but merely of helplessness. He seemed paralyzed at the very centers of initiative. He knew that whatever the crisis might prove to be—for as

yet there was no manifest danger—he was destined to play the part of a mere spectator. The sound of Barney's voice at his door aroused him.

"Winston!" he heard him call. "Quick! On deck! We shall need every man."

The man's light tread sped away down the passage. Winston reached the deck and looked around him. No signs of commotion here as yet. For all he could see, everything was just the same as when he went below. In the wheel-house the lamp gleamed on the calm face of the quartermaster. And then once more from below came the swelling scream of the drunken engineer, this time with an edge of unmistakable frenzy; and panic leaped upon the listener as he realized that he was alone.

Barney's voice at his side startled him. The advertising man wore only shirt, trousers, and tennis slippers.

"Good!" he panted. His quick eyes glanced about. "Got a revolver? Neither have I, worse luck. Of all times, to leave it behind!"

"What is it?" asked Winston. "Is he dangerous? Have they got him under control? What do you want me to do?"

"Don't know yet; captain's gone to see if he can handle him. The crew are all skulking. He's laid out the steward and the first officer with an iron bar; and he's down there alone—with the engines. Worst of it is, a fog's coming on; may close in on us thick as paint in five minutes. If it does, we'll just have to trust in Providence not to strike anything. We can't stop her, nor slow down—*McAndrews* won't let us. A pitch-black night wouldn't be so bad, for you could see a vessel's light all right; but fog—that's hopeless!"

Winston said nothing. His mentality seemed suspended. How could Barney be so alert, so watchful, so conscious of possible contingencies? He himself was calm enough; but his was the calmness of inert faculties, while Barney's was that of absolute self-control and self-forgetfulness.

Suddenly a damp blanket touched his cheek.

"There she comes—that's the fog!"

The speaker vanished, and Winston heard him scratching about overhead. He appeared again, and his round face wore a sober look.

"Twenty people, and only eight lifebelts! That's cheerful. Where on earth the rest can be, I don't know. Must have taken 'em out when they painted her last week, and forgotten some of 'em."

"But the boats?" inquired Winston. "Aren't those all right?"

His companion snorted.

"Better believe I looked at those first thing. They weigh about a ton each; they haven't been out of the chocks for five years; and the falls are rotten as punk. Well, we can just wait. Perhaps the old man can manage him."

As Barney spoke, the captain appeared out of the fog, a cut on his cheek, his coat torn from the shoulders.

"Are you gentlemen armed? My engineer is crazy drunk. He's in full control below, and has knocked out two of my officers. The crew are all cowards—a cheap lot I shipped off the docks at Yarmouth. I threatened to shoot, but it was only a bluff, and he knew it; there isn't a firearm of any kind on board. Now he's stoking like a fiend, and the boilers are pasteboard!"

As the captain spoke, the paddles began to churn with increasing energy, and clouds of black smoke swirled down out of the white fog. The boat quivered as the vibrations shook every timber in her crazy length, and still she only crawled.

Barney eyed the officer.

"What's your plan, captain?"

"We must get the passengers up, and have them ready; then we must try to get away a boat. We are now, I judge, not far from Ram Island. I shall try to beach her, if the boilers hold; but it may be Stewart will give in before that."

Quietly they went from stateroom to stateroom; and soon a huddled group gathered forward, mostly women, though three were men. The situation was explained to them, and the plan outlined. Then the six men turned to one of the heavy boats, and strained at the tackle. Barney gave up first, wiping his brow.

"Get the steam winch to bear on her; we can't budge her this way. But I forgot; *McAndrews* won't let us. Well, we must just hold on for Ram Island." Unconsciously he had taken command. He apologized. "Anyway, it's all we can do."

It seemed to Winston that never had anything been more horrible. The helpless women; the useless boats, which should have been their salvation; the crazy hull under their feet, a mere shell between them and death; the enveloping shroud of fog; the insane giant at his furnaces, conjuring up the mighty force which might rush them to safety, but threatened to involve them in an appalling catastrophe; and worst of all, the oily, hypocritical smoothness of the ocean that bided its time for their bodies.

Winston could have shrieked aloud at the inaction that bound him. His pride in his ancestry, his satisfaction in those advantages of which, in his mood of the previous evening, he had been so aware in contrast with the little, restless, energetic Barney—he despised them now, and hated himself for having ever prized them. All he asked was the chance to do some real and rugged thing, and that chance was denied him. He was merely a spectator, as he had felt he would be when the alarm was given. He had not even the virtue of clear-headedness which Barney showed. It was that which was going to save them, if anything could. *That* was courage; and he had none of it.

He strained his eyes to pierce the fog. It was four o'clock now, and daylight; but the wall which shut them in, receding as they advanced, was impenetrable. They seemed to stand still; in fact, they were speeding at what for this craft was break-neck swiftness, under the pressure of over-taxed boilers, which the mad engineer was feeding with all his might. At intervals they could hear his drunken yell.

How long could this last? Not long, for even as the question crossed his mind, with a whelming hiss and roar that made the world a blur of hideous sound, the explosion came. The afterworks of the boat scattered like a house of cards; the funnels staggered over the side. The City of Chester should by rights have been riddled from stem to stern; but by a curious freak of the explosion, its force was expended backward and upward, and the fore part of the vessel was untouched. The hull itself suffered no damage; and the wheel-house, with the adjacent portion of the upper deck, still stood, the dazed quartermaster clinging to his useless spokes, and glaring open-mouthed at the little group below, as they glared up at him.

By some miracle they had escaped; but even as they looked, the tall form of Stewart shot up from his companion-ladder, which he must have been in the act of ascending at the very moment of the explosion. Here was a new terror; for though the giant swayed as he stood, the light of insanity was in his eyes, and he whirled about his head the iron bar with which he had already felled two men.

Weaponless, with clenched fists, Winston awaited the maniac's attack. At his side the captain grasped a boathook. The other men placed themselves before the women. Barney was nowhere to be seen. For one instant Winston doubted him; but even as the lunatic made his prepara-

tions to descend, a stooping figure crept up behind him, and a hand about each ankle jerked him from his feet. Clawing and groping, he hung head downward for a few seconds, kept from falling by Barney's clutch upon his legs; then with a crash he pitched at their feet, and, rushing in, they secured him.

When they rose panting, and looked about them, incredulous even yet of their safety, Barney lay prostrate on the upper deck, utterly used up, and hysterical from the reaction.

"How in the world did you dare do it, old man?" Winston asked him later.

The other gave a shamefaced grin.

"You remember the talk we had about courage last night? The more I thought it over after you went below, the finer and truer your idea seemed to me. If it came to the pinch, you, with your college training and your blue blood, and all that, were bound to make the best showing; and the event has proved it. When I heard that crazy old *McAndrews* tuning up in the engine-room, I thought I should die unless I got hold of some one to stiffen my own backbone against; that was the reason I called you first. And then you were so cool! You saw in a minute what the situation was; and while you didn't say a word, I knew we could count on you. And me! There I was, fussing around like an old hen, looking up life-preservers and all that, just from sheer nervous terror. I didn't really give myself away, though; I put up a pretty fair bluff until I found the explosion hadn't hurt me; then I went right down to zero. When old *Mac* popped up with his crowbar, just as we were all thinking he was in kingdom come, I couldn't gear myself up again; I took a genuine sneak. I certainly did. And then, when I peeped around the edge and saw you facing that crazy giant barehanded, I said to myself: 'Sam Barney, you are a low-down coward!' So I did a trick the boys used to do at school—mean in itself, but just right for *McAndrews*—I stooped down behind him and pulled his feet out from under him; but I swear I did it with my eyes shut, for fear I shouldn't last out the game!"

All the time while Barney was rattling on, Winston had been trying to interrupt, protesting, but without success. Finally he managed to say:

"Barney, you were mistaken about me. I was in a perfect panic of fright."

The other smiled.

"Oh, that's only your blamed modesty. See, the fog's lifted; and there's a boat coming off from shore."

ETCHINGS

IN AUTUMN.

LEAD me toward autumn, toward her wondrous gold,
Her tapestries that hang upon the hill;
And in the silence that the valleys hold
Let me but wonder, and my heart be still.

Oh, in the matchless marvel of her place—
Her palace that is builded through the world—
Let me stand silent, awed, and humbly face
Her glorious crimson banners here unfurled.

And let me count the bounty that is stored
In her great coffers, bursting with their weight;
And let me linger at her generous board
Till winter makes it empty, desolate.

The world is her vast castle; I shall go
All quietly from room to beauteous room,
With flaming sumac, radiant, aglow,
To light me through the twilight and the gloom!

Charles Hanson Towne.

THE NORTH-BORN.

Oh, for the breath of northern lakes—
Their keener airs, their clearer hue,
When dawn's bright caravan awakes
Their pine-locked oases of blue!
There still the dimpling wavelets woo
Me, as of olden days, with wiles
Circean magic never knew—
The call of Minnetonkan isles!

Oh, for the breath of northern lakes,
Where low the lazy loon-birds flew
With measured wing, o'er nested brakes
And reedy wilds where lilies grew;
Cool waters realmed in boyhood's view,
Long hallowed by the thirsting miles
And wandering years since last adieu
I bade my Minnetonkan isles.

Oh, for the breath of northern lakes—
The glamored cloak that evening drew
Across the sifted ripple-flakes
Of setting sunlight drenched in dew;

A shadow-world where love was true—
A girl whose hair the breeze beguiles—
Ah, sweet, the years I've sailed with you,
In dreams, 'mid Minnetonkan isles!

Oh, for the breath of northern lakes!
As hill-men's for their mountain piles,
So my imprisoned spirit aches.
My own, my Minnetonkan isles!

Chester Firkins.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.

SHE wandered in a garden bright as morn,
Plucking the velvet violets at her feet;
Braiding a wreath of beauty to adorn
Her lovely head with buds and blossoms sweet;
She wandered in the green and shady wood,
In silence straying by the gliding stream,

A forest nymph in rich and russet hood—
Diana in the morning's glinting beam.
Again I saw her in a window wide
With golden sunlight streaming o'er her face;
A dulcet lute was lying by her side—
A picture such as artists love to trace.
When lo, the vision vanished, and I stood
'Mid woodland wild, alone in pensive mood!

Kenneth Bruce.

MISSION FURNITURE.

ELEANOR's shoes are ribbon-laced,
Grapes and cherries adorn her tie;
A bead-purse swings from her slender waist,
And tassels and dangles float and fly.
The Banbury lady scarce could vie
With her just now in a jingly taste;
But our house reveals to the wondering eye
Mission furniture—plain and chaste!

Eleanor's buttons flash with paste, 88
Hand embroidery pranks her gown;
Coral cables her neck embraced, E78
Soon as she learned that fad in town;
But oh, the shiver, the wifely frown,

When I plead for my own old chair, dis-
placed!

I ache all day from the shoulders down,
For Mission furniture's hard—if chaste!

"Parlor suits" are in wretched taste,
Eleanor says with a final air,
And the paltry tables that long disgraced
Homes of wealth must be stowed some-
where.

Give me a goods-box for *my* share,
A kitchen stool and a mat well-placed—
Lo, the finish, correct and bare,
Of Mission furniture, plain and chaste!

ENVOY.

Shall I not to the club repair,
Lest I curse in my wrathful haste?
Frills and nonsense my wife may wear,
But her Mission furniture's plain and
chaste!

Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

WHEN THE DANCE IS DONE.

Now the flush autumn, homing from the
dance

Of summer sunbeams, dreaming o'er
the words

Of suing winds, and humming still the
last

Mazurka of the orchestra of birds,

A moment pauses by the river's glass,
To scan the signs of weariness that
show;

Then lays aside her purple and her gold,
And slips beneath her coverlets of
snow!

Aloysius Coll.

A QUERY.

WHICH shall it be? Which shall it be?

For I'm a girl with lovers three,
And each one says that he loves me.
While I? I love them all, you see!

Now one has eyes of hazel hue,
With lashes long that he looks through;
And when he says: "I love you true,"
I have to say: "I love you, too!"

And one has eyes so brown and bright,
And rosy lips which say outright
That he loves me with all his might.
And I? I loved him at first sight.

And one has eyes of heaven's own blue,
With mischief's spirit looking through;
And he tells me he loves me, too,
And I love him—so, friend, would you.

So which? Why, surely you must see
I mean to keep them all, ah me!
For each is dear as dear can be;
One's six, one's five, one's half past three.

Julia Wheeler Tanner.

THE ADVENTURER.

My mind, it is a merchant ship
That plies from bay to bay;
My heart, it is a galleon
That wings far, far away.
Ah, prudent, prudent merchant ship
That bearest still thy store,
And reckless, reckless galleon
That venturist from shore!

Within the port my merchant ship
Adventurelessly lies,
Serving its duty and its trust
To bear me merchandise;
But onward wears my galleon
Into an unknown sea—
Ah, may it hazard storm and stress
To bring love's gold to me!

Wallace Irwin.

THE SIGN-PAINTING FIEND.

I TRAVEL East, I travel West,
I have no sectional disdain.
I name no region as the best,
I love the mountain as the plain.
I love the sail-encumbered main,
My heart has room for any place
Where I may bargain to obtain
Good outdoor advertising space.

The roadside wall that erst was dressed
With idle vines; the leafy lane;
The farmhouse eaves where many a nest
Of swallows hung in sun and rain;
The wide barn door, the sluggish wain,
The marsh's edge, the cliff's gaunt
face—

Say, are these not, glimpsed from the
train,
Good outdoor advertising space?

Behold, on mountains I attest
The merits of Quack's Cure-All-Pain;
On cataracts, to service pressed,
I blazon Simpson's Shingle-Stain;
In meads I tell of oils from Spain,
Or whiskies of the Scottish race,
Or French face-powders for the vain—
All scenes are advertising space!

L'ENVOI.

Success to those who strive and strain
Through arctic seas and bergs apace!
Their glory soon would prove my gain—
The Pole's grand advertising space!

William S. Wells.

The Man of Success.

THE STORY OF THE WOOING AND WINNING OF JASON HARDWICKE'S DAUGHTER.

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

I.

SO far, Jason Hardwicke had been successful in almost everything he had ever undertaken. His one big failure was this—he had not succeeded in staying off death from his wife, the woman he had loved with all the force of his strong, silent soul. He bowed to the power of God and of mortality, but to little else.

He was an imperturbable man. He rarely showed outward traces of his emotions; but inwardly he was pleased by the epithet men bestowed upon him—the Man of Success. The phrase had been coined by an orator at a dinner of merchants; it had been eagerly taken up by the newspapers, and thereafter it passed into the current of common speech, to be used whenever the banker was talked about, which was often.

Hardwicke's success was a palpable thing. His wealth proved it. Still more did his eminence in public business. He was a power in his State; he was the big man of his city.

In his poverty-stricken and orphaned boyhood he had determined to be a rich man. He was a rich man. He said that wealth should purchase power. He had power; politics felt it as well as the world of business. When his wife died, his heart, capable of profound affection, had turned to his one child, his daughter, Margaret, and he had willed that she should be all that a young woman could sigh to be in that strange yet desirable sphere called society—and it was so. It was Hardwicke's idea—his ideas in certain directions were singularly limited—that all women thought this state of life desirable. He desired that his daughter should return his love; and the love of the girl was the warmest, brightest, best part of the lonely old man's life; for he was lonely in spite of all his success, now that the one for whose sake he had fought for success was no longer by his side.

Hardwicke's love for his daughter was aggressive, almost fierce. He had no thought but that she was satisfied with

the place in which he had put her; and he wished that this place should be allied with the other objects of his ambition, his great banking business. Before he died, he wished to see Margaret married to the man who should carry on the house of Hardwicke, who should maintain it as a power in the land. He had selected the man—Gordon Carrington, already a partner in the firm. Carrington was young, handsome, educated, a man of gentle manners, with a strong, well-trained brain.

Margaret liked Carrington. He was "Gordon" to her. They rode and golfed and danced together. Hardwicke thought that Gordon loved his girl; but—

But Margaret loved Philip Burton, the man who played the organ in the church that was known for its work among the poor of the city.

When Margaret told her father of this obstacle to his plan, the announcement fell with an almost crushing effect upon him. He knew that his daughter regularly attended the obscure church instead of some one of the more fashionable places of worship which he thought that young women of her station in life would naturally frequent. He also knew that such young women often possessed singular notions of "working in the slums," and that several friends of his girl, young women of undeniable social position, were his daughter's co-workers in the parish of St. Margaret's. As for the banker, he still attended the little Methodist church which he had attended as a child. He opened his house to society, his daughter's society, as he opened his check-book for the expenses thereof, but that was all his daughter's affair; he knew nothing of it, and cared less.

He had casually noticed the young organist in his house. If Margaret invited him, why, of course, there was nothing to be said. But to her request that she should be allowed to marry this player of an organ, there were many and powerful objections.

"Come to me to-morrow," Hardwicke said to Margaret, breaking the long silence into which he had plunged when

she told him of her love. "I'll tell you then what I think. Why is it, Margaret, that this young man did not come to me? Is not that the usual thing in such affairs?"

"I—I suppose that it is," faltered Margaret; "but I induced Phil—Mr. Burton—to allow me to speak to you first."

"Why?" fell the curt question.

"Because, father, I thought that at first you might feel unfavorably toward this—this idea, but that you would listen to me because—because——"

"Yes? Because?"

"Because I know you love me, dear, dear father!" And the weeping girl kissed him.

"You think you truly love him, Margaret?"

"Oh, father, oh, yes, yes!"

"And he loves you?"

Her eyes were stars of astonishment that such a question should be asked.

"Why, father! Yes!"

"And how is he going to support you, Margaret? How is he going to maintain you in your position? Does he count on my money?"

The girl threw her head up in pride, self-pride and pride in her lover.

"Father! No! I care nothing about my position, as you call it. And Philip is an artist; he composes music; he plays at concerts; he makes lots of money."

"About how much?"

"Why," she replied triumphantly, "some years he makes as much as three thousand dollars; never less than two thousand."

"Humph!" said Jason Hardwicke. "Your stable costs that much each year."

"I do not want it, father."

Hardwicke looked at her. Her face was aglow.

"And you do not care for your social position?"

"No, dear father. I have been tired of all that for a long time. I want to live in earnest, with people who work and do things."

Hardwicke sighed.

"Leave me now, Margaret," he said. "I will talk to you to-morrow."

II.

HARDWICKE'S office building was the largest and the finest in the city. It had just been erected. His bank occupied the lower two floors; above that there were offices. Hardwicke had his own private office on the twelfth story. From its win-

dows he could look over the whole city, the city which owed so much to him, where he could pick out other buildings, some his own, here and there a church that had been erected with his money. He liked to stay in this office, thinking, musing, when all others had left; and there, to his desk, he almost instinctively turned whenever he had a problem to solve, or a difficult matter to think about.

His conversation with Margaret had occurred in the morning before he left for his office. All that day he stayed at his desk, thinking the matter over.

His secretary had an idle day of it; so had the stenographers and typewriters. The "old man" sat silent and absorbed at his desk by the big corner window. At five o'clock he abruptly dismissed them all, but remained himself.

He was thinking out the answer he should give to his daughter. Yes, she was right, he loved her. But would he be proving his love, would it be for her own best interests, to consent to her marriage with this organ-grinder, instead of bringing her to accept the man he had chosen for her? He felt that if he bent his will to the task, Margaret would marry whomsoever he pleased. True, there were those story-book tales believed in by women, about hearts broken by thwarted love; but for himself Hardwicke regarded such ideas as little better than nonsense.

He must set it down on one side of the ledger that Margaret believed she loved this musician, and believed she would be happy as his wife; this was to be seriously considered. But why did she not love Carrington? And why love Burton? He knew Carrington; Burton he did not know. Was the man a mere fortune-hunter, or did he really love his girl? Hardwicke felt a singular spasm of jealousy at the thought of any man loving his daughter; but he remembered that the inexorable hand of time was drawing him forward to that gulf which he must enter, and that Margaret must inevitably lose him before long. She had been born to him late in his life; already, as years went, he was an old man. He must provide for her, must see her settled. She must be made happy if he could make her so, and if Burton was a true man, and loved his girl, why, Burton she should marry.

Hardwicke remembered that Carrington, after all, had not taken any decided steps toward the winning of Margaret. He had inwardly felt that Carrington, in this affair, would do as in all others—that

is to say, that he would cheerfully and obediently carry out the wishes of the chief by whom he swore. But was this enough for a girl?

There stole into Hardwicke's mind certain old but not yet faded remembrances of his own courtship and marriage. In those days, when he was fighting the world for its goods and places, he had wooed and won his love almost fiercely, convinced that she and only she was the woman for him, and that he must and should have her in spite of all. To be sure, there had been no opposition; but he would have battled it down if it had showed its head. And, mayhap, it was so that Burton felt.

Therefore, he must see and talk with this organist.

With Hardwicke, to plan and to see the plan good was to move at once to its execution. He left his office, called a hansom, and ordered the man to drive to St. Margaret's Church; for near the church, Margaret had told him, Burton lived.

The hour was near sunset, and the month October. Over the city hung that thick mist of a cloudy purple color that was familiar in the autumn of 1902, when the great coal strike caused the disuse of the clear-burning anthracite, and fires of bituminous coal stained and bedraggled the skies.

The church was not far away. When Hardwicke reached Burton's house he was told that the organist was in the churchyard. Thither he went. He saw a man dressed in rough clothes, his face dirty, wearing no collar, with a shovel in his hands, busily engaged serving out measures of coal to the shawled women who thronged the yard. Hardwicke stepped up to this man and said:

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Burton?"

The man lifted his head and answered: "I am Mr. Burton."

"Ah, I am Mr. Hardwicke. I wish to have a few minutes' talk with you."

The young man wiped his coal-blackened face, and said:

"You will have to wait a little while, Mr. Hardwicke, until I am relieved. These people are in a hurry to get their coal, which has been provided by the church at a low price, and I cannot leave my work until the curate comes to take charge."

"Very well," said Hardwicke, stepping aside. He was surprised, but he smiled with a grimness in which there was a certain element of pleasure. He was not accustomed to being told to wait by

young men with smutty faces; but here was some one who considered his work of such importance that even Jason Hardwicke's request for an interview was not immediately complied with.

Hardwicke looked long and earnestly at Philip Burton. He saw a pale, active, rather long-haired man, whose few words to the people he was serving were replied to cordially. He seemed to be well liked.

"But perhaps that is only because he is giving out cheap coal," thought the banker.

He stepped up to Burton again.

"Mr. Burton," he said, "would you mind coming to my office when you are at liberty? The elevator will be running."

"Why, yes," said Burton, although there was a little surprise in his voice.

His request was Hardwicke's first concession to Margaret's wish, although he did not admit the fact. He felt that in his interview with Burton he needed all his strength, needed backing. He recognized an opposing force in this "organ-grinder." He felt that he would be at home, be himself, in his office as nowhere else. Besides, he did not want to enter Burton's rooms, nor did he wish to take him to his home, where, doubtless, Margaret was waiting anxiously.

III.

HALF an hour later Burton was riding upward in the elevator in the Hardwicke Building with the mulatto, Jim, whom Hardwicke had told to wait. Before they passed the fourth story the organist remarked:

"It seems pretty hot in here, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir; Ah reckon the steam is still a pumping up strong."

Burton got out at the twelfth story. The elevator man shot downward, and went to sleep in the cage in the basement, awaiting the call from up-stairs before he could go home.

Hardwicke ushered the young man into his office. He motioned him to a seat; he himself sat in his office chair.

"Mr. Burton," he said without preamble, "my daughter told me this morning that she had become engaged to marry you."

"It is true, sir," said the organist, looking straight at the burly man confronting him. "Did Miss Hardwicke tell you that it was by her own wish and request that she spoke to you?"

"Yes," answered the banker; "on that

score I have no complaint. Still, Mr. Burton, I wish to tell you that I do not care to have you marry my daughter. I have other plans for her. I desire her to marry another man, a man of position, whose position will be bettered by the marriage. I hardly think that Margaret can know her own mind now. I think it is but right for me to be frank with you."

There was silence for a moment. Then Burton said:

"But Margaret has chosen me for that honor."

"She may change her mind, Mr. Burton. That, I understand, is a woman's privilege."

Burton flushed, and his thick eyebrows drew together in a level line.

"Has she changed her mind?" he asked.

"Perhaps not yet."

Burton stood up.

"She will never change her mind," he declared in a voice that stirred Jason Hardwicke's heart. The accent of a loving, unfaltering belief was there. Hardwicke had too much experience of the world and life not to know that words do not express all, even in the most casual conversation; that there are subtler modes of communication. His form, which had been so upright and rigid in his chair, suddenly seemed to relax. He had admitted to himself that Burton loved his daughter.

In the silence there was the sharp ringing of the telephone bell. From force of habit Hardwicke picked up his receiver from the desk and put it to his ear.

"Hello!" he said.

"Father!" said Margaret's voice.

"Ah, I thought you must be in your office. Naughty, naughty! And dinner spoiling—and—and, daddy dear, I am waiting for a—for a word from you about—about you know what."

Hardwicke's gray head bowed over the telephone. It was as though he kissed in thought the appealing lips of the girl.

"Margaret," he said very quietly, almost sadly, "the word is yes."

"Oh!" she cried. "Father! I am coming down to meet you! Wait for me! Wait for me!"

Jason Hardwicke hung the receiver on the hook, and turned to Burton.

"Burton," he said earnestly, "you are sure you love my girl?"

"I am," said Burton as earnestly.

Hardwicke held out his hand.

"Margaret was speaking to me just now," he said. "I told her 'yes.'"

The hands of the two men met and crushed each other. In Hardwicke's clasp there was a mute request: "Be good to my girl." In Burton's there was a promise: "I will!"

IV.

At this moment there came cries from the street, and a minute later the hurly-burly of the racing engines, the gongs, the clamor, and the shoutings of an alarm of fire.

Hardwicke looked from the window.

"My God, it is this building that's on fire!" he cried. "Let's get out of here!"

They ran to the elevator shaft. It was a well of flame. So was the one on the other side of the corridor. The staircases were choked with fire and smoke.

"This has been going on for half an hour at least," said Hardwicke. "Let us go up on the roof."

"Are there no fire-escapes?" Burton asked, as Hardwicke threw off his coat.

"The workmen are putting them on, but they do not yet reach above the third floor. I was in Europe with Margaret when this building was going up, and an economical assistant overlooked the fire-escapes," answered Hardwicke.

On the level roof of the building to the left, where the firemen were, ladders were stretched upward, but they were far from the top, and could be raised no higher. There were no windows on this side, as another skyscraper was to be erected on the next plot. The six-story building that had stood there was already in process of demolition. The other three sides of the Hardwicke Building were belted with flame that gushed from the windows of every story up to the tenth. It was impossible for the firemen to ascend with the aid of scaling ladders.

Hardwicke and Burton were cut off. On only this side, where the blank wall stretched downward, were the flames absent.

"You stay here," said Hardwicke, in his business voice, the voice which for years had directed obeying men. He strode toward the ladder leading into the building. Burton followed.

"Of course I do not stay here," he said.

Hardwicke looked at him. Here, too, was a man of will.

"Come along, then," he said.

He walked rapidly to his office. He sat down and looked in his telephone directory for a number, that of the drug-



"YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT A LITTLE WHILE, MR. HARDWICKE, UNTIL I AM RELIEVED."

store on the corner of the street opposite the building. He called it up. The telephone was still working.

"Hello! Yes, this is Jason Hardwicke. I am in my office, cut off, with Mr. Philip Burton," he said quietly. "Tell the fire

chief to have a net stretched on the roof of the Blair Building. I am going to attempt to get down on that side. That's all."

"Hey! Hey! Don't ring off!" cried the voice of the man in the drug-store. "Your daughter is here, sir. Do you want to speak to her, or to let her know where you are?"

Hardwicke thought rapidly.

"Yes," he answered.

A moment later Margaret was speaking into the telephone, in incoherent words, in an agony of fear and sorrow.

"Hush, Margaret," said her father. "Yes, Burton is here, too, but I will get him down to you, Yes, yes! Do you hear me? Yes, and myself, too!"

He snapped the receiver sharply back upon the hook. "Yes, and myself, too," he thought, "if God wills it!"

"Now, Burton," he said briskly, "come along."

He led the way through the dimly-lighted corridor. They could hear the roaring of the fire; the smoke was already filling the upper floor. Hardwicke took down an ax from a rack, and stopped before a door on which there was a sign: "Inter-State Cordage Company."

"Smash down the door!" commanded Hardwicke.

The axes made short work of the flimsy door. On a long counter before the desks in the big room were piled rolls of rope and twine, of all sizes and lengths. Hardwicke looked them over rapidly.

"Take this one," he said, indicating a thick coil of stout Manila rope; "and I'll take this."

He seized a similar coil. Laden with their ropes, the men returned to the roof. There was a loud crash, and a burst of flame and smoke shot upward into the air not twenty feet from where they stood.

"We have no time to make a ladder," said Hardwicke.

He looked over the parapet on the side of the Blair Building.

"They are stretching the net," he said. He took the end of one of the coils of rope, fastened it securely around the strong ironwork of the skylight through which they had mounted, and uncoiled the remainder. Then, with a dexterity that amazed Burton, he knotted the free end to the other rope and uncoiled that.

"I was a seaman on the great lakes in my youth," he observed. "Take off your coat and double it around your waist. I'll tie the rope to you, and lower you

down. It will reach, I think, to the roof below; if it doesn't, you'll be near enough to it for the firemen to get you."

Burton stared at Hardwicke in amazement.

"And how do you propose to get down?" he asked.

"Oh, I shall go down the rope hand under hand," said Hardwicke.

"Very well," said Burton; "then go first, to show me the way, and I will follow. I certainly do not propose to have you lower me down."

"And why not?"

"I am the younger man," said Burton. "Such a service would be shameful for me to accept."

"Young man," said Hardwicke, "we are wasting time. I have promised my daughter that you shall return safely to her. I mean to keep that promise, if it is possible. Don't talk to me about you swarming down six stories on that rope; you can't do it; you may be a good organist, but"—he grasped Burton's arm in his huge fist and felt it with his iron fingers—"you have little muscle. You would fall before you went thirty feet. You must do as I say."

"I cannot!" cried Burton. "Ah, by the Lord, you must not do that! Let me go, I tell you, Mr. Hardwicke!"

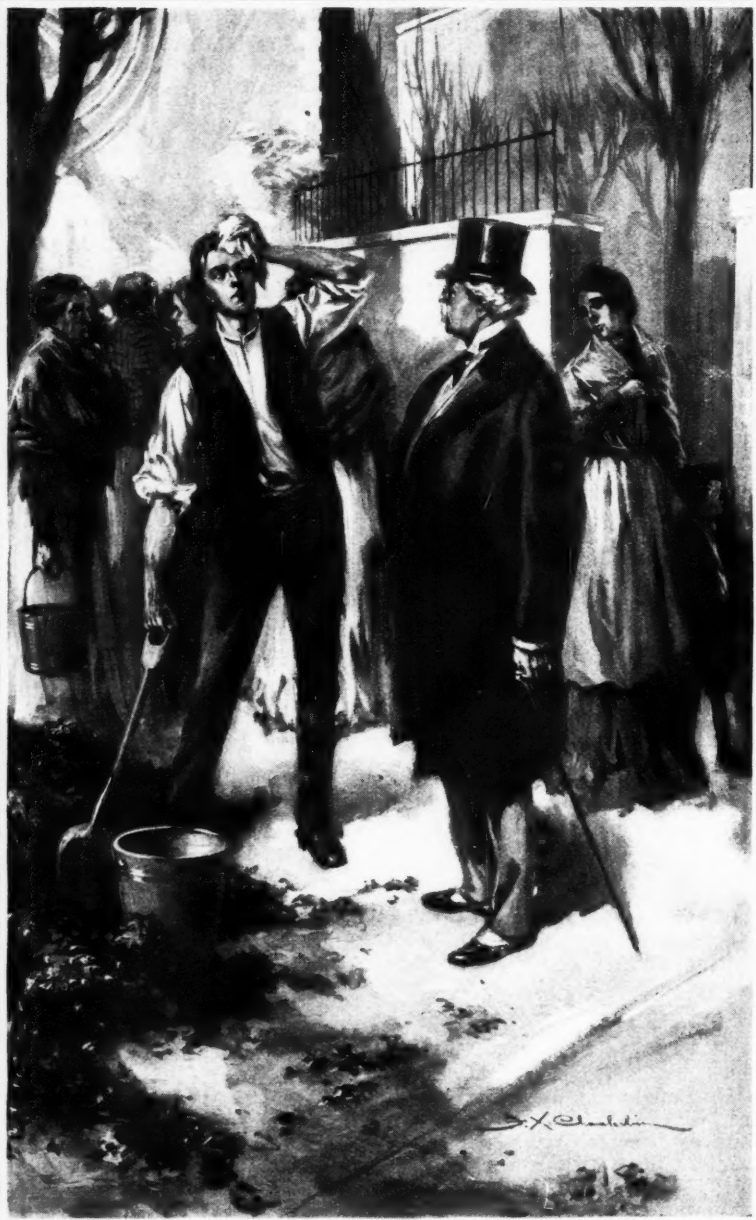
But with his other hand the banker had thrown the free end of the rope around Burton—around his arms first—and quickly knotted and tied it in place about the organist's waist. He let him lie for a minute on the roof—for the young man was powerless to resist—while he tied the rope securely to one of the iron rods of the skylight. Then he went back to Burton.

"If I do not get out of this, tell Margaret that my will is in the little safe in the safety deposit vault. And tell her, Burton, that I—that I loved her! Good-by. Over you go, my boy!"

V.

HARDWICKE lowered Burton over the edge of the roof. Then he went back to where he had tied the short length to the iron bar. He released it, keeping a turn of it around the bar, and gently lowered away.

To his strong arms, Burton's weight was at first not heavily felt, but as the rope steadily lengthened the strain grew more severe—severe, terrific at last. He groaned aloud, and shut his teeth. He was strong, yes, but he was old, and for years he had not used the muscles that



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"They are stretching the net," he said. He took the end of one of the coils of rope, fastened it securely around the strong ironwork of the skylight through which they had mounted, and uncoiled the remainder. Then, with a dexterity that amazed Burton, he knotted the free end to the other rope and uncoiled that.

"I was a seaman on the great lakes in my youth," he observed. "Take off your coat and double it around your waist. I'll tied the rope to you, and lower you

down. It will reach, I think, to the roof below; if it doesn't, you'll be near enough to it for the firemen to get you."

Burton stared at Hardwicke in amazement.

"And how do you propose to get down?" he asked.

"Oh, I shall go down the rope hand under hand," said Hardwicke.

"Very well," said Burton; "then go first, to show me the way, and I will follow. I certainly do not propose to have you lower me down."

"And why not?"

"I am the younger man," said Burton. "Such a service would be shameful for me to accept."

"Young man," said Hardwicke, "we are wasting time. I have promised my daughter that you shall return safely to her. I mean to keep that promise, if it is possible. Don't talk to me about you swarming-down six stories on that rope; you can't do it: you may be a good organist, but"—he grasped Burton's arm in his huge fist and felt it with his iron fingers—"you have little muscle. You would fall before you went thirty feet. You must do as I say."

"I cannot!" cried Burton. "Ah, by the Lord, you must not do that! Let me go, I tell you, Mr. Hardwicke!"

But with his other hand the banker had thrown the free end of the rope around Burton—around his arms first—and quickly knotted and tied it in place about the organist's waist. He let him lie for a minute on the roof—for the young man was powerless to resist—while he tied the rope securely to one of the iron rods of the skylight. Then he went back to Burton.

"If I do not get out of this, tell Margaret that my will is in the little safe in the safety deposit vault. And tell her, Burton, that I—that I loved her! Good-by. Over you go, my boy!"

V.

HARDWICKE lowered Burton over the edge of the roof. Then he went back to where he had tied the short length to the iron bar. He released it, keeping a turn of it around the bar, and gently lowered away.

To his strong arms, Burton's weight was at first not heavily felt, but as the rope steadily lengthened the strain grew more severe—severer, terrific at last. He groaned aloud, and shut his teeth. He was strong, yes, but he was old, and for years he had not used the muscles that



"I AM WAITING FOR A WORD FROM YOU ABOUT—ABOUT
YOU KNOW WHAT."

now were put to such gigantic labor. His arms seemed as if they were being pulled from the sockets. Ah, he could hold out

no longer, he must let go! But there came a cry from below and a sudden release of the strain. The firemen had reached Burton, who was insensible from the pain caused by the cutting of the rope and the heat of the walls past which he had been lowered. A great cheer reached Hardwicke.

He walked with feeble footsteps to the parapet. The roof behind him was now a sea of flame. He shook his head as he looked into the gulf below, down at the roof which he could now scarcely see, where the faint shadows moved that were men.

"He must be all right, or they would not have cheered," he thought; "so once more I am the Man of Success. But I can't follow him down there. No." He shook his head. "I couldn't lower this fat body of mine twenty feet, I am so tired. Well, I should have lost my girl soon, anyhow. I'm pretty old too, and I wouldn't have cared to live alone!"

The heat was suffocating him. He crouched by the parapet, and his thoughts began to wander. His mind seemed to travel back to the happiest days of his life. He spoke aloud:

"Why, Margaret, dear! Where have you been?"

Margaret Hardwicke bore her mother's name.

Magnificent was the pyre of the Man of Success.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

THE stars in the windy sky shone faint,
The moon was low on the hill,
When my love came out of her grave to me,
Loving and beautiful still.

"Oh, come with me to the far-off land,
The land where the angels are;
I will light thy soul to the feet of God,
I will guide thee from star to star!"

"Nay, I am weary, my own true love;
I would forget and rest.
Take me instead to the grave with thee,
And hush me to sleep on thy breast!"

So we went to sleep for a thousand years,
Under the dew and the rain;
And she has forgotten the starry goal
And I have forgotten pain.

Anna McClure Sholl.

THE STAGE



ANNIE RUSSELL.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

IRVING'S "DANTE" AT DRURY LANE.

The height of the London theatrical season falls just after the end of the dramatic year in America—in June and early July. The West End houses are closed for only about six weeks out of the twelve months. What goes on in them is of more than passing interest to Americans, as anything that is a success in England is pretty sure to come to "the States," as they

call us, six months or a year later. And not all the migration, by any means, is westward. On the occasion of the writer's visit last summer, London billboards carried the following names, which had all previously been displayed to New Yorkers: "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Quality Street," "In Dahomey," and "Old Heidelberg."

Of the productions that the United States gets this autumn, Irving's "Dante" will probably interest the largest number of people. That is, Americans will be most interested in hearing about it in advance, for unfortunately it cannot be said to exercise a very compelling power on those who actually witness the performance. Its chief fault is lack of comprehensibility. There is no more cohesion in its story than in the average modern musical comedy.

The prologue, showing the Tower of Hunger in Pisa, is as well calculated to send the shivers down one's back as is the Sword Chamber scene in "The Darling of the Gods." Our Laura Burt, one time heroine of "In Old Kentucky," raves because her innocent children are thrown into the tower to starve with

their father, whose emaciated visage peers out at her from his grated window. She appeals to the archbishop for mercy, and he asks for the keys. Thinking that he is about to accede to her plea, the mother begins to pour out her thanks. Taking the keys, with a mighty motion



EUGENIE BLAIR AS "ZAZA," IN A COMPANY GIVING THE BELASCO PLAY ON THE ROAD.

From a photograph by Baker, Columbus.

of his arm the church dignitary flings them into the river, and Miss Burt presently expires on the stage from grief. Scarcely a cheerful beginning to an evening's entertainment!

the slaughter that one wonders how Messrs. Sardou and Moreau were able to carry their play through the four acts for lack of living people to figure in them.

In act two we have the death of *Pia*.



JESSIE MILLWARD, WHO IS TO STAR IN "A CLEAN SLATE," A NEW PLAY BY R. C. CARTON, AUTHOR OF "LORD AND LADY ALGY."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

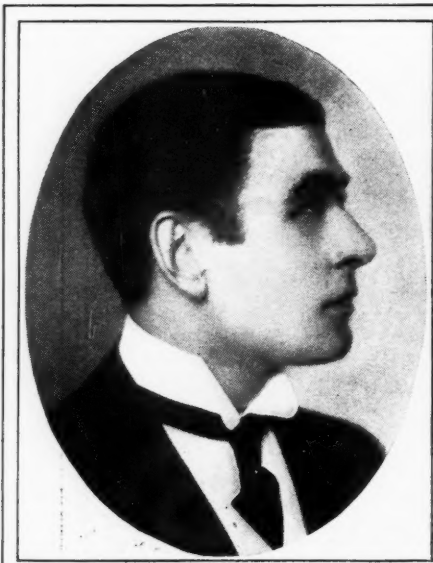
Dante's part in all this is to be excommunicated for his attempted interference, which brings him to the springtime fête at Florence, in the next act, disguised as a monk. Here we have an episode of the now stage-worn tale of Paolo and Francesca, and more deaths, none of which, however, seems to contribute to advance the progress of the plot. Such is

again for no seeming cause except excessive woe. *Pia*, although the wife of somebody else, is the mother of *Dante's* daughter *Gemma*, around whom revolves what little cohesive action the piece possesses. The second scene of this act is the convent to which *Gemma* is conveyed by her supposed father, *Nello*. Here the opening episodes—when *Dante* and *Ber-*



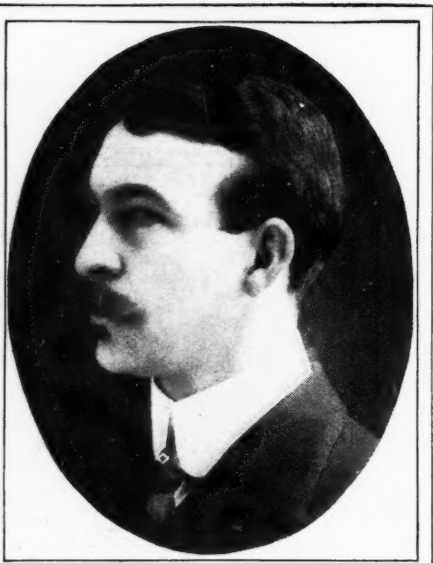
ELIZABETH TYREE, WHO MAY APPEAR DURING THE SEASON IN A NEW PLAY FROM THE
FRENCH OF HENNEQUIN.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



JAMESON LEE FINNEY, FEATURED IN BROADHURST & CURRIE'S FARCE, "A FOOL AND HIS MONEY."

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.



ARTHUR BYRON, WHO IS TO STAR IN "MAJOR ANDRÉ," A NEW CLYDE FITCH PLAY.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio.

nardino, to whom *Gemma* is betrothed, break their way into the holy place—are impressive; but the later incidents are so ineptly arranged that Drury Lane audiences burst into irreverent mirth. As the curtain falls on *Dante* clutching his wound, one is not certain but that he has been added to the play's long list of victims. However, as the next act finds him alive, though contemplating suicide, the spectator is convinced that he cannot yet have become a shade.

This third act is the one on which much care has been expended as regards the scenery; but compared with a Belasco production, it is nothing extraordinary. There are seven scenes, many of them very similar, and much of the action passes on a darkened stage, which makes it difficult to determine whether a new picture is being shown or not. In the grim collection one is supposed to see the Door of Hell and the Boat of Charon, but most time is spent on the Fiery Graves, whose lids rise and disclose prelates who have misled their flocks. Flames seem to lick the bodies of the unfortunate priests, while they relate to *Dante* particulars of the sins they are now expiating.

This is the episode over which Irving and Sardou came to loggerheads. In the original French two popes took part in

the confession, but Irving made the offenders of lower ecclesiastical rank.

The last act is the most vitally interesting of all, as the action here is really cumulative. *Dante* gives *Cardinal Colonna* fifteen minutes in which to pardon *Gemma* and *Bernardino* for sacrilege committed in the convent. The cardinal is to die at six o'clock, in any event, but *Dante* informs him that his lot hereafter will be much less hard if he will execute this act of clemency. The hands of the great clock at right of stage do the galloping act while the prelate is making up his mind, but when he expires at the appointed minute, they budge not an inch further—a lapse from realism that one does not expect in an Irving production.

Irving's acting has less of the rant than usual, and in the scene where he talks to his daughter without revealing the father's love that is yearning to enfold her, he rises to the heights. *Gemma* and her mother, *Pia*, are played by the same person, Lena Ashwell, who was the original *Mrs. Dane* in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

"HEIDELBERG" AT THE ST. JAMES.

To one who had seen Aubrey Boucicault's version of "Old Heidelberg" in New York, special interest attached to a

view of the same play as presented by George Alexander at his St. James Theater in London. The Boucicault

clung closely to the German text and ran for nearly four months. Mr. Boucicault left out a whole act, believing that Amer-



MARY MANNERING, WHO WILL STAR "ON THE ROAD" TILL JANUARY NEXT, WHEN SHE WILL APPEAR AT THE GARRICK THEATER, NEW YORK.

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

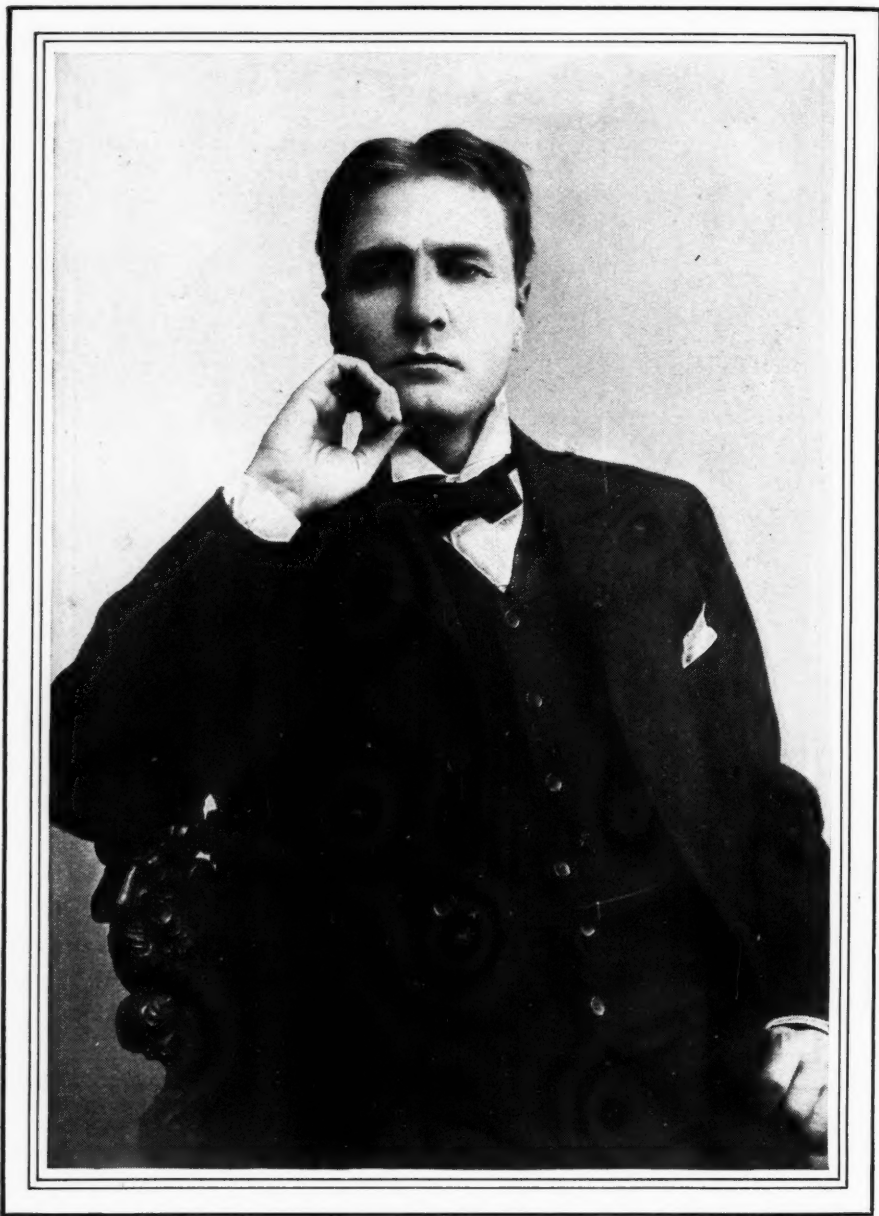
adaptation departed widely from the original, and was a financial failure, while the piece as presented by Mr. Alexander

ican audiences were not sufficiently interested in a German university town; and here is where he made his greatest mis-

take. In the Alexander play, this act is the most popular of the five.

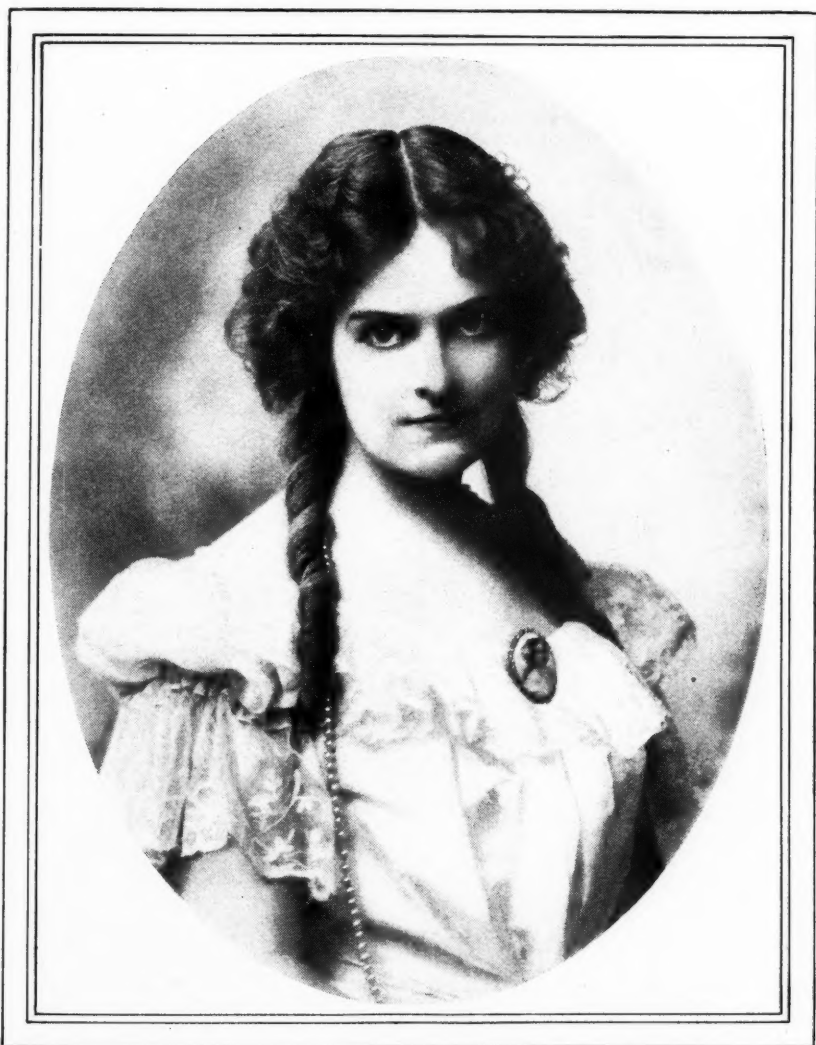
Again, Mr. Boucicault seems to have aimed principally at theatric effect, irrespective of realities. His students wore sashes nearly six inches broad, and he

himself, as the prince, donned a glittering white uniform modeled on that of no less a personage than the Kaiser himself. Mr. Alexander goes to none of these lengths. One feels instinctively that the English production is a veritable holding up of



WILLIAM GILLETTE, WHO IS TO STAR IN JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE'S PLAY, "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



ISABEL IRVING, STARRING IN "THE CRISIS," A DRAMATIZATION OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S NOVEL.

From her latest photograph by the Otto Sarony Company, New York.

the mirror to the manners and customs of the Fatherland. And yet there is no loss of beauty in its mounting. To show its faithfulness in matters of detail, one need only mention the lighting up of the town as seen across the river Neckar. As dusk deepens, the windows do not all glow at once with the illumination of the lamps behind them, but flash into flame one by one, as they would in Heidelberg itself.

As to the acting, it is to be said that Mr. Alexander possesses neither the youth

nor the good looks of Mr. Boucicault. On the other hand, he did not make of the unhappy prince such a continual shedder of tears. Eva Moore is much too buxom for the innkeeper's niece *Kathie*, and fell considerably short of being as convincing as Minnie Dupree in the part.

There seems to be some doubt about Mr. Alexander bringing his company to the United States this season. We have seen both plays in his last winter's repertoire—"If I Were King" was the other—and this matter of a suitable vehicle



HENRIETTA CROSMAN, WHOSE PIÈCE DE RESISTANCE FOR THIS SEASON IS TO BE A REVIVAL OF
"AS YOU LIKE IT."

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

is all-important to the London actor who takes ship to America, as was learned last season by Martin Harvey. Already Ellen Terry has canceled her American dates because her Ibsen piece failed to please in its English test.

THE NEW PLAY FOR GILLETTE.

For two years now it has been announced that William Gillette's next new rôle was to be *Hamlet*. The whirligig of time has brought it about that instead of essaying the melancholy Dane, the creator of *Sherlock Holmes* comes forward as the preternaturally grave butler in J. M. Barrie's latest success, "The Admirable Crichton." The piece, which Mr. Barrie calls a "fantasy," ran for more than three hundred nights at Charles Frohman's London theater, the Duke of York's. New York will pass on it soon.



ESTELLE WENTWORTH, SUPPORTING
FAY TEMPLETON IN "THE
INFANT PRODIGY."

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



EDNA HUNTER, OF THE "LIBERTY BELLES" COMPANY.

Next to seeing itself reproduced on the stage, London society appears to enjoy watching over the footlights the goings on of the servants who wait upon it. In the first act of "The Admirable Crichton" we find the *Earl of Loom* giving a lackeys' party, in which he and his family serve the servants with tea. The next act finds the earl's yacht wrecked on a desert island, with *Crichton*, the butler, the only one in the party capable of wrestling with the difficulties of the situation. Thus far the action has been rather slow, but act three atones for all by being both full of movement and unique in theme.

Two years have elapsed, and *Crichton* has made himself absolute master of the shipwrecked refugees. But his



ELIZABETH LEA, OF THE "EARL OF PAWTUCKET" COMPANY.

From a photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

slaves are all willing servants. In fact, the daughters of the earl quarrel among themselves for the privilege of waiting on their ex-butler at table. In his Mayfair days, *Crichton* had deigned to cast a favorable eye on *Tweeny*, the lady's maid; but in the rearrangement of social distinctions that takes place on the island, he transfers his affections to *Lady Mary*, who returns them with interest. They are all holding a carnival in the hut to celebrate the engagement of these two, when the firing of a gun announces the arrival of a vessel to take them all back to civilization. Here occurs the strongest situation in the play, showing what it means to *Lady Mary* to give up love for the conventions—for both she and *Crichton* realize that the booming of that cannon is the death-knell to their hopes.

In the last act, back in London, the old relations betwixt servant and master, to say nothing of mistress, are reestablished. One of the young men on the yachting party has written a book about their experiences on the island, a tale which utterly misrepresents the real facts. There are some delicious moments as the result of the discussion of this work, but *Crichton* is as inscrutable as of yore, and never attempts to claim any of the credit which the author has denied him. *Lady Mary* is betrothed to Lord Brocklehurst, whose mother suspects that the full story of the island has not been revealed. She seeks to entrap *Tweeny* into revealing the real state of affairs, after first informing her son that whenever people are about to lie they begin their sentences with "The fact is."

Crichton, however, dexterously steers *Tweeny* through the pitfalls that *Lady Brocklehurst* has laid for her, and announces that he will retire from service and start a public-house with the lady's maid for his life-partner. *Lady Mary* acquiesces in the inevitable, and the



EDNA MAY, AS LILLIAN LEIGH, IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," ONE OF THE LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESSES IN LONDON.

From a photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.

countess is covered with confusion at finding herself saying "The fact is."

The part of *Crichton*, taken in London by H. B. Irving, the clever son of Sir Henry, was admirably done. Gillette, it is rumored, after going abroad to see the play, objected to impersonating a servant in the first act, and to losing the girl he really loved in the last, but he surely ought to be satisfied with being king-pin on the island in the second and



FRITZI SCHEFF, FORMERLY OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY, WHO IS TO STAR IN LIGHT OPERA THIS SEASON.

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

third. For the rest, it is exactly the type of character suited to his cool, calculating temperament.

EDNA MAY AND "THE SCHOOL GIRL."

There are no stars on the English stage, so far as the program is concerned.

Take the newest of the London musical comedies, "The School Girl." Edna May fills the title rôle, and her name heads the cast, but it is not printed in display type, and any one might suppose that Marie Studholme was considered of equal importance by the management. But Edna May is really featured, and has the

honor of having her name in big letters carried about the streets by the sandwich men.

This girl from Syracuse, New York, has had rather a checkered career. The daughter of a letter-carrier, she began her professional life in the chorus, and was promoted at one bound from that lowly post to leading woman at the Casino when "The Belle of New York" was put on there. She looked the part, and made a success in it. Going to London with the company, she became the talk of the English capital, but when she returned to New York as the star in "The Girl from Up There," most of the plaudits went to Virginia Earl. Miss May soon went back to London, and last year appeared there as one of the "Three Little Maids," without setting the Thames on fire.

In "The School Girl" she does very nicely, the part being well within her limits. It must be admitted, however, that there is a steady deterioration in the quality of English musical comedies, from the days of "The Geisha," "A Runaway Girl," and "San Toy." Judged by itself, "The School Girl" has some rather pretty music, much of it suggestive of "Florodora"—which is but natural, as the same composer, Leslie Stuart, provided the score for both pieces. The book is rather thin, leaning heavily on the chief comedian to carry the thing through. Fortunately, at the Prince of Wales this rôle was taken by G. P. Huntley, who comes to New York with "Three Little Maids." There is a lot of stock-broking business in the action, a fact which is rather against the piece; but the first scene, in which only girls appear, is refreshing with its convent surroundings. In the last act, a clever bit is the transforming of the artist's studio into a ball-room under the eyes of the audience, in the manner of "The Little Princess," last winter. The piece is produced by Charles Frohman in conjunction with George Edwardes, and there are several American girls in the support, including Pauline Chase of pink pyjamas fame.

A NEW PLAYWRIGHT'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Unlike Henry Irving, Charles Wyndham uses his knightly title on the program of the theater bearing his name, which has recently found prosperity in a play by a new author, Hubert Henry Davies. Mr. Davies is an Englishman still on the sunny side of thirty, who

came to San Francisco some years ago and essayed newspaper work in a desultory way. Between times he tried his hand at play-writing, and after many rebuffs from the managers finally induced Lillian Burkhardt to try a one-act sketch of his on the vaudeville stage, with a fairly successful result. He next succeeded in disposing of "Cynthia" to Elsie de Wolf; and about the same time two managers in London, whither Mr. Davies had gone to try his luck, accepted other plays of his.

Then ensued the inevitable wait for a chance to bring them forward. Room for newcomers is seldom found except through the failure of the trusted ones; but after a somewhat disastrous experience with "Cynthia" in New York, Mr. Davies at last had the joy of looking at a play of his own across the London footlights. "Mrs. Gorrings's Necklace" proved to possess a simple and pleasant theme dexterously treated, and it won a degree of favor which a more ambitious drama might probably have missed. It is unfortunate that Mr. Davies was obliged to bring in a death to give his piece the happy ending on which most modern managers insist; but up to this point, almost at the final curtain, the entertainment has been mostly comedy, and of a really delightful sort.

Mrs. Gorrings, while visiting at the home of the *Jardines*, misses her diamond necklace. She is a very voluble person, and her repeated descriptions of the necklace itself, and of the exact manner in which she came to miss it, nearly drive her hostess distracted. Charles Wyndham's part—a regular John Drew rôle—is that of a *Captain Mowbray*, also visiting in the house, on whom suspicion finally falls. He knows the thief to be *Lieutenant Cairn*, engaged to Mrs. *Jardine's* daughter, with whom he—the captain—is also in love.

It is here that Mr. Davies departs from the traditional manner of men who write plays of this kind. He does not make the captain lay himself upon the altar of sacrifice, but introduces a spirited and refreshingly novel scene between the older man and the young one. The piece was capitally played in London, Mary Moore bringing just the right sort of hysterical chatter to the part of Mrs. Gorrings. The dialogue, while not brilliant, is full of clever turns of expression which keep the audience in a pleasant ripple of laughter.

Good fortune came in a rush to Mr. Davies, for scarcely was "Mrs. Gor-

ringe's Necklace" well started on its career at Wyndham's, when Cyril Maude decided to bring out his "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket; so London presented the unprecedented spectacle of showing two plays by an untried hand at one and the same time. "Cousin Kate," by the way, has already been secured by Charles Frohman for Ethel Barrymore.

The comedy opens on the embarrassing situation of a family in rural England, with the wedding presents coming in and the daughter apparently jilted by her lover at the eleventh hour. *Cousin Kate*, a kind of good angel to the household, arrives at this juncture, after an exciting flirtation with a man in a railway carriage. Of course the reader has already divined that the man is the recreant lover, but *Kate* does not guess this until almost the close of the second act, most of which is taken up with an amusing second encounter between the two. A clergyman, whom the extremely conscientious bride-to-be finds she really prefers, is the means of straightening out the tangle in the end, although not before the audience has been placed on tenterhooks for fear the wrong pair will mate after all.

The play, extremely well acted at the Haymarket, is filled with agreeable bits of mock philosophy, and made one of the most decided hits of the London season.

A POOR AVERAGE IN MUSICAL COMEDY.

To an American, accustomed to the exploiting of stars, it seems odd to behold a composer featured on the front of a theater, but this is what was done last summer on the Strand. On the portico of Terry's there stood out in enduring letters the name of Sidney Jones, to set forth the fact that Mr. Jones supplied the music for "My Lady Molly," advertised as the only comic opera in London. And it would seem that he deserved the distinction, for both in interest and in humor the piece is sadly lacking, and it must surely be the catchy melodies by the composer of "The Geisha" and "San Toy" that carried its run up into the three figures. Mr. Jones is likewise responsible for the music in "The Medal and the Maid," a regulation musical comedy put on 'at the Lyric last April, with book by Owen Hall, who is responsible for the libretto of "Florodora." In this case both score and words are about on a par of commonplaceness, and one is quite able to credit the rumor that Mr. Fisher repents him of his bargain and is

seeking to dispose of his American rights in the piece.

Far more enjoyable than either of the foregoing is "The Girl from Kay's," a feature at the Apollo since November last, and due at the Herald Square in New York next month. In this instance Owen Hall wrote a really comprehensible story, and the music, by Ivan Caryll, of Gaiety fame, is bright and light. Kay's is the paraphrase of a great London dry-goods emporium known as Jay's, on Regent Street, and the girl is the young woman who carried home the bride's bonnet to find that the groom is an old friend of hers. The good-by kiss she snatches is seen by the bride, and the honeymoon forthwith goes into total eclipse.

THE DICKENS REVIVAL.

In the present paucity of fresh dramatic work, London has had recourse to new versions of old stories, Dickens being the luckless author just now most frequently distorted to this end. It has taken two men to put together a dramatization of "David Copperfield" which can but make all true lovers of the great novelist shudder in the contemplation, albeit it is freely admitted that they are the only ones who can understand it.

"Em'ly," as it is called, was brought out late in the summer at the Adelphi. It lacks backbone, that being the deficient quantity in almost everything of Dickens that reaches the footlights. To be sure, the pit and gallery roared with delight at *Micawber*, but they roared as soon as his name was mentioned. The laugh was at the spectator's recollections of the character in the book—not at the portrayal of it on the boards, well done as this was. What there was of action smacked so strongly of bald melodrama that it failed utterly to assimilate with the subtle touches of character-drawing that made up the rest of the play. This is the snag that dramatizers of Dickens are forever striking, except in that one book which is wholly unlike all the others in the series—"A Tale of Two Cities."

An American actress, a graduate from the musical comedy stage, was made the *Em'ly*, but although Madge Lessing looked the part, she was, alas, not capable of going further in its exposition. The other characters were well taken by players not known to American theatergoers. Whatever may be the fate of "Em'ly" on the Strand, it is doubtful whether it possesses the vitality to carry it across the Atlantic to Broadway.

The Eberfield Failure.

HOW JUDGE JANEWAY "SQUARED IT" FOR HIS DAUGHTER AND HER FIANCÉ.

BY DOLORES MARBOURG BACON.

I.

JOHN EBERFIELD removed his legs from his desk, tossed away what remained of his cigar, pulled down the top of his desk, and started to leave the office.

In the vernacular of the office-boy, he was "in trouble, all right." John Eberfield, Brother & Company had failed in business and had closed their offices that afternoon. John was engaged to marry, and the father of the girl he loved—a judge who had retired from the bench—had been made receiver for the defunct firm by due order of the court.

A few hours earlier, after Judge Janeway had had the books of the firm removed to his house, John had begun his solitary smoke with a feeling that the worst of it was over. He had done as well as he knew, and he assumed that his brother had done a good deal better. It had been John's habit thus to acknowledge Albert Eberfield's superiority for thirty-five years—that is, for nearly as many years as he had lived. Albert Eberfield was "Eberfield"; John was "Brother"; and "Company" was a young man who had furnished most of the firm's money. "Company's" father was rich, and the young man thought that to be a broker would help him to realize his great ambition, which was to be known as a "man about town." It may be inferred that "Company" was provincial.

John was the member of the firm who did the work. Albert belonged there because of his experience—and perhaps because of "Company's" inexperience. But with all John's hard work, Albert's experience, and "Company's" money, somehow the firm had failed.

After thinking things over, John decided to follow the firm's books to the judge's house, simply with the purpose of hearing Ann Janeway's kindly voice and extracting a kind of comfort which was his due from her. He would have to tell Ann that, so far as he could see, their marriage would be impossible for a long time to come. A man of thirty-five, honest and steady-going, takes such a

thing hard. Such a man is likely to know about what he wants in the way of a wife, and to select the woman for the place with as much discrimination and certainty as may be consonant with the general mutability of this life.

John loved Ann Janeway.

As he was about to leave the office, and had turned his head to look upon the official notification tacked to the door, Albert Eberfield brushed against him.

"Haven't you gone yet, John?" the elder brother said; and that was all the notice he took of John as he passed him and entered the office.

Albert looked weary and anxious. John didn't wonder at that. Of course the failure was a heavy blow to both brothers. Yet things might have been worse. What if theirs had been a failure like that of the Haskinses, down the street? That was a thing to turn a man's hair gray—theft, pure and simple; a foxy receiver to maintain the firm's trickery; and finally complete exposure. John was glad that Eberfield, Brother & Company had "failed straight," anyhow.

After standing with his hands in his pockets for a moment and staring hard at his brother, Albert said shortly:

"I've got something to tell you. You'll have to make other arrangements about Ann Janeway."

"What?" said John, putting his hand on the desk and wrinkling his forehead.

"I say you can't marry Ann Janeway. Things are wrong. The books have gone up to the judge's, and it's too late to conceal anything now. I thought I might fix it, up to the last minute."

Albert shifted his glance to things outside the window, and John Eberfield sat down.

"Maybe I'm stupid," he said after a minute or two, "but I don't understand. Fix what?"

"A while ago I speculated on my own account," Albert replied doggedly.

"With what money?" John burst forth.

"The firm's."

"My God—Ann Janeway!"

John's face was covered with sweat, and

he breathed as if he had been running. Albert laughed bitterly.

"Leave a brother to give sympathy where it is due," he said.

"I was thinking of myself, not Ann. I'll lose Ann now, as sure as God! What shall I do?" John wiped the sweat that had started on his face and straightened up. "I'm done thinking of myself. It's you now, Al. What's to be done?"

"Nothing. I've done everything I could think of—or I wouldn't have told you."

"Where's the money?"

"Gone, most of it. I paid myself ten thousand dollars on the day of the failure. I'm going to keep that to live on—or to keep out of jail with."

"How did you do it?"

"In the name of Rogers—Thomas L. Rogers."

"The account is carried in the name of Rogers on the books?"

"Yes. It's the payment of that ten thousand dollars on the day of the failure that will make it necessary to answer the question: 'Who is Rogers?' I had a Rogers in mind, but it won't work."

"What did you think of doing?"

"Thought of finding Rogers, I tell you, but there wasn't any Rogers that I could bank on."

There was silence in the office for a few minutes, then John said:

"Well, I'll be Rogers."

Albert slowly turned his eyes upon his brother.

"You are Rogers," he said.

"Eh?"

"When I couldn't find Rogers, and knew the books were in the judge's hands, I sent him a note. I said that much as I wanted to shield you, it would become necessary to explain the payment of ten thousand dollars on the day of the failure—that and some other things. I told him that you had confessed to having speculated with the firm's money; that you had had our bank balance transferred—that's what I did—to your private account, when you anticipated the failure; and that you had paid yourself—Rogers—on the day of the bust. I asked him to treat you as well as he could. I asked him as your elder brother."

Albert Eberfield began to laugh as he sat regarding John.

"I'm laughing," he said, "because I'm half crazy—and I can't help it. You see you'll have to make some other arrangement about Ann Janeway."

John straightened himself and walked toward the office door without a word.

"You'll stand for it? I've got a wife and three children, John."

"I'll stand for it," John Eberfield replied, and passed out of the door.

II.

JOHN swung off up Broadway. When he again realized himself, he was up near Fifty-Ninth Street and the park, not far from Judge Janeway's house. He turned and went eastward for a couple of blocks.

"It's worse than the Haskins affair," he thought as he went up the steps.

When he asked the servant who let him in if his master was at home, the man told him that the judge was out. Miss Ann was at home—at dinner, alone.

John hung his hat in the hall, and told the man not to carry his name to Miss Janeway, but to say that he was in the library—after she had dined. He could scarcely think. He was in awful trouble. He sat down in the library, and after a time he found he was staring at the books of Eberfield, Brother & Company, which were piled in orderly fashion upon Judge Janeway's vast and usually empty desk.

He arose and placed his hand lightly upon the pile of books. Beside them, unopened as yet, he saw Albert's note to the judge. John was sorry that the judge did not already know its contents. He did not know just what he had come there for, but under the circumstances it had seemed to a man of John's character that the first thing to do was to go straight to the Janeway house, that the judge and Ann might curse him if they chose to—and he had no doubt but that they would choose to.

Now, however, since the judge did not yet know, he would stay a few moments and see Ann. He would tell her that he could not marry her, and that he loved her just as he always had; and then he would go home and to sleep, he guessed, and the next day he would do whatever it might seem necessary to do in the regular course of events.

As he turned to the fire again, Ann entered the room, looking as she had always looked, loving and good. Her eyes were loyal and helpful and full of that steady light which makes a man feel that he is all right, even if he has not been able to come up to his own standards. Had he married Ann, and had he then lost his health or his money, or suffered any great misfortune, he knew that Ann always would have looked as she did upon entering the room that evening. He knew that they would certainly have pulled through together.

John began to tell of his failure, but Ann knew all about it, and seemed to regard it with true feminine cheerfulness. After John had held her hand for a long time without speaking—he had not yet told her they never were to be married—he found that he was going to make some sort of a confession about himself. He had never begun an important conversation in a diplomatic manner, not even when he had asked Ann to marry him.

"We can never be married, Ann," he said now. "I'm going away, I think, after a few weeks, if—if I can."

Ann grasped his hand more firmly, and asked:

"What for, John?"

"I'll have to go. We never can be married. It is of no use to insist upon it, Ann. It's settled."

"I guess it isn't settled," she replied.

"If you knew me to be the worst kind of a man, Ann——"

John got up and stood in front of the window, staring out into the night. Ann came after him and leaned against him.

"What's the use of talking like that? Stick to possibilities, John. It's possible we are going to be as poor as—a—the old woman with the hurdy-gurdy on the corner; but I can grind a hurdy-gurdy as well as any old woman. I've read they are not always so very poor, either, those hurdy-gurdy women; thousands of dollars are found in their stockings and—and under their mattresses, when they die."

"Nothing is impossible. Suppose you were to discover that I am a rascal of the worst sort—a thief?"

Ann frowned.

"Some suppositions are absurd," she answered, and then she pulled the middle window-shade close to the floor and threw herself into his arms.

John looked over his shoulder at the window-shade, and then back at Ann, who was holding him as Ann alone knew how. He had not put his arms about her, but it seemed that she meant to stay there till he did; so he embraced her. He meant nothing by it; Ann was doing it all.

While John was trying to think of something to say, the judge entered the library. Still John Eberfield and Ann Janeway stood as they were. The judge came over to the fire and said cheerfully:

"Well, boys and girls!"

"I thought you were going to dine somewhere, father."

"No, I've John's, and Brother's, and Company's business to look after." He pointed to the pile of books. "I'm going to make a hole in the work to-night. I

expect an accountant here in half an hour, so you'll have to finish that—er—what you are doing—some place else."

John pushed Ann away, and she stood looking at him and her father in a pleasantly critical manner. She was taking the matter as seriously as she could, but for the life of her she could not feel sad, because, notwithstanding what John had said, she meant to marry him.

"I'm going to marry John, just as usual, you know, father."

The judge laughed.

"I suppose so. Eh, John?"

"No," said John.

Ann had put her arms around him again, but she looked a little puzzled, and frowned.

"Why, yes, you are," she urged. Then she said over her shoulder to her father: "There's a note for you, father, beside the books."

The judge picked it up and opened it, while Ann looked up at John, who was gently trying to extricate himself from her grasp.

"I don't want you to touch me while your father is reading that note," he said. "I can't bear it!"

"I won't touch you, John. What do you mean?"

John stood a little apart from her, with his hands behind him and his shoulders very straight. Ann looked from him to her father, who was staring absently at the note in his hand. Everything was very quiet. Presently the judge looked up at John.

"It's a lie!" he said after a moment.

"No, it isn't. I did it all right."

"It's a lie," the judge repeated slowly. John turned toward the door. "You come back here! Sit down! Ann, go to bed. Go to bed, I say! Can't you hear me?"

"Yes," she answered, "I'll go, but I'm going to marry John!"

She left the room, and the judge turned to look at John. Eberfield's head was up, but he was not looking at the judge.

"Sit down," said Janeway sharply.

John sat down.

"Now, what do you know about this?"

"I'm Rogers," John said simply.

The judge reread the note and studied the carpet.

"How much is involved?"

John looked up. He had not had a chance to learn details from Al.

"I—I—don't just remember," he said hurriedly.

"It's a funny thing you don't remember, isn't it? Now I remember several things that have a bearing on this. First

of all, I remember that about six months ago Albert Eberfield began to have all kinds of money. And he began to spend it—outside his family. Oh, I know what I am talking about. I know that while he was flush you had to curtail your expenses in certain ways, because business was not very active. You got rid of your horses, for one thing. Well, at about that time Al bought some horses, and several other things, for—a woman not on his wife's calling list."

John said nothing. All he could do was to reiterate that he was Rogers.

"Since he had to have a Rogers, it's a confounded shame he couldn't have picked out a scoundrel like himself!" said the judge.

Then he rose and went to the door.

"Ann!" he called up the stairs. "Ann, have you gone to bed yet?"

"No," she replied, standing pretty nearly at his elbow. "I don't suppose you really thought I was going to bed, did you, judge?"

"I don't know what I thought. Come in here."

Ann went back into the room with her father.

"John has got himself into trouble. How do you feel about it?"

"I feel just as I always do, I fancy. What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean—are you going to marry him?"

"Why, yes," said Ann. "He isn't dead."

John looked almost as if he were. The situation was too much for him.

"Then," said the judge, "he and I must talk things over, that's all. Go to bed or somewhere, and tell the man on the door to tell the man I'm expecting—the accountant—that I can't see him to-night. I'm not ready for him yet."

"That's right, father, do the right thing," said Ann. "The judge will clear the matter up for us, whatever it is, John. We needn't worry. I'm not worrying;" and she went out while John and the judge sat together.

"If I were on the criminal bench, John, I'd hang Al Eberfield with pleasure; but since I'm not in a position to hang him, I'll save him because you are to marry my daughter Ann."

"I won't ma—"

"You'll marry Ann," the judge almost shouted. "Don't make things any worse than they are, I tell you! I can't stand it. I say I'll square it, for Ann's sake—yes, and I'll square it for yours. By the Eternal, I will!"

"I don't see how you can square it."

"I can do it better than you could have done it. A man has a right to speculate under any name he pleases. Plenty of men do it who had just as soon not be generally known to speculate. Well, I chose to do it, and I'm Rogers."

John half rose.

"Sit down! Do as I tell you." The judge looked toward the door where Ann had gone out. "I'm Rogers—but as Jane-way, who owns to Rogers, I shall provide Albert Eberfield with money to settle with the firm's creditors at a hundred cents on the dollar."

"Why, would you conspire—"

"Well, as a former judge I ought to know something about how it is done. I'm making things right for Ann and you, who never did anything wrong. If anything were to happen to Ann—" He paused, then began again. "If I do this, I've got to do some unselfish good by it to square it with my conscience. Well, the creditors will get what they wouldn't have got otherwise, if it hadn't been for Ann. I guess that lets my conscience out."

"You'd better not. I don't believe I'll ever be able to make good to you, judge, in this world."

"You treat Ann right, John, and I'll take care of myself."

"Well, I'll treat Ann right." John looked toward the door. "I—I love Ann up here," he said, grasping his throat with a fine, masculine sob.

"That's where I love her," said the judge; and he looked the way John was looking.

"I swear to God I had no part in this," said John.

"Don't you suppose I know it? Else do you think I'd let Ann marry you? Not if it killed her! Get home. You need sleep. And for fear Ann forgot to tell the fellow on the door—"

"I'll tell him," said John.

"And, John, tell Albert Eberfield to come to this house in the morning; I have something to say to him. Incidentally tell him to prepare his family to live somewhere else than in New York. He is going West, or South, or—in some other direction, to grow up with the country. While I'm doing things, I'll do 'em thoroughly."

"I'll tell him," John answered.

As John was leaving the house, Ann looked down from the hall above.

"Did the judge fix things for us, John? Are you going to marry me?"

"Yes," said John, "I am!"

Impressions by the Way

FRANK A. MUNSEY

The Tenth Anniversary of the Popular Priced Magazine.

THIS number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE marks the tenth anniversary of magazine publishing at a popular price. It was with the October issue ten years ago that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE undertook to give to the public a first-rate magazine at the unheard of price of ten cents a copy. So small a sum for a full-sized, well-illustrated magazine was regarded as absurd and impossible. It was impossible, as conditions existed at that time, and it would be equally impossible to-day if some pioneer magazine had not broken through the dead line of monopoly, as MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE broke through it. It blazed the way not only for itself, but for all the other magazines now selling at the ten-cent price.

Some magazine had to do what MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE did do, in its fight with monopoly, or there would be no magazines sold in this country to-day at so small a price as ten cents.

But this is not news to many of you. The facts concerning the struggle of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE in establishing this popular price for magazines are pretty well known, and have been referred to, in one way and another, a good many times in these columns.

I shall not repeat my reasoning and conclusions leading up to this undertaking. Neither shall I repeat the story of the warfare that followed the launching of the ten-cent magazine.

Ten years have gone by since that event, which, in its inception and early days of actuality, was nowhere regarded seriously. It had never been done, and for this reason, of course, could not be done. Moreover, it was a price well below the profit line, and this meant inevitable failure, inevitable ruin, to the publisher embarking on the theory.

Yes, it was ten years ago, and now this impossible price has become the standard for magazines. Higher prices are the exception and not the rule. I should fancy that of the total number of copies of magazines issued monthly, about eighty-five per cent are at the ten-cent price.

There are a great many ten-cent magazines of one kind and another in the field now. There may be a hundred, and possibly twice as many. I don't even know the names of many of them. I have no time to follow them, and as a matter of fact I have never given much attention to what other publishers are doing. I have aimed to square my own work to the people, and not to other publications.

Apropos of this statement, a publisher said to me a few years ago:

"I make it a part of my business to know what other publishers are doing, and to keep in close touch with them and their ideas."

He was a bright man and a hard worker, but his publication has since drifted upon the rocks.

No man can steer a ship safely if he listens to the advice of a hundred men. It means vacillation, indecision, inaction, confusion. Better an inferior idea followed out with intensity and conviction, than a good idea influenced by a hundred more or less conflicting policies.

Ten years ago the number of regular buyers of magazines in America—I use the word "buyers" to include not only the monthly buyers but the annual subscribers as well—ten years ago these regular buyers numbered no more, or very little more, than two hundred and fifty thousand. To-day there are over seven hundred and fifty thousand regular buyers. This statement rests on a pretty sound foundation, for MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE alone has close to seven hundred thousand circulation. To be sure, it pretty nearly covers the field. It has become a part of the home life of the magazine-reading public of America. Whatever other magazine or magazines one buys, he buys MUNSEY'S as a matter of course.

Just why this is so I am not quite clear myself, when there are so many other magazines in the field. It may be merit, it may be habit, it may be partially both. I confess frankly that it is a surprise to me, and has been for half a dozen years, that no other magazine seems to be able to get within reasonable range of MUNSEY'S in point of circulation. I have expected this to happen for a long time,

and naturally it will come about some time; but just now there are no apparent indications of the gap lessening. On the contrary, it has widened a good deal during the last year, for MUNSEY'S has made a handsome gain on the magazine nearest to it in the race. It has added to its circulation more than sixty thousand within twelve months. And the marvel of it all is that this gain is natural, spontaneous. It is not the result of circulation building. Neither is it the result of advertising, or free copies, or inducements or schemes of any kind whatsoever. It is true that we give a good deal for the money, always one hundred and sixty pages of reading and illustrations; and we give a great variety, something for every one. One hundred and sixty pages, by the way, is just what the thirty-five cent magazines give, and this is larger by thirty-two pages than the twenty-five cent magazines. It may be that this great excess in size of MUNSEY'S over the other ten-cent magazines accounts to a considerable measure for the difference between its circulation and theirs.

I said that there was no apparent lessening of the gap between the circulation of MUNSEY'S and any other magazine. This is not strictly accurate. I was thinking of magazines published by other houses. I hadn't THE ARGOSY in mind for the minute, as it is one of our own publications. As a matter of fact, THE ARGOSY has emphatically lessened the gap between itself and MUNSEY'S during the last year. It has bounded into second place among the magazine circulations of the country. Its actual increase has been considerably greater than that of MUNSEY'S,

and the percentage of gain, because of its smaller circulation, is vastly greater.

With so many ten-cent magazines, it is a singular fact that only four of them have ever made any considerable amount of money. I am speaking now of the magazines that appear in the conventional magazine form and shape. These four are MUNSEY'S, *McClure's*, THE ARGOSY, and *The Cosmopolitan*. I have named them in the order in which I believe they now stand as money earners; and I think I am correct in my belief.

It may be that THE ARGOSY should be in fourth place, but I think not. That it is crawling pretty well up to second place there can be no doubt, and in circulation it is securely in second place. MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is the only one that leads it, and MUNSEY'S is so far ahead of all others both in circulation and in earning capacity that it stands wholly in a class by itself. The two magazines together, MUNSEY'S and THE ARGOSY, both our own magazines, reach a total circulation of more than one million copies a month—five hundred tons of paper. And together they are earning more money than any other publishing proposition of any kind whatsoever in America. This statement covers book houses, daily papers, periodicals of all kinds, and publishing of every kind and description.

And it was ten years ago only that MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE blazed the way for magazine publishing at a popular price. It was an epoch-making event. This is the tenth anniversary of the event, and it is because of that fact that I have told you, the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, what we have done and what we are doing.

WHAT LIFE IS LIKE.

WHAT is life like? 'Tis like sweet joy or grief,
And all things fair and beautiful and brief.

'Tis like a cloud from which upon the years
The rains of sorrow fall like nature's tears.

'Tis like a sky whose heart of floral blue
Soft clasps the great sun like a drop of dew.

'Tis like a lake within whose window light
The stars like watchers idly gaze at night.

'Tis like a nightingale in dusks of time
Whose briefest music sounds like heaven's full chime.

'Tis like a tree in whose autumnal fires
The soul of sunset like a star expires.

'Tis like a moth that flutters from above;
'Tis like an echo of the voice of love.

'Tis like the light of dreams and soul of breath;
'Tis like all things most fair—but most like death!

Edward Wilbur Mason.

LITERARY CHAT

THE TOMES OF YESTERYEAR.

Once writing was a gallant trade;
When poetry was in its prime,
Sir Poet wielded pen and blade,
His life was all a merry mime.
But whether done in prose or rhyme,
Or whether with a blotted tear
Upon the faded leaves of time,
Where are the tomes of yesteryear?

Some *Yorick*, with the cap and bells,
Or *Hal* or *Falstaff* held the stage,
When battlements and citadels
Were seldom darkened by the sage.
It was the courtier and the page
Before the wizard and the seer;
Music and minstrels were the rage;
Where are the tomes of yesteryear?

Heigh-ho, the harp is still, and sleep
Has fallen on the troubadour.
Behold the monarch buried deep
In volumes of forgotten lore—
His glory and the name he bore
Begin to fade and disappear;
Our memories shorten more and more;
Where are the tomes of yesteryear?

ENVOY.

Brief are the days and art is long;
Only a moment linger here
Over the burden of the song:
Where are the tomes of yesteryear?

HOLMES REDIVIVUS—For a handsome consideration, Conan Doyle consents to another farewell appearance of his famous detective.

Sherlock Holmes, it seems, is to be restored, briefly, to an admiring world. For six stories he is to be permitted to live. After that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will resolutely refuse, so it is said, to apply any restorative to the finally defunct detective. For the six promised appearances the author is to receive the attractive sum of thirty thousand dollars.

If this sort of thing should continue, the bomb of the anarchist and the envenomed pen of the socialist would no longer be wasted upon mere emperors and trust magnates. The successful au-

thor's life would be no safer than the billionaire railroad president's. Moreover, all the ills that follow terrapin and truffles, all the languors that attend those who may drive instead of walk, would beset popular writers.

It is, however, comfortingly certain that such a rate of payment will never become vulgar. And meanwhile it is a solace to writers to reflect that for once in the history of literature one of them is receiving a reward proportionate to the rewards received by those who aid in presenting his thoughts—the illustrators, the paper-makers, the dealers, and the marketers generally. For it is one of the ironies of the profession of letters that the accessories of literature are more munificently paid than literature itself, the accidents than the essential.

CHESTERTON'S "BROWNING"—

An extremely clever book, though not without flaws.

Brilliant books are scarce, but George K. Chesterton's sketch of Robert Browning, one of the latest volumes of that useful series, the "English Men of Letters," deserves the epithet. Indeed, it is almost too brilliant to be an ideal biography. Its author—he is a young Englishman comparatively new to literature, we believe—is so ready with smart opinions on all and any subjects that it contains a little too much of Mr. Chesterton and not quite enough of Robert Browning. It fairly bristles with epigrams—many of them, it must be admitted, quite good ones. These, for instance, are from a single page:

He had the one great requirement of a poet—he was not difficult to please.

It is only very superficial people who object to the superficial.

The young man in evening dress, pulling on his gloves, is quite as elemental a figure as any anchorite, quite as incomprehensible, and indeed quite as alarming.

It seems to be tacitly assumed that fashionable people are not human at all.

Humanitarians of the highest type, the great poets and philosophers, do not go to look for humanity at all. For them alone among all men, the nearest drawing-room is full of humanity, and even their own families are human.

All of which at least sounds clever, though its truth may not be so certain or its bearing upon Browning so direct.

It is sad to see the brilliant Mr. Chesterton make such a slip as that on page 118, where he says that the poet was a "D. C. L. of Cambridge and a D. C. L. of Oxford." The honorary degree which Cambridge bestows upon distinguished men is that of LL. D., not D. C. L. And how can the wielder of so trenchant a style perpetrate such a sentence as this:

He was much at the English universities, was a friend of Dr. Jowett, and enjoyed the university life at the age of sixty-three in a way that he probably would not have enjoyed it if he had ever been to a university.

How does Mr. Chesterton parse the word "that" in this curiously awkward piece of English?

THINGS "BEAUTIFUL"—An overworked adjective that should be allowed to have a rest.

The Biblical associations of "the Gate Beautiful" make the name one that calls up inspiring thoughts. A good many people seem to think that the effect depends upon the mere inversion of the usual order of noun and adjective, and that they can work the spell by using a purely mechanical recipe. Such phrases as "the house beautiful" and "the life beautiful" are constantly used in the most trivial connection by those whose nerves are proof against the grating of the inappropriate.

Most of these terms are used as titles for periodicals, or for articles describing fabrics, window-glass, dinner-tables, and the like. The "Gate Beautiful" is the entrance to discourse upon the principles of wall-paper design or the desuetude of the Brussels carpet; the "House Beautiful" thrills one with information on the use and abuse of cretonnes and candles.

Just now the overworked epithet is subjected to such abuse as will probably cause its ultimate rescue. "The hotel beautiful" figures in the florid advertisements of a health resort. A certain city not far from New York has a band of eager souls devoted to the cause of the "block beautiful." "In with the ash-cans," "Away with the banana peeling," "Out with the flower-box," "On with the front lawn," are among the mottoes of the noble army pledged to the cause of the "block beautiful." It is a worthy cause, no doubt; but when it adopts that

foreign and archaic phrase, originally associated in our minds with the sad beauty of the east in the days of Christ's ministry, it renders itself ridiculous, and puts the finishing touch of folly upon the "beautiful" titles which have offended the tastes of many for some time past.

THE EIGHT THOUSAND—Figures which would sadly disturb the late Mr. Ward McAllister.

The lamented gentleman who compiled a list of four hundred persons in New York worthy to be well received by their fellows—or rather by one another, for of course the rest of the world is unworthy to receive them—is to be congratulated that he did not live to see the day when "The Coronation of Edward VII; a Chapter of European and Imperial History," was published. Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's book shows how the democratic, unexclusive spirit which Mr. McAllister denounced is creeping into the most sacred precincts. It contains a list of the guests invited to the coronation of the King of England—and no less than eight thousand persons were held to be worthy of that high honor!

Mr. Bodley, who is best known for his studies of France and French institutions, spent eight months in preparing his book, which is not a mere mammoth "souvenir," as of a five-hundredth performance on the part of royalty. Although it contains lists of names, orders of services, and catalogues of events, after the fashion of a mere record *de luxe*, it also aims to be a volume of real historical significance, treating the coronation as the ceremonial typifying and solidifying, so to speak, the British imperialism which the reign of Queen Victoria had begun.

AN OLD ACTOR'S MEMORIES—James H. Stoddart prints his theatrical recollections of half a century.

There is an old saying that there are three things which every man thinks he can do, and which very few men really can do—to farm a small property, to write an essay for a literary review, and to poke a fire. To these may be added the most difficult achievement of all, although it seems pitifully easy to the neophyte—the writing of a book of personal reminiscences.

Curiously enough, this is an art in which several actors, whose connection with literature nowadays is very nebulous,

have succeeded, while innumerable men of letters have completely failed. Every one remembers Mr. Jefferson's delightful autobiography, so full of interest and humor, and now James H. Stoddart comes into print with "The Recollections of a Player," a book totally unlike Mr. Jefferson's, and inferior to it in point of literary style, but nevertheless one that every genuine theater-lover will find both interesting and valuable.

The history of the American stage, as Mr. Stoddart knew it, from his first appearance here in 1854 down to the present time, is told simply, in a most kindly spirit, and without a particle of egotism. As a historical record, apart from its entertaining qualities, the book well deserves a place in the library of every old-time playgoer who loves to hark back to the days when Mrs. John Wood was in the full flush of her youth and charm, and Mr. Lester Wallack's company was presenting the standard English comedies as they have never been presented here before or since; or to those later days when, as a member of Mr. Palmer's company at the Union Square, Mr. Stoddart won for himself the place which he still holds in the affections of those who appreciate fine acting.

More than half a century of work in a profession which of necessity engenders many jealousies seems to have left the heart of this fine old player untouched by malice or uncharitableness. He appreciates to the full the talents of those with whom he has been associated, and gives credit to them in words of praise that are to be found on almost every page. Moreover, he has been thoughtful enough to give the original casts of many noteworthy stage productions, thus adding greatly to the value of his work as a book of reference.

NOT "RAFFLES"—That is the only fault with E. W. Hornung's latest novel.

There are a good many men who can—though only since Anthony Hope showed them the way—give the world more or less satisfactory imitations of "Dolly Dialogue" situations. But there is only one man who can show us the inimitable *Raffles*. That is why one puts down "No Hero," by E. W. Hornung, with a sigh. It is an amusing little book, with two rather subtle studies of modern feminine character in it, with a very lovable boy, a fascinating man, and a unique situation. But it is not *Raffles*.

Given an old love of the most delicate beauty and the surpassing charm of coldness; given her son, headstrong, delightful, and a mere boy; given a lady with a past of melodramatic interest and a present of charm, wit, and allurements; given the old love's distinguished old lover sent forth on the pleasing task of breaking off the son's infatuation for the half-adventuress, and you have a situation full of delicious possibilities. *Captain Clephane*, the "no hero," makes the most of the possibilities from the moment when he undertakes the rescue of the headstrong boy until the moment when he calls upon his old love to receive her thanks for the entire success which attended his efforts.

But it is not *Raffles*. That is its only fault.

THE POOR RICH—Why are writers so unmercifully severe toward them?

It would be interesting to know why the unfortunate rich should always be the object of the righteous indignation of writers. To judge from those that one meets, or from the exhaustive accounts of their mode of life published in the newspapers, they seem to be a harmless lot. Many of them have benevolent impulses, and crime appears to be no more prevalent among them than in any other class of society. But how they catch it from writers of all sorts and conditions! The periodical press can't let them rest; virtuous editors are forever bawling "Mene! Mene!" at them, and there are writers of fiction who would not earn a mouthful of bread if they had not the foibles and vices of the average millionaire to exploit.

David Graham Phillips has done the last severe bit of beating in "Golden Fleece," a book that has already been mentioned in this department. Mr. Phillips performs his task ably and amusingly. He chooses the good old, battered theme of the international marriage, and manages to hammer out a new variation, incidentally writing up the most salient weaknesses of society in four or five great American cities.

It is always good to "expose the rich"; it is a popular thing to do. It causes a thrill of self-righteousness in most of us when we hear our well-to-do neighbors abused. Mr. Phillips has fallen into the error which it seems impossible for writers of such books to avoid: he has written as if meanness and snobbishness were found only among wealthy people.

Why make it appear that only the wives of millionaires try to marry their daughters advantageously? Did the baker's wife never try to marry her daughter to the butcher's son, who is well off? Did the butcher's wife never snub her poor relations?

One gets tired of the constant repetition of the same old abuse. It would be a grateful novelty to see the millionaire's wife pictured as an unostentatious woman who still receives her old friends, and whose husband, the millionaire, is a kindly gentleman with no more meanesses than his poor neighbor. There must be a few such people to serve as models for the novelist.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT—

A fraud that still figures prominently both in life and in fiction.

The peculiarities which are somewhat vaguely summed up under the name of the "artistic temperament" seem to be somewhat overworked just now. There has been more serious nonsense written about it than over any other three traits. It pervades our literature, we meet it in biography. It hovers over the essay, and in fiction we cannot escape it. In fiction, indeed, we find it at its worst. The art-for-art's sake hero, inscrutable and cruel, moodily stalks his road to glory, committing strange crimes, for art's sake, on the way.

It is in vain that a Howells pricks the bubble of the great artistic temperament fraud. He does not keep young people in real life from posing—for a belief in the reality of the thing lies deep in the hearts of simple people. He does not prevent the satirical Josephine Dodge Daskam from being caught in its snares, or James Huneker from using it as an excuse on which to hang his purple diction. In a burst of affectation called "Edges," Alice Woods wrote unconsciously funny things about the Temperament, with a capital T; and it has been responsible during the past year or so for half a dozen books like "Lizette of the Quarter."

A recent novel of this species, "What Manner of Man," is an artless and naïve exposition of the threadbare old theme. The author has caused the hero to torture "the soul of his wife" in the interests of art, so that he shall see on her face the agony he wishes to transfer to the face of the early Christian maiden whom he is painting. The book should be read both by the sane individual who

has—both in real life and in art—seen through the artistic temperament, and by the young person of either sex who has been trying to pose as a genius. Quite unintentionally, the author of "What Manner of Man" has made of her story a sort of epitome of the absurdities of "the temperament." He shows admirably how grotesque either a book or a person becomes who follows this unwholesome cult to its ultimate conclusion.

THE RED-HEADED HEROINE—

She is unduly prevalent in the fiction of the day.

Is it not time that some one raised a plea for the return of the heroine with the "raven locks" or with hair like "spun flax"? Red hair—let us be honest for once, and call carrots carrots—red hair flops out of the pages of every other novel. It streaks the print "like a crimson banner"; again, it gleams and glows "like a copper bowl"; now it streams out "like a fleece of spun gold streaked with strands of copper," or blinds us with its "golden glory." Or *Emmeline's* face is "framed in a red-gold aureole, like some pictured Byzantine Madonna." Some still more ambitious writers search for strange metaphors for the ruddy chevelure of their heroines, and make *Angelica's* hair glow red "like a strange poisonous flower," or *Eleanor's* "wine-soaked" tresses drip their length from page to page. One pines at last for a bald heroine in a modest wig, or at least with a head of hair that will not dominate the whole book.

It is all very well that the crowning glory of an emotional heroine should be her hair, but why so much chatter about it? It would be pleasant to find a writer with enough originality to let his leading lady be dramatic without having her hair shine either "like copper wire" or descend to her waist in "ropes of beaten gold."

MORE LETTERS—Which emphasize the warning upon the folly of letter-writing.

Publishers' lists and sensational newspapers unite in inculcating one lesson—never write letters! If you are famous, your correspondents, or your correspondents' heirs, will publish them the moment you are decently buried. If you have neither present renown nor any hope of obtaining it, you cannot be sure of a like restraint upon the part of those to whom

you write. And when the fear of glory and its epistolary consequences is negligible, there are still will contests, breach of promise suits, divorce cases, and other horrors to beware. Never write letters!

The recent appearance of Margaret Fuller's letters to a lover antedating Count Ossoli, and of John Ruskin's to the daughters of Gladstone, emphasizes the warning. It is scarcely to be conceived that either of these delicately-minded persons contemplated the publication of such intimate effusions as these. In the case of the Ruskin correspondence there is, however, the excuse that to keep back such charming pieces of easy literary art, and such endearing revelations of a great man's personality, might be regarded as a wrong to literature and biography.

In the case of Margaret Fuller there is not the same excuse. The letters of the "Inspired Pythoness," as Mrs. Howe calls her in the introduction to the edition, are in themselves a sufficient explanation of the collapse of the love affair which they reveal. They are what the irreverent would call "highfalutin." They are unlit by any gleam of humor. They are pedantic. They have, of course, the beauties of the transcendental school as well as its faults, but, after all, transcendentalism seems to offer too rarefied an atmosphere for the maintenance of ordinary human affection.

QUARRELS AND PRESS AGENTS—

The advertising value of bygone disputes illustrated in the announcement of a new edition of Charles Reade.

The literary advertiser is a guileful person. When he announces new books, he piques public curiosity in a hundred ways. He declares that the unappreciated author has committed suicide, or that the forthcoming volumes will be excluded from public libraries on account of the "breadth" of their views, or that two hundred thousand dollars has been paid for serial rights, or that the next candidate for the Presidency or a conspicuous petitioner for divorce is easily recognizable as the hero or the heroine.

It is not so easy to stimulate interest in new editions of old authors; but to the everlasting credit of their ingenuity, some literary press agents have discovered a method. Recall a quarrel, resurrect a dispute, hark back to a forgotten scandal—that is the rule.

There are signs that a Charles Reade revival is upon us—which is, by the way,

something to rejoice the heart of the lover of absorbing fiction. A new edition of his works is announced, and stray paragraphs concerning him are afloat. In particular, his old diatribes against George Eliot are again seeing the light of day.

One of the most interesting of these is a letter written in 1869 to the editor of the *Galaxy Magazine*, but only now given out for publication. In it Reade says:

Now hear the real truth. George Eliot is a writer of the second class. She has no imagination of the higher kind, and no power of construction nor dramatic power. She has a little humor, whereas most women have none; and a little pathos. But she has neither pathos nor humor enough to make anybody laugh nor anybody cry. Her greatest quality of all is living with an anonymous writer who has bought the English press for a time, and puffed her into a condition she cannot maintain. I will only add that in all her best novels the best idea is stolen from me; and her thefts are not confined to ideas and situations. They go as far as similes, descriptions, and lines of text.

If this resurrection is due to the publisher's press agent, he deserves thanks. In these piping times of peace, our authors have no such naïvely and entertainingly sledge-hammer methods as those of the militant old Oxonian.

"A WORD TO THE LADIES"—

A sample of the wit and wisdom of a very minor prophet.

In some respects, literary taste seems to be as much a matter of fashion as the trimming of hats. A few years ago all sorts of odd-shaped little magazines dotted our news-stands. They bore names like the *Pink Pig* or the *Feeble Bore*; their illustrations imitated those of the late illustrious Mr. Beardsley. They contained poems of purple passion and vague essays, whose meaning was apparent only to the initiated. There were people who took these little periodicals as a serious sign of the times. They were supposed to indicate that "decadentism" had touched even this healthy country. But they did no perceptible harm, and one by one they faded away.

This seems to be the day of the literary magazines. Since the success of the *Saturday Review* of the New York Times, there has been an irruption of periodicals ostensibly devoted to books and authors. Among those added to the ever-growing list this year is an inconspicuous little sheet whose first number

contains an unconsciously humorous article entitled "A Word to the Ladies." The phraseology is that of one who advertises a health garment, with the ardor known only to the advertiser when he addresses what our ancestors would have called a "female audience."

"Ladies," exclaims this philosopher, "you are reading too many books—that is, too many books that don't suit you. You are taking to your gentle selves too many pigs in a poke. Do you not come from the library hugging three books to your tender bosom, only to return the same three books in as many days with a disgusted sense of time wasted and unenjoyed? You know you do, dear friends."

Of course the sequel to this is that if the "dear ladies" will buy the writer's little periodical they will no longer take to themselves "pigs in pokes." There are many vulgar and tiresome pseudo-literary publications of this kind which promise to lead their readers to all that is noblest and best in literature. There is one comforting thought when one contemplates their number, and that is that fashion will sweep them away, as it did the *Yellow Book* and all the rest of the tribe which, ten years ago, was hailed as heralding a new literary era.

THE DRAMATIC MOOD—The peculiar way in which Roland B. Molineux lent realism to his study of play-writing.

Many craftsmen of the pen lay stress on the importance of getting into what they call the "writing mood" before setting about their day's work, although experienced hacks are apt to sneer at the idea as savoring too much of the amateur who wishes to pose as a genius.

A curious case of a man who was at pains to invoke such a mood under very difficult circumstances is that of the justly or unjustly celebrated Roland B. Molineux. During his detention at Sing Sing for reasons that need not be recited here, Mr. Molineux devoted a great deal of his time to the absorbing work of play-building. In the daytime he wrote dialogue, planned scenes and situations, and thought out the characters that were to serve as the human puppets in his drama. At night, he carefully read the yellow-backed standard dramas, from which he was trying to learn the playwright's craft; and it was to this branch of his work that he applied what might be called

the theatrical mood in a peculiar and novel fashion.

Always fond of the stage, he conceived the idea of heightening the effect of his reading by devoting each evening to imaginary attendance at some playhouse, choosing his style of entertainment in accordance with his mood for the moment, and carrying out the illusion to the utmost possible extent. Some time during the afternoon he would go over his little stock of paper-covered dramas, and select the one he wished to enjoy that evening. Shortly before eight he would spruce himself up as well as he could, light a cigarette, and then, with his coat collar turned up about his ears in lieu of an overcoat, he would march briskly up and down his cell for several minutes, as if he were on his way to the theater.

Having reached in imagination the house which he had in mind, he would throw away his cigarette, turn down his collar, and enter the lobby, bowing to such acquaintances as he might think of at the moment. Then he would devote two or three minutes to walking at a snail's pace from one end of his cell to the other, bringing up at the barred door, through which he would ask for an aisle seat in G. After a short discussion with the imaginary box-office man, he would content himself with a place in one of the back rows, or else agree to wait and see what was returned at the last moment from the hotels.

These ceremonies concluded, he would seat himself quietly on his cot close to the electric light, glance around his cell through his hands doubled up like opera-glasses, and now and then rise with a courteous bow in order to permit late comers to pass to their seats. At a quarter past eight he would open his book and read the first act slowly, carefully, and with the deepest attention, applauding softly now and then when he reached passages that seemed to him worthy of approval, smiling at the comedy, and in every way carrying out the idea that he was in a New York theater. He would even time his reading so that the drama should fill out the entire evening; and during every entracte he would rise from his seat, light a cigarette, and walk up and down his cell as if he were in a theater lobby.

The drama over, he would again turn his coat collar up about his ears, and, with a cigarette between his lips, set out on a brisk walk, which would end when he was ready to take off his clothes and go to bed.

Madame's Battle.

WHEN LOVE AND AMBITION CONFLICT, WHICH IS LIKELY TO PROVE THE STRONGER?

BY ANNE WARNER.

THE garden door of the old house opened, and a girl, the pallor of whose face contrasted sharply with the gay colors of the silken pillows which she carried in her arms, appeared upon its sill.

She was quite young—surely not over seventeen—and her hair, which hung to her waist in long black curls, made her appear even younger. Her face was one of rare sweetness. Peace dwelt about her blue-veined temples, and love slept—or woke—upon her crimson lips. But her eyes were strange and sad, and the great question that pleaded from behind their lashes filled her whole countenance with a pathos not without a subtle charm. As she crossed the gravel toward a small arbor, the bright sun brought neither closing nor quiver to her eyelids. She was blind.

The arbor was covered with a vine whose purple blossoms hung thick as leaves and heavy as fruit. She entered there and busied herself with the cushions, arranging them in the corner where the sunbeams fell warmest and the wind entered not. While she was thus employed there came a sound of wheels upon the gravel, and a high cart, empty except for the boy in livery who drove, came sharply around the corner of the house. It passed close by the vine-covered arbor, turned into the *allée*, and disappeared down its length, toward the high road that led to the outer world.

The girl had started violently at the first sound, and then shrunk far out of sight among the vines. Her hands were pressed against her heart, her sightless eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Étienne," she exclaimed below her breath, "you go! You leave your home, and your father, and your mother—and I am the cause! God forgive and help me!"

A voice from the house sounded, calling gently:

"Gabrielle!"

She dashed away her tears, turned her face to the direction whence came the sound, and listened.

"Gabrielle!" came the low call once

more. The wide door was again thrown back, and this time it was an elderly lady who appeared upon the threshold. She stood still and looked across toward the arbor.

The young girl hastened toward her side, placed her arm around her waist, drew her hand close within her own, and so half supported and half led her across to where the pillowed corner smiled in the sunlight. Then she arranged a shawl over her head and shoulders, pushed a stool beneath her feet, and knelt beside her, bowing her head against the other's knee in such wise that her face was hidden from the elder's gaze.

But the eyes of the other were lifted toward the budding trees and blue sky beyond.

"Oh, the blessed spring!" she cried gently. "What a day!" Then her voice altered slightly. "What a day for a traveler!" she added slowly.

A quiver of pain passed over the girl's face.

"I heard the cart pass a moment ago," she murmured. "Before noon Jean will return—alone."

The older woman turned her eyes downward upon the bent head, and put her hand caressingly upon its dark locks.

"Gabrielle," she said, with a gentle thoughtfulness, "this sweet spring day carries me back to the Pentecost of seventeen years past—to that morning when Étienne, a boy of six who troubled us greatly with his thoughtless selfishness, was running here in the court, while I made a bouquet of the wallflowers and prayed God for strength to bear the pain which was then just beginning to torture my days and nights. I recall how the gate-bell rang out suddenly, how Étienne halted his horse of wood to glance down the avenue, and how old Sylvine—God guard her soul!—came running up with the basket. I can see as if it was yesterday how she placed her burden on the sod beside the yellow wallflowers, and how Étienne on his horse of wood, and I, my arms full of flowers, stood by to see it opened. Oh, Gabrielle, think of our feelings when the cover was lifted off and we

saw the little living, sleeping child within, no larger than a doll, fair as an angel. I shall never forget how Étienne cried out: 'It is the baby Jesus, is it not, my mother?' or how the cry brought his father from the house, to say him a reproof that never was spoken. I remember how we knelt there, how no question ever arose as to the way in which God's gift should be received; and then the busy bustle of the day that followed, to the end that when night fell the baby lay in her white cot and was as it were our very own."

The speaker paused to press the girl's head yet closer against her knee.

"Ah, Gabrielle, what delight in the days that followed! What a reward, if reward we needed for the doing of a deed that was a pleasure with each instant's work, when we saw that Étienne, who questioned the curbing of either parent, studied to curb himself for love of the baby. By the next summer our boisterous boy had become gentle; the little saint who sat on my knee had worked her first miracle. Étienne had shared our knowledge, born in the darkest days of that year, that the beautiful baby-eyes would never know smiles from frowns, and that the air that she breathed, and each sound that came to her tiny pink ears, must be full of love, if she was to know peace and joy. The years that went by were all illumined by her sweetness, and what might have been hard to bear in its passing was softened by her love. When my pain laid me down upon my bed, she and she alone could fill my place; and Étienne's father and I came to find no difference in our hearts between our two children."

There was a pause, and the lively chatter of the sparrows sounded in the court beyond, while the frail fingers of the mother strayed gently back and forth over the head that trembled against her skirt.

"Gabrielle, *ma chérie*, we have for so many years looked upon your tender loveliness as the supplement to Étienne's strength, that as you both grew we dared to hope—we thought—"

Étienne's mother faltered and ceased speaking; the girl lifted her head with a start of surprise.

"You hoped," she stammered—"you hoped—"

"We hoped what will never be now, daughter of my heart, for you have declared yourself unable to love Étienne, and he has gone."

The girl's face grew suddenly crim-

son, the great sightless eyes filled with heavy tears.

"Oh, my more than mother, what do you say? How could I dare? How could I suppose? I—I, the poor little foundling whom you took to your heart so long ago—on whom you have so lavished your goodness—how could I dare to raise my eyes to your only son? How could I have the right to think of him as other than the dear brother who through all these years has guarded my helplessness, who—"

She broke down, sobbing and hiding her face again.

"Oh, my child," said the mother of Étienne, gazing down upon her grief with a bitter grief of her own tracing its line across her brow, "I know only too well that love is a thing apart, not to be guided or given against its will."

There was silence again, and such a stillness reigned in the arbor that the hum of the bees in the wallflowers sounded loud in the air. Then suddenly, as if oppressed by a feeling beyond her strength to control longer, the girl sprang to her feet and started across the gravel toward the doorway.

As she did so the door opened and a young man came out. He threw a quick glance across the sun-lit space to where his mother sat—she nodded and smiled—and then he hastened toward his adopted sister, crying:

"Gabrielle!"

She stopped as if petrified, and looked vaguely about. Then she felt him close by, touching her hand.

"I was not in the cart," he said. "I waited and hoped. Come into the house with me!"

He put his arm around her and they went inside.

The mother sat alone by herself beneath the purple-hung canopy of green. Her lips were now very white.

"Dear God," she whispered, "have I bent to Thy will to-day in giving my only son the boon that he craved? What has it cost me to secure to him that which bars all ambition for him henceforth?"

She paused, and the tears stole over her thin cheeks.

"But he will have love," she murmured. "I might see him very great indeed in the world, and crying aloud for love and finding it not. So I will thank God for my victory this hour."

And she folded her hands and sat silent amid the sun-rays and the vine-shadows of that May day.